

ZAYDE.

A

Spanish History,

OR,

ROMANCE.

Originally Written in *French*.

By *Monsieur Segray*.

Done into English by *P. Porter, Esq;*

The First PART.

The Second Edition Corrected.

LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Saunders*, at the *Blue-Anchor*,
in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1690.

RAY DE

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or

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By Monsieur de

Translated into English by P. de

The first part

of the second edition

YON BOW

Printed for Thomas Storer at the New York
in the year 1784

TO THE
High-Born and Mighty
PRINCE
Henry Fitz-Roy,

DUKE of *GRAFTON*, Earl of
Eustone, Viscount *Ipswich*, Baron of
Loestoffe, &c.

MY LORD,

THE Honour I had once to be
Yours, gives me the boldness
to affix your Grace's Name
before this Book, made *Eng-
lish* in your Service, at those
vacant hours I could borrow from the Fun-
ction of my Employment: It is a Romance,
but so like a true Story, that your Grace
may reap by it the use and profit of a true
History. It was a good Tale in *Monsieur
Segray's* dress, therefore I must humbly beg
A 2 your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

your Grace's Pardon, if I have spoil'd it in the Telling.

The scope of it, is chiefly to shew the deformity of Treachery, Ingratitude, the Folly and Mischiefs of ill-grounded Jealousies; as also to punish Vice, and reward Vertue, though Vertue be

Pulcherrima merces

ipsa sibi

Yet if not cultivated and applied, it may be truly said of her, as in this our Age is made out;

Virtus laudatur & alget.

But if we may ground our Conjectures upon those early Rayes of hopeful Goodness, which breaks forth like a glorious Morn from your tender Years, we may with Assurance promise the World that You will not starve her.

And that the Riches and Beauty of your Mind, will in time out-shine that of your Body; in which, although the Majesty of your Great Sire, and the lovely Features of your Mother, at once daffe and surprize the Eyes and the Hearts of all that see you; yet the clearness of your Understanding, the quickness of your Apprehension, the happiness of your Memory, your Gracefulness and Manly Carriage in performing all your Exercises, your Solidity in Reasoning, well-grounded

The Epistle Dedicatory.

grounded assurance in Discourſing, even with the greateſt and moſt Learned Men, may confirm us in our moſt aſſured Hope (that if the Almighty be graciously pleaſed to prolong your Life) you will out-do our juſt expectations of *You*.

And that when you are called by the Prerogative of your Blood, to publick *Employments*, you will embrace them, not as prizes of *Ambition*, *Oppreſſion*, *Injuſtice*, and *Covetouſneſs*, but as your proper Sphere wherein you will move, moſt uſefully for the Service of *God*, the ſafety and honour of your *Prince* and *Country*, nourishing *Arts* and *Vertue* whereſoever you find them.

And that when all occasions of the publick are at a ſtand, you will be able moſt profitably to actuate upon your ſelf, as the propereſt object of your *Industry*, *God* having made you ſo rich a Soil, that you will be ſtill improveable, and rather chuſe to beſtow your time in Cultivating the rich Mines of your *Great* and *Princely Soul* (of which you give daily moſt clear demonſtrations to all thoſe that have the honour to converſe with you) than to ſuffer your ſelf to be carried away by the ill managery of others, or by the Example or Imitation of ſuch who Miſſpend their times in evil *Converſation* and worſe *Manners*, and that
you

The Epistle Dedicatory.

you will not let so hopeful a Field produce a degenerate Crop ; having this Maxim still in mind , That 'tis *Vertue* alone that can make you powerful and happy , and that nothing but *Vice* , and the practice thereof , can debase what was intended so *Great*.

I therefore most humbly beseech your Grace, to pardon this my Boldness, and to accept this small Oblation of this *First Part* of *Layde*, with that goodness which is so natural to you, from one , whose chiefest Ambition has been (since he had the honour to know and serve your Grace) to approve himself,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient,

and most Faithful,

Humble Servant,

P. Porter.

THE
Bookseller
TO THE
LADIES.

Ladies,

THE Character the Right Honourable
the Lady Anne Baynton was pleased
to give of this Romance, induced me
to reprint it, not questioning in the
least, but what had received her Ladiships Ap-
probation, would be acceptable to all that had not
read it. And as I shall own my self always obli-
ged to all that buy it; so, I hope, you will have
reason to acknowledge some Obligation to her
Ladiship for this Publication, as well as,

Ladies,

Your most humble Servant,

Francis Saunders.

ZAYDE,

A Spanish History.

Written in *FRENCH* by

Monsieur SEGRAIS.

First PART.

SPAIN began to free it self from the Dominion of the *Moors*; its People, who had Retired into the *Asturies*, had laid the Foundation of the Kingdom of *Leon*: Those who had withdrawn themselves into the *Pyrenean Mountains*, begun the Kingdom of *Navarre*. There were that raised themselves to be Counts of *Barcelona*, and *Arragon*; so that in a Hundred and Fifty Years after the Invasion of the *Moors*, more than half *Spain* found it self delivered from their Tyranny.

Amongst all the Christian Princes that then Reigned there, there was none more powerful than *Alphonso*, King of *Leon*, Sur-named *The Great*: His Predecessors had joined *Castile* to
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their Kingdom: At first, this Province was Commanded by Governours, who, in process of Time, had made their Governments Hereditary; and People begun to apprehend, that they would set up for the Sovereignty: They were called Counts of *Castile*; whereof the most powerful were *Diego Porcellos*, and *Nugnes Fernando*; this last was considerable for the vast Extent of his Territories, and the Greatness of his Understanding: And his Children were instrumental for the Preservation, not only of his Fortune, but enlarging of its Bounds: He had a Son and a Daughter of extraordinary Beauty; His Son, whose Name was *Gonsalvo*, whom nothing in all *Spain* might equal; his Person and Wit had something in them so admirable, that it seem'd Heaven had made him differ from the rest of Mankind.

Some important Reasons had obliged him to quit the Court of *Leon*; and the sensible Displeasures he had there received, induced him to the Design of leaving *Spain*, and to retire into some solitary place. He came into the remotest Parts of *Catalonia*, with intention to Ship himself in the first Vessel he should find bound for any of the *Grecian* Islands: The careless Disposition he was in, made him often neglect the Roads he had been shewn; so that, instead of passing the River *Elbe* at *Tortose*, as he had been directed, he followed the Course of the River almost to the Place where it disembogues it self into the Sea; there he perceived he had lost his Way: He inquires if there were never a Barque there? 'Twas told him, That in that Place, there would be none to be found; but that, if he pleased to go to a little Port not far off, he might find some that would carry

carry him to *Tarragone* ; He goes to this Port, lights off his Horse, and asked of some Fishermen he met with, if there were not any Shallop ready to put to Sea ?

As he was talking to them, A Man, that was walking pensively by the Shore-side, being surprized with his Beauty and good Miene, stood still to consider him ; and, having over-heard what he asked of those Fisher-men, he made Answer, That all the Barques were sailed for *Tarragon*, and that they would not return until the next Day ; and that he could not Embarque until the next Day after. *Gonsalvo*, who at first did not perceive him, turning his Head towards that Voice, was as much surprized with the good Aspect of this unknown Man, as the Stranger had been with his. He saw in him something of Great and Noble, and full of Handsomness ; though he might easily perceive, that he was passed the Prime of his Youth. Though *Gonsalvo*'s Mind was filled more with his own Thoughts than any thing else ; yet, the sight of this Stranger in such a forlorn Place, gave him some Attention : He thanked him for giving him Information of what he desired to know ; and then asked the Fisher-men, If there were no Conveniency in the Neighbourhood, where he might lodge that night ? There is no other but these Hutts you see (Replied the Stranger,) where you cannot have any convenient Entertainment. Nevertheless, (says *Gonsalvo*) I must go thither to seek some Rest ; for, I have travelled some Dayes without any ; and I find my Body has need of more, than my troubled Thoughts will allow it. The Stranger was touched with the sad manner of his pronoun-

cing these Words; and was now convinced, that it was some unfortunate Man. The Conformity that seemed to be in their Fortunes, gave him that kind of Inclination for *Gonsalvo*, which we use to have for Persons, whose Dispositions we believe to be like ours.

You will not find here (says the Stranger) any Place worthy of your Retreat; but, if you please to accept of one that I offer you hard by here, you will be Lodged there more commodiously, than in these Cabanes. *Gonsalvo* had such an Aversion for the Society of Men, that he presently refused the offer which the Stranger made him; but at last, being over-come with his Importunities, and his great need of taking some Rest, he was forced to accept of it.

He therefore follows him; and, after walking a little while, he discovers a House, somewhat low, built with no great Cost; yet Neat and Regular. The Court was shut in only with a Row of Pomgranat Trees, and the Garden was fenced with the like, which was separated from a high Wood by a small Brook: If *Gonsalvo* had been capable of taking any Delight, the agreeable Situation of this Dwelling, might have given him some Pleasure. He asked the Stranger, If this Place were his constant Abode, and whether Chance, or his own Choice, had led him thither? I have lived here this four or five Years (Replied the Stranger;) I never stir out but only to walk upon the Sea-Shore; and, I can assure you, that since I have taken up my Habitation here, I never saw any Rational Man in this Place, but your self: Foul Weather often casts away Vessels upon this Coast, which is dangerous enough:

A Romance.

nough: I have saved the Lives of some poor Wretches, whom I have entertained here: But all those whom ill Fortune brought hither, were Strangers; with whom I could have no Conversation, though I had sought for it. You may judge by the Place of my Abode, that I look for none; yet I must confess, I am much pleased to see a Man like your self.

For my part (says *Gonsalvo*) I shun all Men; and I have such just Reasons to shun them, that, if you knew them, you would not think it strange, that I accepted with so much Reluctancy, the offer which you made me: To the contrary, you would judge, after the Misfortunes which they have created me, that I ought for ever to renounce all Humane Society. If the cause of your Complaint proceeds only from other Men (says the Stranger,) and that you have nothing wherewith to reproach your self; there are others more unhappy than you, and you are less unfortunate than you imagine your self to be. The Complement of Misfortunes (cries he) is to have reason to complain of ones self; This is to dig a Pit for ones self to be drowned in: This is to be unjust, unreasonable: This is to have been the Source of ones own Miseries. I perceive (answered *Gonsalvo*) that you have a sensible Feeling of what you speak; But, How different are they from those we feel, when without deserving it, we are deceived, betrayed, and abandoned by all that was most dear to us. Forasmuch as I can perceive (says the Stranger) you forsake your Country, to flye some Persons that have betrayed you, and are the cause of your Discontent: But, judge what torment it would be to you, to be ob-

liged always to keep Company with those that create the Misfortunes of your Life ; Believe it, this is my Condition : I have made my own Life unhappy ; and yet, I cannot separate from my self, for whom I have so much Horrour, and so just a cause of Hatred ; not only for my own particular Sufferings : but also, for the Misfortunes of those I loved above all things in this World.

I should never complain (sayes *Gonsalvo*) if I had none to complain of but my self : You think your self unhappy , because you have reason to hate your self ; but, if you had been answered with an equal Flame, by the Person you adored, Would not you believe your self happy ? You have, perhaps, lost her by your own Fault ; but still you have the satisfaction, to think, that she loved you ; and would do so still, if you had not done something that might have displeased her : You are not acquainted with Love, if this Thought alone be not capable of keeping you from believing your self unhappy ; and you love your self better than your Mistress, if you had rather have cause to complain of her, than of your self. Doubtless, the little share you have in your own Misfortunes (sayes the Stranger) hinders you from comprehending how great an Addition of Grief it would have been to you, to have contributed to them ; But believe it, by the Experience I have of it, that to lose what we love by our own Fault, is a kind of Affliction, which makes more sensible Impressions upon us, than any other whatever.

As they made an end of these Words, they came into the House , which *Gonsalvo* found as pretty within, as it appeared without. He passed

fed the Night with much disquiet ; in the Morning a Feavour seized him ; and, in the following Dayes it grew so violent, that his Life was thought in danger. The Stranger was sensibly afflicted, and his Affliction encreased by the pity and admiration, all *Gonsalvo's* Actions and his Words caused in him : He conceived an earnest desire to know who this Man should be, that appeared so extraordinary to him : He asked several Questions of him, that served him ; But the Servants Ignorance of his Master's Name and Quality, could not satisfy his Curiosity : He only told him, That he caused himself to be called *Theodoric*, and that he believed, that was not his right Name. At last, after his Feaver had continued several Dayes, the Remedies, and his Youth, drew *Gonsalvo* out of danger. The Stranger strove to divert him from those sad Thoughts, with which he saw him perplexed : He staid always by him ; and though they spoke but of indifferent Things, because they were not yet acquainted ; yet, they surprized one another by the greatness of their Wit.

This Stranger had concealed his Name and Quality, during his Residence in this solitary Retreat ; but he was very willing *Gonsalvo* should know it : He told him, He was of the Kingdom of *Navarr*, that his Name was *Alphonso Xymenes* ; and that his bad Fortune had obliged him to find out a Retreat, where he might with more Freedom, regret what he had lost. *Gonsalvo* was surprized at the Name of *Xymenes*, knowing it to be one of the most Illustrious Names of *Navarr* ; and was highly sensible of the Confidence *Alphonso* shewed him. What Reasons soever he

had to hate all Men, he could not keep himself from having a Friendship for him, beyond what he believed himself any more capable of.

In the mean time, *Gonsalvo* begun to recover his Strength; and when he found himself pretty well to Embarque, he found he could not leave *Alphonso* without Difficulty; he acquaints him with their separation, and the design he had to seek out some solitude; *Alphonso* was much afflicted at it: He had so used himself to the sweetness of *Gonsalvo's* Conversation, that he could not think of the loss of it without grief; he told him he was not yet in a condition to depart, and endeavoured to perswade him not to look for any other solitude than that whither chance had conducted him.

I dare not hope, says he, to make this abode less tedious to you, but me-thinks that in a retreat so far distant, as that you look for, there is some satisfaction not to be altogether alone: My misfortunes were not capable of receiving any comfort; I believe, notwithstanding I should find some Consolation, if at certain times I could have some body to whom I might make my moan; you shall find here the same solitude you are going to look for elsewhere, and you will have the conveniency to speak when you please, to a Person that has an extraordinary esteem for your merit, and a feeling sence of your misfortunes, equal to that he has of his own.

Alphonso's discourse did not presently perswade *Gonsalvo*, but by degrees it began to work upon his reason, and the consideration of a recess remote from all Company, together with the Friendship he had already for him, made him
 resolve

resolve to stay in that House; the only thing that gave him trouble, was his apprehension of being known. *Alphonso* re-assures him by his own Example, and tells him, that this place was so far distant from all Commerce, that for so many years past that he had lived there, he had never seen any that could know him. *Gonsalvo* yielded to his reasons, and after having said to one another all the obliging things that the best bred Men in the World, who resolve to live together, could say, he sent a parcel of his Jewels to a Merchant at *Tarragon*, who was to return him for them, all such necessaries as he had occasion for. Thus you see *Gonsalvo* established in this solitude, whence he resolves never to depart: Here he is giving himself up to the sad contemplation of his misfortunes. where the only Consolation he finds, is, his belief, that here he is at Covert from all that Malice can contrive; but Fortune made it appear, that she can reach even in the most wild Deserts, those she has resolved to persecute.

About the latter end of *Autumn*, when the Winds begin to grow formidable at Sea, he went out to walk earlier than usual, there was a terrible Storm the night before, and the Sea that was yet agitated, which gave his raving Fancy a pleasant diversion; he for a time considered the inconstancy of this Element, with the same reflexions he used to make upon his own condition. After this, coming nearer to the Strand, he saw several pieces of the Wracks of a Shallop, and casting his Eyes about, to see if he could find no Man that might yet want his help, he saw something glittering in the Sun newly rising, that he could not presently distinguish what it might be,
which

which gave him the curiosity to look a little nearer, and coming to it, he found it was a Woman richly attired, lying all her length upon the Sand, as if the Sea had thrown her up there; she lay so, that he could not see her Face: He raised her up to see if she had any life left in her; but how great was his astonishment, when he perceived, even through the horrors of Death, the greatest Beauty his Eyes had ever beheld; this Beauty increased his Compassion, and made him desire that she might yet be in a condition to receive some relief at his hands. At that very time *Alphonso*, who by accident had followed that way, came to him, and put his helping hand to succour her; their paiss were not in vain, for they found she was not yet dead, but they judged she had need of more powerful assistance than they could give her in that place; therefore, being not far off from the House, they resolved to carry her thither: As soon as they had brought her thither, *Alphonso* sent for some Cordials, and Women to assist her: As soon as these Women laid her in her Bed, *Gonsalvo* came again into her Chamber, and began to contemplate this unknown with more attention than before; he was surprised with the Lineaments of her Face, and the sweetness of her Countenance; he viewed with astonishment the delicateness of her Mouth, the whiteness of her Neck; and he was so charmed with what he saw of excellency in this Stranger, that he was ready to fancy that she was not a Mortal; he passed a great part of the Night without being able to go from her: *Alphonso* advised him to go take some rest, but he answered, that he was so little used to find any, that he was glad
of

of an occasion to be kept from looking for it in vain.

Towards break of Day, they perceived that this unknown Lady began to come to her self: She opened her Eyes; and, as the Light was at first troublesome to her sight, she turned it languishingly towards *Gonsalvo*, and gave him to see a pair of large black Eyes; of a Beauty so particular to themselves, that it should seem they were made of purpose to dart at once, both Respect and Love. A little while after, they found she began to recover her Senses, and to distinguish Objects: At the first, she was amazed at those she saw. *Gonsalvo* could not by Words, express his Admiration for her: He would make *Alphonso* look, and consider her Beauty, with that kind of Earnestness which we use to have for what surprizes and charms us.

But still she wanted the use of her Speech; *Gonsalvo* judging, that she might yet remain for sometime in that Condition, withdraws himself into his own Chamber. He could not forbear making Reflections upon this Adventure. I wonder, said he, that Fortune should offer a Woman to my sight, in the only State wherein I could not avoid her; wherein, on the other side, Compassion obliges me to take care of her: I even admired her Beauty; but, as soon as she is Recovered, I will not look upon her Charms any other way, than as I would upon a thing of which she would make use of to betray more Hearts, and make more Men wretched. Great Gods! How many will she ruine? And how many has she already, perhaps, undone! What Eyes! What Looks! How I pity those that can
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be inflamed by them? And, How happy am I in my unhappiness, who by the cruel Experience I have had of Women, am sufficiently fortified against all their Charms? After these words, he had some difficulty to fall asleep; and that was but short too. He goes to see in what State the unknown Lady was: He found her much better; but she had not yet recovered the use of her Speech; and that Night, and the next Day passed, before she could pronounce one word. *Alphonso* could not forbear making *Gonsalvo* to understand, how much he admired his great care, and concern, for this Woman: *Gonsalvo* himself, began to wonder at it too; but he found it was impossible for him to stay from this fair Creature: He believed still, that she should have some considerable Change in her Distemper, to the worse, when he was not with her. As he stood by her, she pronounced some Words; at which, he felt a Gladness, and a Trouble: He came nearer to understand what she would say, while she was yet speaking; and was surprized, to hear her speak a Language that was unknown to him: He at first perceived by her Habit, that she was a Foreigner; But, as it had some resemblance to that of the *Moorish* Women, and that they spoke the *Arabian* Tongue, he made no doubt, but to be able to make himself to be understood: He spoke to her in that Language; and was yet more surprized, to see she did not understand it: He spoke *Spanish* and *Italian* to her; but in vain: He judged by her attentive and troubled Air, that she did not comprehend him any better: Yet she continued talking; and would stop now and then, as if she expected to be Answered. *Gonsalvo* hearkened

ened to all her Words, thinking that he might understand something of her Meaning. He caused all that would, to come nearer to her, to find if none could understand what she said : He brought a *Spanish* Book, to see if she could read that Character ; he found that she knew the Character, but could not understand the Language. She was sad and unquiet ; and her Sadness added to *Gonsalvo's* Melancholy.

They were in this Posture, when *Alphonso* came into the Room, leading a very fair Person ; dressed in the same kind of Habit, which the unknown Lady wore : As soon as they saw one another, they embraced with great Demonstrations of Kindness ; she that *Alphonso* brought in, pronounced very often the name of *Zayde*, which gave them to understand that that was the name of the unknown Lady ; and *Zayde* pronounced as often the name of *Felime*, by which they found that to be the name of that Lady that came in last. After they had for some time discoursed together, *Zayde* fell a weeping with all the marks of a great Affliction, and made Signs with her hand they should all go out. After they had left the Room, *Gonsalvo* went along with *Alphonso* to be informed where he found that other Stranger ; *Alphonso* told him, that the Fishermen of their Neighbouring Cabbins had found her the same day in the like condition as he had found her Companion ; they will have some satisfaction, said *Gonsalvo*, to be together : But *Alphonso*, what think you of these two Ladies ? if we guess by their Garbe, they are of a rank above the Vulgar : But how came they to expose themselves to the Hazards of the Sea in such small Vessels, for it was

no great Ship they were cast away in? She you led to *Zayde*, has told her some News that afflicts her much; in fine, there must be something of extraordinary in their fates; I believe so, said *Alphonso*, I am equally surprized with their Adventure and Beauty: You have not perhaps observed that of *Felime*, it is admirable, and you had happily been surprized with it if you had not seen *Zayde*.

After this discourse, they separate, *Gonsalvo* found himself more afflicted than usual, and felt that the cause of his sadness proceeded from his not being able to make himself to be understood by this Stranger; but says to himself, what have I to say to her? or what is it that I would know from her? Is it out of a design to inform her of my Misfortunes, or a desire to learn hers? Can any Curiosity find place in a man as wretched as I am? What Interest can I take in the sad destiny of a Person I know not? Why should I grieve to see her sad? Is it the Evil that I have suffered that instructs me to commiserate those of others? No doubtless, it is this still and solitary retreat wherein I am, that gives me attention for such extraordinary Adventures, which would not long take up my thoughts, if they had been diverted by any other Objects.

In spite of this reflection, he passed all that Night without sleep, and part of the day in much disquiet, because he could not see *Zayde*. Toward the Evening, they brought him word that she was up, and gone toward the Sea-side; he follows her, and finds her sitting upon the Shore with her Eyes all drowned in Tears: When he came near her, she rose and advanced towards

wards him with much Civility and Sweetness; he was surpris'd, to find as many Charms in her Stature and Deportment, as he had before observed in her Countenance: She pointed to a little Barque she saw upon the Sea, and named *Tunis* several times, as if she meant to insinuate her desires, to be transported thither: He made signs to her, shewing her the Moon, that she should be obeyed when that Planet (which then did shine out) had twice finished her course about the Universe. She seem'd to comprehend what he said, and then gave her self up again to her Tears.

The next day she was ill, and was not to be seen: He had not felt a day, since his abode in this Solitude, longer, nor more tedious to him than this.

The next day (without knowing himself why) he left off that negligent dress which he had put on ever since his coming to that place; and as he was one of the Men of the World, the best shap'd, an ordinary plain dress set him forth more to the advantage, than rich and magnificent Cloaths would do others. *Alphonso* met him in the Wood, and was astonished to find him in so different a Garb from what he used to wear; he could not refrain smiling, and telling him, that he was glad to find by his Habit, that his afflictions begun to grow less, and that he found in these Desarts some ease to his Grief.

I understand you; *Alphonso*, replied *Gonsalvo*; you believe that the sight of *Zayde* is that Comfort I find to my Misfortunes, but you are mistaken; I have only for *Zayde*, that compassion which is due to her Disasters, and her Beauty: I have

have also a compassion for you and her, replied *Alphonso*; I pity her, and would be glad to be able to comfort her; but I am not so assiduous about her, I am not so observant of her; I am not so much concerned that I do not understand her; I have not so much mind to speak to her; I have been no more afflicted yesterday than I used to be, because she was not to be seen, and I am not to day less negligent in my dress than I have accustomed to be: In fine, since I am as susceptible of compassion as you are, and yet that there is so much difference betwixt us, it follows, that you must ail something more than I do.

Gonsalvo did not interrupt *Alphonso*; but seemed to examine himself upon these Particulars, to find whether they were true or no. As he was upon the point of returning his Answer, one came to tell him, according to the directions he gave, that *Zayde* was gone out of her Chamber, and she was walking towards the Sea-side; then without considering that he was going to confirm *Alphonso's* Suspicion of him, he leaves him to go after *Zayde*: He saw her, at a distance, sitting by *Felime*, in the same place where he found her two days before; he had a particular curiosity to observe their Actions, hoping thereby to dive into the knowledge of their Fortunes: he observed that *Zayde* wept, and *Felime* seemed to endeavour to comfort her; that *Zayde* did not hearken to her, but looked still towards the Sea, with such Gestures, as made *Gonsalvo* imagine that she lamented for some body that might have been cast away with her: he had formerly found her weeping in that place; but as she had done nothing that might instruct him in the cause of her Tears,

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he believed she had only wept for being so far distant from her Country; he then began to fancy, that those tears she shed, were for the loss of a Lover that might be drowned, and that it was to follow him (perhaps) that she had exposed her self to the dangers of the Sea. Lastly, He fancied to know, as sure as if she had told him, that Love was the cause of her Tears.

It is not to be express'd what *Gonsalvo's* thoughts produced in his Mind, and the trouble which Jealousie caused in a Heart where Love had not yet declared it self: He had been in Love formerly, but had never been Jealous; this Passion (that till then) had been unknown to him, made him feel its first effects with so much violence, that he believed himself struck with a grief that no other Man ever had felt or known but himself. He passed (as he thought) through all the misfortunes that attended Man's Life, and yet now he feels something more intolerable than any thing he had ever indured before. He has no freedom of reason left, he leaves the place where he stood, to come nearer to *Zayde*, with resolution to ask her the cause of her Affliction; and though he was assured she could not Answer him, yet he forbears not to ask her. She was far from comprehending what he would say; she wipes away her Tears, and walks along with him; The pleasure of seeing her, and being seen by her fair Eyes, did calm the agitation wherein he was; he perceived the disorder he was in, and settled his Countenance the best he could. She named *Tunis* again very often to him, and shew'd a great desire to be transported thither; he understood but too well what she demanded of him; the

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thought of seeing her depart, began already to give him most sensible strokes of grief, and it was only by the pains which Love creates, that he perceives he is in Love, and his jealousy and fear of her absence, torments him before he knows that he is fallen in Love: He would believe that she should have just cause to complain of his ill Fate, if he did but find in himself an inclination to Love; but to find himself at one and the same time, not only in Love, but Jealous, neither to understand, nor be understood by her he loved, to know nothing of her but her Beauty, to have a prospect of nothing else but of an eternal absence, were so many evils together, that it was impossible to resist them.

While he made these sad reflexions, *Zayde* continued walking with *Felime*; and after, having walked a pretty while, she went again to sit down upon the Beach, and begun to weep a-fresh, looking upon the Sea, and shewing it to *Felime*, as if she accused it of the misfortune which made her shed so many tears. *Gonsalvo*, to divert her, shewed her some Fisher-men which were not far off. In spite of the affliction and trouble of this new Lover, the sight of her he loved, gave him a satisfaction and joy which restored him to his former Beauty; and as he was less careless of himself than he used to be, he might deservedly draw upon him the looks and eyes of all the World. *Zayde* began to look upon him first with attention, then with astonishment; and after having a good while considered him, she turns to her Companion, and made her observe *Gonsalvo*, saying something to her. *Felime* looked upon him, and answered her with an action that

shew'd

shew'd she approved of what *Zayde* said to her: *Zayde* eyed him again, and spoke something to *Felime*; *Felime* did the like; in fine, by this manner of theirs, *Gonsalvo* judg'd that he might resemble some body they knew: this, though at first made no impression upon him, but found *Zayde* so taken up with this resemblance, that it was apparent to him, that amidst all her sadness, she took some content to look upon him, that he was convinced that he was like that Lover whom she lamented.

All the remainder of that Day, *Zayde* shewed divers signs, that confirm'd this his Suspicion: Towards Night, *Felime* and she, went to search amongst the Remains of their Loss; and they looked so diligently, that *Gonsalvo* observ'd such Marks of Dis-satisfaction in them, when they could not find what they sought after, that he had new Causes of Disquiet. *Alphonso* took notice of the Disorder he was in; and, after he had conducted *Zayde* to her Apartment, he staid in *Gonsalvo's* Chamber.

You have not yet told me, said he, all your past Misfortunes; but, you must acknowledge those that *Zayde* begins to bring upon you: A Man so deep in Love as you seem to me, always takes Delight to speak of his Love; and though your Evil be great, yet, perhaps, my Help, and my Counsel, may not be unserviceable to you. Ah my dear *Alphonso* (cry'd *Gonsalvo*) How unhappy am I! How great is my Frailty? and, How unsupportable is my Despair! How wise were you, that could see *Zayde*, and not be in Love with her? I well perceived (Replied *Alphonso*) that you were in Love with her, though you wou'd

not own it. I knew it not my self (answered *Gonsalvo* :) It is Jealousie alone, that made me sensible I was engaged in Affection. *Zayde* laments some lost Lover ; which makes her every day return to the Beach , to bemoan her Love, in the same Place she believes he was cast away. It is true, I am in love with *Zayde* ; and *Zayde* is Enamoured of some other : This, of all my Misfortunes, seems the most terrible to me ; which I believed my self most free from. I did flatter my self, that, perhaps, her Grief was for no Lover ; but I find her Affliction too great, to doubt of it. I am moreover perswaded, that what she so carefully looked for, was something that might come from that happy Lover : And, what seems to me more Cruel than all I have told, is, That I resemble him for whom she burns : She perceived it as we were walking : I saw Joy in her Eyes, when she saw any thing that might make her remember him ; she shewed me twenty times to *Felime*, and made her take particular Notice of all my Features. What shall I say more ? She looked upon me all the Day long ; But, it was not me she saw, nor of whom she thinks : When she casts her Eyes upon me, I put her in mind of what I would fain have her to forget : I am, likewise, deprived of the Pleasure of seeing her fair Eyes glancing upon me ; and she can no longer behold me, without tormenting my Heart with Jealousie.

Gonsalvo spoke all this so fast, that *Alphonso* could not interrupt him ; but he gave over speaking. " Is it possible, said he, that what you tell me, can be true ; and that the Affliction to which you have used your self, does not represent to you this Idea of so extraordinary a Calamity ? No,

Alphonso,

Alphonso, I am not deceived (said *Gonsalvo*;) *Zayde* laments a Person she loves, and I put her in mind of him. My Fortune will not let me fancy to my self Evils beyond those she heaped upon me. She out runs what-ever I could imagine: She finds out those Afflictions for me, that are unknown to the rest of Mankind: And, if I had told you the whole course of my Life, you would be obliged to acknowledge, that I had Reason to maintain, That I was more unfortunate than you. I dare not tell you (said *Alphonso*;) that if you had not some important Reason to conceal your self from me, you would give me all the Joy imaginable, in acquainting me with what you are; and what those Misfortunes are, which you conceive to be greater than mine. I know, it is not just to ask you, What I do; without telling you likewise, what my Misfortunes are. But, pardon an unlucky Man, who has not concealed from you, neither his Name nor Birth; nor would hide from you his Adventures, if it would avail you to know them; or if it were in his Power to declare them, without renewing Afflictions, which many Years begin now with difficulty, to blot out of his Memory.

I will never press you (says *Gonsalvo*) to any thing that may give you trouble; but, I must blame my self, for not telling you who I am; Although I had taken a Resolution, never to discover my self to any Body, the extraordinary Merit I find in you, and the Gratitude I owe you for your Kindness, and your Care of me, obliges me to tell you, that my true Name is *Gonsalvo*; and, that I am the Son of *Nugnes Fernando*, Count of *Castile*; whose Reputation, undoubtedly, has reached

reached your Ear. Can it possible be (*cries Alphonso*) that you should be that *Gonsalvo* that was so Famous, even in his first Campaign, by the Defeat of so many *Moors*, and by such glorious Atchievements, as has made you to be admired by all *Spain*? I know the Rudiments of so noble a Life; and when I retired into this Desert, I had already learnt; not without Astonishment, that in the remarkable Defeat, which the King of *Leon* gave *Ayda*, the bravest Captain the *Moors* had, you alone turned the Scale of that Victory to the Christians side: And that in mounting the first Man, the Breach of *Zamora*, you were the cause that Town was taken; which obliged the *Moors* to beg a Peace. The Solitude in which I have since that time lived, kept me ignorant of the Sequel of such Heroick and Glorious Beginnings; but I question not, but that they agree in all Parts. I did not believe (*Replied Gonsalvo*) that my Name was known to you; and I esteem it a Happiness, that you are so prepossessed to my Advantage, by a Reputation I have not perhaps deserved. *Alphonso* then settled himself, with Attention to hear; and *Gonsalvo* begun thus:

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OF
GONSALVO.

MY Father was the most considerable Man in the Court of *Leon*, when he made me appear there with an Equipage suitable to his Quality. My Inclination, my Age, and my Duty, fixed me near the Prince *Don Garcia*, the Kings Eldest Son: This Prince is Young, Handsome, and Ambitious; and his good Qualities are far greater, than his Defects; And it may truly be said, That he has none, but what his Passions prompt him to: I was so happy, as to be very well with him, though I did not deserve it: And, I did endeavour afterwards, to become worthy of his Favour, by my Services and Fidelity to him. It was my good Fortune, to be near enough to his Person, in the first Wars, to rescue him out of an eminent Danger, to which his too rash Valour had exposed him: This Service added to the Kindness he had for me. He loved me more like a Brother than a Subject: He concealed nothing from me; He denied me nothing: And, he let all the World see, that to gain his

C 4 Love,

Love, they must be beloved by *Gonsalvo*: A Favour so great, joined to the considerable Rank in which my Father stood, raised our House to so high a pitch, that it began to give the King umbrage, and apprehension that it should grow too Great.

Amongst an infinite number of young People, that the hope of making their Fortunes, had made my Fellows; I had a particular Esteem for *Don Ramires* above all the rest: He was one of the most considerable of all the Court; but he was much inferiour in Fortune, to me: It was in my Power to raise him equal to my self: I employed at all times, both my Father's Credit, and my own, to his Advancement: I used all my endeavours, to obtain him as great a share as I could, in the Princes Favour: And he of his side, contributed very much, by his sweet and insinuating Behaviour, to second my Endeavours; inso-much, that next to me, he was the Man of all the Court, that *Don Garcias* shewed the most Kindness to. I made it my whole Delight, to improve their mutual Kindness; and both the one, and the other, had already felt the Power of Love: They often made themselves merry with my Insensibility; and reproached me, with my want of Inclination, as an unpardonable Crime.

I also laughed at them, because their Inclinations were not Real: You Love, said I, that kind of Gallantry, which Custom has established in *Spain*; but you do not Love your Mistresses: You shall never perswade me, that you are in Love with a Person, whose Face you scarce know; and whom you would not know again, if you met her any where else, than at her Window, where you used to see her. You

You urge the small Acquaintance we have with our Mistresses (said the Prince;) but we acknowledge their Beauty, which, in Love, is the Principal Verb: We judge of their Wit, first, by their Physiognomy; and then, by their Letters: And, when we come to see them nearer hand, we are charmed with the Delight of discovering what we had not yet found out. Every Word that falls from them, has the Charm of a Novelty: Their manner of Delivery is surprizing unto us; and our Surprize awakens and increases Love: When those that are acquainted with their Mistresses, before they become enamoured of them, are so accustomed to their Beauty, and their Wit, that they are no more sensible when they are beloved again. You will never fall into this Misfortune, quoth I; But Sir, you shall have my consent to love all you do not know; provided, you give me liberty to love a Person, that I know so well, as to believe she deserves my Esteem; and may give me assurance to find in her, what may make me Happy when I am beloved again: I say, moreover, that I could wish she were not prepossessed in Favour of any other. And I (interrupted) *Don Ramires*, should take more Delight to conquer a Heart, that were defended by a Passion for another, than to vanquish one that never before had been engaged. I should count this a double Victory; and I should be much more convincingly perswaded of the true Inclination she should have for me, if I saw it begin in the greatest Heat and Passion she might have for another. In fine, It would be an equal satisfaction to my Glory, and my Love, to ravish a Mistress from a Rival. *Gonsalvo* is so opposite to your
Opinion

Opinion (said the Prince); and judges it so bad, that he thinks it not fit to Answer you: And truly, I am of his side against you: But I am against his so particular Acquaintance with his Mistress: I should never fall in Love with a Person, that I had been used to see: And, if I am not surprized at first sight, I can never be sensible. I am of Opinion, That natural Inclinations do make their Impressions at the very first Moments; and, that those Passions that grow with time, cannot be truly called Passions. Why then (said I) it may be presumed, that you will never love that Object, which you have not loved at first sight: And Sir, (added I, Laughing) I must bring you my Sister, before she is come to that Perfection of Beauty, to which, in all probability, she is like to arrive, to accustom your self to see her; that so, you may never be concerned for her. You fear then, I should have a Kindness for her, said *Don Garcias*. Never doubt it, Sir, said I; Nay, I should think it the greatest Misfortune that could happen to me, if you should. What Misfortune can you find in that, Replied *Don Ramires*? That, said I, of not being able to join with the Sentiments of the Prince; For, if he should desire to Marry my Sister, I should never consent to it, by reason of the Interest of his Greatness: And if he did not intend to Marry her, and she should nevertheless Love him, as without doubt she would, I should have the Displeasure to see my Sister the Mistress of a Master, whom I could not hate, though I ought to do it. Let me see her I pray you (interrupted the Prince) before she can make me in Love with her; For, I should be so troubled, to have Sentiments that
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might displease you, that I am impatient to see her, that I may assure my self, that I shall never fall in Love with her. I can no longer wonder, Replied *Don Ramires*, (addressing himself to *Don Garcias*) that you have not been in Love with all those fair Ladies that are Bred in the Pallace, and to whom you have been accustomed from your Infancy; But I must confess, I have been surprized, that none of those Beauties have had any Influence upon you hitherto: And above all, *Nugna Bella*, the Daughter of *Don Diego Porcellos*, that seems to me to be so likely to do it. It is true (said *Don Garcias*,) that *Nugna Bella* is very Lovely: Her Eyes are infinitely taking; She has a pretty Mouth; and the Air of her Face is Noble and Delicate: In fine, I should have been enamoured of her, had I not been used to see her, even from the first Moment I begun to see. But, why (added the Prince) were not you in Love with her, *Don Ramires*, since you believe her so amiable? Because (Replyed he) she never loved any Body else; I should find no Rival to dispossess her Heart of: And I have told you, that is the only thing that is able to Charm me: You must ask *Gonsalvo*, Sir, Why he was not taken with her; For I am sure, he thinks her Fair: She has no Tye upon her; and he has known her now a great while. Who told you, said I, (Smiling, and Blushing withal) that I do not love her? I know not, Replyed *Don Ramires*; but by your Blushes, I perceive, those that told me were deceived. Can it possible be, cryed the Prince to me, that you are in Love? If you are, tell it me quickly, I pray; for, I am extream glad to see you seized with a Passion; of which, you make
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so little shew. Seriously, said I, I am not in Love; but, to satisfie you, Sir, I own, that I might be in Love with *Nugna Bella*, if I were a little better acquainted with her. If there be nothing else to obstruct your Love, but to be better acquainted with her, assure your self, that you are already smitten. I will never go without you to the Queen my Mother; and I will Embroil my self more often with the King; that the care which she always takes to make my Peace, may oblige her to send for me at particular Hours: In fine, I will furnish you with Opportunities enough, to speak to *Nugna Bella*, that you may be thoroughly in Love with her: You will find her very Lovely; and if her Heart be as well accomplished as her Understanding, you will have little else to wish for in this World. I beseech you Sir, said I, do not take so much Pains to make me unhappy: And, above all, let your Pretexts to visit the Queen, be any other than your embroiling your self with the King: You well know how often he accuses me, for your Transgressions; and believes, that my Father and I, to make our selves more considerable, do inspire that desire of Authority into you, which you take upon you sometimes, to his Displeasure. In the Humour I am in, to make *Nugna Bella* in love with you, I shall not be so circumspect as you would have me: I will take all opportunities, to carry you with me to the Queens Apartment: And though I have no particular Business, I will go thither immediately; and will Sacrifice to the pleasure of making you in Love, a Night, which I intended to spend under those Windows; where, you believe, I know no Body,

I would not trouble you with the Particulars of this Conversation, says *Gonsalvo* to *Alphonso*; but that you might see by the Sequel, that it was a kind of a Presage of what has since happened.

The Prince goes to the Queens side; he found her withdrawn from all other Company, but the Ladies of her own Family; of which number, *Nugna Bella* was one: She looked so well that Night, that it should seem, that Chance favoured the Prince's Designs. The Discourse was general for a time; as the Ladies enjoyed more Freedom than at other hours, *Nugna Bella* spoke more than she used; and I was surprized to find her to have more Wit, than I observed in her before. The Prince prayed the Queen to go into her Closet, without acquainting us what he had to say to her: While she was there, I stayed with *Nugna Bella*, and several other Persons, without. I insensibly engaged her into a particular Conversation; and, though it was only touching indifferent things, there appeared in it, something more gallant, than uses to be in the ordinary Discourses: We blamed altogether, the retired manner of Living, to which the Ladies in *Spain* are obliged; as finding, by our own Experience, that we are deprived of some Satisfaction, in not having any where Liberty to entertain our selves. If I felt from that moment, that I begun to love *Nugna Bella*, she found likewise (as she told me after, that I was not indifferent to her; being of the humour whereof she was, her conquest over me could not be disagreeable to her; there was something so bright in my Fortune, that a Person less ambitious than she, might have been dazzled with it; she never neglected to appear lovely before me,

me, though she did nothing opposite to her natural haughtiness. Directed by the insight, a growing love inspires, I soon flattered my self with the hope of pleasing her, and this hope was as proper to inflame me, as the thought of finding a Rival well beloved was to cure me. The *Prince* was overjoyed to find, that I applyed my self to *Nugna Bella*; he every day gave me opportunities to entertain her; he was also willing I should tell her of the differences that were betwixt the King and him, and to instruct her in the way the Queen was to use to bring him to, condescended to what the King desired of him: *Nugna Bella* failed not to give the Queen these Advices, and as often as the Queen made use of them, she never wanted the success she desired, so that the Queen never undertook any thing in the Princes behalf, without first consulting *Nugna Bella*, nor *Nugna Bella* without acquainting me. Thus we had great opportunities of conversing with one another: and in those conversations, I found in her so much Wit, prudence and agreeableness; and she likewise fancied in me so much Merit, and really found so much Love, that it kindled in us a flame that has been since very violent: The *Prince* would needs be my Confident, nor could I hide any thing from him: I feared only that *Nugna Bella* would be offended, if I had told him that she shewed me any demonstrations of kindness; but *Don Garcias* assured me, that of the humour she was of, she would be no way displeased at it: He spoke to her of me; she was at first out of countenance, and in some disorder at what he told her; but as he judged right, the greatness of the confident, made her approve of the confidence; she accustomed
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her self to suffer him to entertain her upon the subject of my passion, and received by his hand, the first Letters I writ to her.

Love was to us an agreeable novelty, in which we found all the secret charms that are no where to be had but in our first Love: As my Ambition was fully satisfied, even before I was in Love, this last passion was no way weakened by the former; I gave up my Soul to this new pleasure, which till that time was unknown to me, and which I valued above all that Grandure can bestow: *Nugna Bella* was not so, for these Passions took their Birth in her at the same time, and equally divided her Heart; her natural Inclination was without question, more prone to Ambition than to Love, but as the one and the other had a reference to me, I still found in her all the ardour, and all the application I could desire; not but that she was sometimes as much taken up with the Princes affairs, as she was with the concerns of our Love. For my part, being taken up wholly by my passion for her, I found out, to my sorrow, that *Nugna Bella* was capable of other thoughts: I complained to her of it, but I found that my complaints were fruitless, and produced nothing but a certain constrained Conversation, which gave me to see, that her mind was elsewhere ingaged. Notwithstanding, having heard say, that we could not be perfectly happy in Love, no more than in other things of this Life, I suffered this Misfortune with patience, *Nugna Bella* loved me with an exact Faith, and I could perceive in her nothing but contempt for any else that durst look upon her: I was perswaded, that she was free from all those imbecillities to which other Women

men are inclined : this thought made my happiness so compleat , that I thought I had nothing further to wish for.

Fortune had placed me in a rank worthy the emulation and envy of the most Ambitious ; I was Favourite to a Prince whom I loved with a passionate inclination ; I was beloved by the fairest Woman in *Spain*, whom I adored ; and I had a Friend , whom I thought Faithful, because I made his Fortune. The only thing that troubled my happiness, was the Injustice I saw in *Don Garcias* his impatience to command, and to find my Father *Nugnes Fernando*, of a turbulent unquiet spirit, and aspiring (as the King suspected) to raise himself above all other Authority : I was apprehensive to be engaged by the Laws of Gratitude and Nature, to persons that might draw me to do things that did no way seem just to me. In the mean time, as these were but uncertainties and imaginations, they troubled me but sometimes , and I eased my mind by communicating them to *Don Ramires* , in whom I had so much confidence, that I acquainted him with my very fears and apprehensions of things of the highest importance, and my fore-sight of dangers yet a-far off.

But the chiefest occupation of my Mind, was the design I had to Marry *Nugna Bella* : I had now a long time been in Love with her, without presuming to make her that overture : I know the King would oppose it, because *Nugna Bella* was the Daughter of a Count of *Castile*, whose revolt was as much feared as my Fathers, and it was against the rules of policy to let them unite by the ties of a Marriage. I knew likewise that my Father,

ther, although he was not averſe to my deſign, would not conſent to have my Marriage propoſed, fearing leſt that would increaſe the Kings ſuſpition, ſo that I was forced to wait a more favourable conjuncture; but in the mean while I did not conceal the Inclination I had for *Nugna Bella*: I ſpoke to her as often as I had opportunity, the Prince alſo ſpoke to her very often: The King took Cogniſance of our Intelligence, and took that for a State-affair that was but a Love-intrigue; he believed his Son did favour my deſign upon *Nugna Bella*, thereby to join the two Counts of *Caſtile* to his intereſt; he thought his Son meant thereby to form a Party conſiderable enough to beget him an Authority that might balance his: He doubted not but that the two Counts of *Caſtile* would take his Sons part, in hopes to get themſelves acknowledged Sovereign Princes: Laſtly, the Union of the two Houſes of *Caſtile* was ſo terrible to him, that he declared he would not have me by any means think of *Nugna Bella*, and forbid the Prince in any wiſe to favour our Marriage.

The Counts of *Caſtile*, who perhaps were not innocent of all that they were ſuſpected of by the King, but wanted power to ſhew their intentions, commanded us to think no more of one another; this command was moſt grievous to us: But the Prince promiſed us to make the King change his reſolution in ſome ſhort time; he ingaged us mutually to promiſe each other an eternal Friendſhip, and took upon him to find means to continue our commerce, and conceal our intrigue. The Queen, who well knew, that far from carrying the Prince to a revolt, we endeavoured with all

our might to keep him within the bounds of his Allegiance, approved her Sons design for us, and favoured it as much as might be.

As it was no longer permitted us to speak to one another in publick, we sought after means to entertain our selves in private. I thought it to our purpose that *Nugna Bella* should be removed from her Appartment to another, whereof all the Windows looked into a Bye-lane, and were so low, that a Man on Horse-back might look in, and conveniently discourse without trouble of speaking very loud: I proposed this project to the Prince, he commended it to the Queen, she upon some specious pretence, causes it to be done as we desired. I came every day to this Window to wait the moment in which *Nugna Bella* could come to speak to me; sometimes I went away extremely charmed with the good esteem she had for me, and sometimes I parted in despair, to see her so much taken up with the Queen: Hitherto Fortune was constant to favour my designs, but she soon changed her course, to let me see, that she could not continue a constant Friend to any Man.

My Father, who was fully informed of the King's suspicion of him, resolved by a new Testimony of his Sincerity, to shew his Majesty how unjust his suspicions were: He designs to place my Sister in the Palace, notwithstanding the resolution he had before taken of leaving her in *Castilia*; a vain thought pushed him on to this resolve; he took a pride to shew to the Court a Beauty, which he believed to be one of the most accomplished of all *Spain*; never was any Father more fondly conceited of his Childrens Beauty, and

and drew from it a Vanity which might be call'd a great weakneſs in a Perſon of his quality; he brought her therefore to Court, and ſhe was received into the Palace.

Don Garcias happened to be a Hunting that day ſhe came; he came at night to viſit the Queen, without having ſeen any body that might give him an account of her: I was alſo there, but retired into a corner where he could not ſee me. The Queen preſents *Hermeneſilde* to him (ſo was my Siſter called) he was ſurprized with her Beauty, even to admiration; he ſaid, he never before ſaw in one perſon ſo much Beauty, ſo much Maſteſty, and ſo much agreeableneſs; and that, ſo white a Skin, ſo black Hair, and Eyes of ſo delicate a blue, were never ſeen before; that her blooming youth was accompanied with a becoming Gravity; the more he looked upon her, the more he commended her. *Don Ramires* obſerved his earneſtneſs in praiſing *Hermeneſilde*; it was not hard for him to judge, that I had the ſame thoughts of *Don Garcias* his actions; and ſeeing me at the other end of the Room, he came to me to ſpeak of my Siſters Beauty: I wiſh there were none elſe taken with her but you, ſaid I: as I was ſpeaking theſe words, *Don Garcias* by chance came near me; he ſeemed to be ſurprized, ſeeing me, but he recollected himſelf, and talked to me of *Hermeneſilde*, telling me that I had not deſcribed her ſo Beautiful as he found her: At his going to Bed that Night, all the diſcourſe was of her; I obſerved him with much care, and his not commending her with the ſame aſſurance the reſt did, confirmed my ſuſpicions of him; the following days he could not refrain entertaining

of her; and the inclination he had for her, seemed to me to hurry him like a torrent to what he could not resist: I endeavoured to discover his thoughts without any serious application; one night, as we came out from the Queen, where he had entertained *Hermensilde* for a considerable time. Sir, may I be so bold as to ask you (said I) whether I have not been too backward to shew you my Sister, and whether she has not Beauty enough to cause in you those surprises which I was apprehensive of: I have been surprised with her Beauty (answered the Prince) but though I believe one cannot be concerned for her without being surprised, so I do not believe that any can be surprised without being concerned.

Don Gracias was resolved not to make me a more serious answer than my Question was; but as he was perplexed with my demand, and that he caught himself in it, there was a tone of disgust in his answer, by which he gave me to understand, that I was not deceived in my judgment: And he likewise found that I had perceived his passion for my Sister; yet he loved me well enough to conceive some grief to have embarked himself in an affair that he knew must be displeasing to me; but he was too far engaged in Love to *Hermensilde*, to give over his design of creating as much Love in her; neither did I pretend that he should leave loving of her, for the Love of me; my thoughts were only to prepossess my Sister with what she was to do if the Prince should make her a declaration of his Love. I therefore gave her a caution in all things to follow the advice of *Nugna Bella*, which she promised to do: I therefore declared to *Nugna Bella*, my disquiet about the Prince's

Prince's Love to my Sister; I told her all the unhappy consequences which I apprehended from it; she had the same thoughts, and promised me that she would keep so close to *Hermesfilde*, that the Prince should find difficulty enough to speak to her; whereupon they were so inseparably without the least shew of doing of it purposefully, that *Don Garcias* could never find *Hermesfilde* without *Nugna^a Bella*; this difficulty was so troublesome to him, that he was hardly like the same Man: As he formerly used to acquaint me with all his thoughts, and that he told me never a word of what most possessed then his mind, I quickly found a great alteration in his proceedings towards me.

Do not you admire (said I to *Don Ramires*) the injustice of Mankind? The Prince hates me because he feels in his heart a passion that ought to displease me; and if he were loved by my Sister, he would hate me more than he does: I well foresaw the Mischief that would befall me, if her Beauty should make any impression upon him; and if he does not change the inclination he has for her, I shall not be long his Favourite in the eyes of the publick, since I am no more so in his heart. *Don Ramires* was convinced of the Prince's Love as well as I; but to blot out of my mind a thing that gave me pain, I know not (said he what grounds you have to believe that *Don Garcias* is in Love with *Hermesfilde*; it is true, he commended her at first, but I saw nothing ever since in him that can make out his being in Love: And admit he should be in Love, what great mischief would there be in that? Why may not he Marry her? He is not the first Prince that has

Married one of his Subjects, neither can he find any more worthy of him than she; and if he should Marry her, what an honour would it be for your House? It is for that very reason (said I) that the King will never consent he should Marry her; neither would I have it done without his Consent; and may be, the Prince himself does not aim at it; or, if he did, that he would not pursue it, neither resolutely enough, nor long enough, to bring it to pass. In fine, It is a thing that is not feasible; nor will I suffer the World to believe, That I would hazard my Sister's Reputation, upon the ungrounded Hope of a Greatness, to which we shall never attain. If *Don Garcias* continues his pursuit of my Sister, I will carry her from Court. *Don Ramires* was astonished at my Resolution; He was afraid I should fall out with *Don Garcias*: He resolved to discover to him my Sentiments; and fancied, he might do it without my Consent, since his intention was to serve me: But, without doubt, the Desire he had to ingratiate himself with the Prince, and to creep that way into his Confidence, was no small Promoter of this Resolution.

He took his time to speak to him alone; He told him, He was forced to commit an Infidelity against me, by revealing my thoughts contrary to my Intentions: But that the Zeal he had for his Service, obliged him to inform him, That I believed he was in Love with my Sister; and that I was so much grieved at it, that I resolved to carry her away from Court. *Don Garcias* was so struck with *Don Ramire's* Discourse, and the thought of seeing *Herménegilde* leave the Court, that it was impossible for him to conceal his first Transports:

sports: And therefore, believing that *Don Ramires* could no longer doubt of the Concern he had for my Sister, he thought best to acknowledge it; thereby to ingage him, to continue his Discoveries of my Design, from time to time; but he was a while, before he could resolve to do this: At last, being confirm'd in his Intention, he Embraces him; and confesses, That he was in Love with *Hermenesilde*: He told him, That he had done what he could, to defend himself from being in Love with her, upon my Consideration; But, it was impossible for him to live, without being beloved by her: That he begged his Assistance to help him, to conceal his Passion, and hinder that *Hermenesilde* should be removed from Court. *Don Ramires*, his Heart was not of a Temper to resist the Caresses of a Prince, whose Favourite he was in Election to be: Friendship and Gratitude are too weak, to resist Ambition: He promises the Prince to keep his Counsel, and to serve him with *Hermenesilde*. The Prince Embraces him the second time; and they concert together, how they were to demean themselves in the pursuit of this Enterprize.

The first Obstacle that occurs, is *Nugna-Bella*, who never abandoned *Hermenesilde*: They resolved to win her to their side; and, notwithstanding all the strict Tyes that were betwixt her and me, *Don Ramires* takes upon him, to find the Means to bring it about: But tells him, That it was necessary, that he should himself endeavour to blot out of my Mind, the Knowledge I had of his Passion: He advised him to tell me, by way of Joke, that he was glad he had found means to make me afraid for some time past, to Revenge

himself of me, for the Suspitions I at first conceived of him: But, seeing this my Apprehension went too far, he would no longer let me believe, that he had any Sentiments, that I might disapprove.

Don Garcias approving of this Expedient, easily executed it: And, as he understood by *Don Ramires*, the things which gave me the most cause of Suspicion, it was not hard for him to say, he did them of purpose: And, it was almost impossible for me not to believe him. Thus was I thoroughly perswaded, and fancied my self better with him, than ever I was; yet I could not but think, that he had some Thoughts in Heart, which he kept from me: Yet I fancied this was but a slight Inclination, which he had overcome; for which, I believed my self obliged to him, for having done it for my sake. In fine, I was very well satisfied with *Don Garcias*; and *Don Ramires* was not a little pleased, to see me calmed, as he desired. Then he began to cast about, how he might bring *Nugna Bella* into the Confidence he wished of her.

Having considered a little with himself about the Means, he sought an occasion to speak to her; which she often gave him; because, she knew I concealed nothing from him, and that she might Discourse with him about our Concerns: He began to entertain her with his Joy, that the Prince and I were made Friends. She told him, She was as glad of it as he: For, that I found (said she) *Consalvo* so nice upon the Concern of his Sister, that I apprehended he might embroil himself with *Don Garcias*. If I thought, Madam (said he) that you were of those, that were capable of conceal-

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ing any thing from their Lovers, when it is necessary for their Interest, it would be a great Comfort to me, to speak to a Person as concerned as you self, in what regards *Gonsalvo*: I fore-see things that give great Disquiet; and you are the only Person to whom I may impart them: But, Madam, it is upon Condition, that you will not speak of them, even to *Gonsalvo* himself. I do promise it you, said she; and you shall find me as secret, as you can desire: I know, that as it is dangerous to conceal some things from our Friends; so it is as dangerous never to conceal any thing from them. You shall see, Madam, (said he) of what Importance it is to conceal what I am going about to tell you: *Don Garcias* has lately given *Don Gonsalvo* new Assurances of his Friendship; and has assured him, that he has no more Thoughts of his Sister: But I am very much mistaken, if he does not love her most passionately: Of the Humour this Prince is of, he cannot long conceal his Passion; and, of the Humour *Don Gonsalvo* is of, he will never suffer it should continue: He will infallibly anger the Prince, and quite lose his Favour. I must confess (said *Nugna*) that I had the same Suspicions: And, by what I have seen, and by certain things that *Hermesilde* has told me, which I would not let her acquaint her Brother with, I could not induce my Thoughts to believe, that what *Don Garcias* has, was but an Affectation, and a design, only to fright *Don Gonsalvo*. You did very discreetly (said *Don Ramires*;) and I believe, Madam, you will do well for the future, to keep *Hermesilde* from telling her Brother any thing of what passes betwixt her and the Prince, for it
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is both dangerous, and to no purpose to speak to him of it. If the Prince has but a moderate passion for her, he will easily hide it, and by your conduct, *Hermesfide* will easily cure him of it; *Gonsalvo* will know nothing, and so you will keep out of mortal apprehensions, and preserve him in the favour of the Prince: But if *Don Garcias* his passion be violent and strong, do you think it impossible for him to Marry *Hermesfide*? and would you believe, that we should do *Gonsalvo* ill Service, if what we keep from his knowledge, should be a means to make his Prince his Brother-in Law? Assuredly Madam, you must well consider, whether *Don Garcias* his Love to *Hermesfide*, must be broke off; and it concerns you more than any, by the interest you may have to see one day a person, your *Queen*, which in all appearance will be your Sister-in-Law.

These last words made *Nugna* see what she had not till then thought of; the hopes of being Sister-in-Law to the *Queen*, made her believe there was more weight in *Don Ramires* his reasons, than in truth there was: At last he managed her so well, that it was agreed betwixt them, that I should know nothing of their intrigue, that they would make an exact scrutiny into the Prince's Thoughts; and that, from what they should be able to discover of them, they would take their Measures accordingly.

Don Ramires, transported with Joy, to have so well begun his Negotiation, gives the Prince an Account of what he had done: The Prince was over-joyed at it, and gave *Don Ramires* full power to say what he pleased of his Inclinations. *Don Ramires* now Plenipotentiary of the Prince's Affections,

Affections, returns immediately to *Nugna Bella*: He makes to her a long Narrative of his manner of bringing the Prince to acknowledge his Passion for my Sister: He adds, That he never saw Man so transported with Love: That he admired the Violence the Prince used to himself, for fear of displeasing me: That all things might be hoped from a Man so passionately in Love; But that it was necessary to give him some Hope, that his Love would succeed. *Nugna* gave full Credit to all *Don Ramires* had said; and promised him to serve *Don Garcias*, and imploy all her Interest with my Sister, for him.

Don Ramires runs to the Prince with this News; which he receives with incredible Joy, and embraced him a thousand times over: He could not forbear speaking to him; and wished, he might not be obliged to speak to any Body else: But that, he saw he could not in Prudence change his Conduct, nor his manner of Living with me. *Don Ramires* himself, took great care to conceal his new acquired Favour; and the Remorse of his Treachery, made him still believe, that I suspected it.

Don Garcias soon found Opportunity to speak to *Hermesfilde*; He declared to her his Passion for her, with all the Zeal he could: And, as he was really in Love, he found no great difficulty to perswade her, that he was so. She was disposed to entertain him kindly: But, after what I had said to her, she was afraid to follow the Dictates of her own Heart. She acquaints *Nugna* with all that passed betwixt the Prince and her. *Nugna*, for those very Reasons *Don Ramires* had alledged to her, advised her to let me know nothing;

thing ; and so to manage the Prince , as to inflame him more , and preserve his Esteem for her : She told her further, That what-ever Repugnance I might shew against the Princes Love to her ; yet she might well believe, that I should be very glad of what was like to be so advantageous to me, but that for certain reasons I was unwilling to take any Cognisance of things until they were more advanced. *Hermesfilds* ; who had an entire deference to all that *Nugna Bella* desired, was easily drawn to follow her Conduct, and her inclination for *Don Garcias*, was strongly supported with the hopes of a Crown.

This intrigue betwixt my Sister and the Prince, was carried on with so much art and dexterity, that except the first day or two that notice was taken of his commending her Beauty, none ever suspected that he had any inclination for her : He never entertained her publickly, for *Nugna* gave him opportunities of conversing with her in private : I perceived a decay in the Princes Friendship to me, but I did attribute it to the inequality and levity which is usual in young people.

Things were in this posture when *Abdala*, King of *Cordona* (betwixt whom and the King of *Leon*) there had been a long Truce, begun the War again. The command of the Army belonged to *Nugnes Fernando*, by the right of his place ; and though the King was unwilling to place him at the head of his Troops , yet could he not take the command of them from him, without charging him with some great Crime, or causing him to be clapt up : It's true, he might have given *Don Garcias* the Command over him ; but the King apprehended him more than he did the
Count

Count of *Castile*, and was afraid to see them both together with a great Power in their hands.

On the other side *Biscay* began to revolt, wherefore he resolves to send the Prince against the Rebels, and *Nugnes Fernando* against the *Moors*: I should have been glad to serve under my Father, but the Prince would have me along with him into *Biscay*; and the King was more inclined to have me with his Son than with the Count of *Castile*, so that I was fain to submit to what was desired, and to see my Father part before us. He was much troubled that I was not permitted to attend him, and besides many other considerable reasons, that made him desire my being in his Army, his paternal Love was none of the least: The affection he bore to my Sister and me was infinitely tender; he carried along with him our Pictures, that he might have the satisfaction of seeing us always, and of shewing the Beauty of his Children, of which I believe I told you, that he was very much enamoured. He marched against *Abdala* with a very considerable Army, but much inferiour to that of the *Moors*; and instead of endeavouring only to hinder their passage in a place whereof the very Situation made his Army inaccessible; the desire of doing something extraordinary, made him hazard a Battle in open Campagn, where he could have no manner of advantage; his Men were so totally routed, that he had much difficulty to save himself; all his Army was cut in pieces, all his Baggage lost, and the *Moors*, perhaps, never gained before so signal a Victory against the Christians.

They received the news of this overthrow with much

much regret, laying all the blame upon my Father, and not without reason; but as he was glad to humble him, he laid hold of this occasion; and when my Father desired to come to justify himself, he sent him word he would never see him more, and that he deprived him of all his Offices, that he might thank God that his Head was not taken off; he had Orders to retire to his own Estate. My Father obeyed him, and withdraws into *Castilia*, as full of rage and despair as an ambitious Man, whose fortune and reputation had received so great a breach, could be capable of.

The Prince (by reason of a dangerous fit of Sickness) was not yet departed for *Biscay*; the King marches in Person against the *Moors*, with all the Force he could bring together: I beg'd leave to wait upon him, which he granted, but unwillingly; he would have heaped upon me all my Fathers disgraces, but as I had no share in his fault, and that the Prince still shewed much kindness for me, the King durst not banish me into *Castile*, therefore I followed him, and *Don Ramires* staid with the Prince. *Nugna Bella* seemed to be nearly concerned for my Misfortune and our separation: I parted with the Consolation, at least, of believing my self beloved of the person of the World I most esteemed and loved.

The Prince being not in a condition to Command, his Brother *Don Ordogno*, marched unto *Biscay*; he was as unfortunate in his Enterprize, as the King was successful: *Don Ordogno* was defeated, and escaped narrowly with his Life. They overthrew the *Moors*, and forced them to beg Peace. It was my good Fortune to do some considerable

considerable Services, but I was never the better used by the King; the reputation I had acquired, did not free me from the Contagious Ayre, with which Disgrace had blasted me: When I came to *Leon*, I easily perceived, that Glory does not confer the same lustre as Favour does.

Don Garcias (during my absence) had the advantage of seeing *Hermenesilde* very often, but with that caution, that none perceived or took notice of his Addresses; he sought all means imaginable to please her; he gave her hopes that he would one day place her upon the Throne of *Leon*; he had, in fine, shewed so much affection towards her, that she wholly abandoned her heart to him.

As *Don Ramires* and *Nugna Bella* were obliged to see one another often, the better to mannage this intelligence, and the Beauty of *Nugna* was of those kinds that are not often seen without danger; so the admiration which *Don Ramires* had for her, augmented every day, and she likewise was not a little taken with his Wit, which, to say the truth, was very agreeable. The particular commerce that passed betwixt them, and the continual occupation which the affairs of the Prince and *Hermenesilde* gave her, made her less sensible of my absence than she could have promis'd her self at our separation.

As soon as the King was returned, he bestowed all the Places which *Nugna Fernando* had, upon *Don Ramires* his Father. I did upon that occasion beyond what could be expected from a sincere Friend; for although, after the Services I had rendered the King in these two last Wars, I might have pretended to those employments which were
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taken from my Father, yet I did no way oppose my pretensions to the King's disposing of them.

I went to *Don Ramires*, and told him that the only consolation I had, after the loss of so many advantageous establishments taken from my Family, was the joy I had to see them conferr'd upon his House; though *Don Ramires* wanted no Wit, yet he could make me no Answer; he was confounded to receive such marks of a Friendship which he knew he did not deserve; but I gave so favourable a construction to his Confusion, that his words could not be more perswasive to me. My Fathers employments being transfer'd to another Family, made the Court believe that his disgrace was for ever without remedy, and *Don Ramires* was now almost in my stead by the new Dignities his Father had received, and by the Prince's Favour towards himself: This favour appeared very plainly, notwithstanding all the care they both took to conceal it; and every body insensibly began to follow this new Favourite, and by degrees to leave me. *Nugna Bella's* affection was not so firmly settled, but that these alterations caused some change in it; my Fortune as much as my Person had laid the foundation of her Love for me: I was in disgrace, and she held for me, by the bare ties of a Love, that was too weak long to hold a heart like hers. I found soon after a sensible decay in her affection towards me; I complained of it to *Don Ramires*, I spoke of it likewise to *Nugna Bella*; she assured me, that she was still the same for me as she had been; and as I had no precise cause of complaint, and that my suspicions took their rise from a certain ayre of neglect,

neglect, which I imagined in all her actions: It was not hard for her to justify her self, which she did with so much cunning and address, that she re-assured me for some time.

Don Ramires entertained her upon the subject of my suspicions of her change, and spoke to her with design to find out whether she were so or not; without doubt, with a desire to know, that I was not deceived in my opinion. I am not changed, said she; I love as well as I ever did; but if I loved him less, it were injustice in him to complain; are we Masters of the beginnings or end of our passions? She spoke these words with an air, that assured him that she no longer loved me: This assurance which gave *Don Ramires* some hope, made him open his Eyes to contemplate the Beauty of this unfaithful Woman, of which he was so enamoured, that being no longer Master of himself, told her, she was in the right. We have no power, Madam, over our passions, for I feel one that draws me so forceably; that it is not in my power to resist it; but remember, it is your opinion, that it does not depend on us to oppose it. *Nugna Bella* easily comprehended his meaning; at which she seemed a little concern'd as well as he: As he had said it with premeditation, he was surpris'd at the effect it had; the remembrance of the Obligations he owed me, fill'd all his thoughts, and put him into some disorder, he cast down his Eyes, and remained a while in a profound silence, and *Nugna Bella*, for reasons of the like nature, was silent likewise; they parted without any further discourse: *Don Ramires* repented him of what he had said, and *Nugna Bella*, that she did not answer him: *Don*

Ramires went away so much troubled, and so out of order, that he was not himself; after recollecting himself a little, he began to reflect upon his own thoughts, but the more he examined them, the farther he found his heart engaged; he then begun to consider the danger he exposed himself to, by so often seeing *Nugna Bella*, he knew the delight he had taken in her Conversation, was of another nature than he had imagined. Lastly, he found he was in Love, and that it was too late to endeavour to suppress it.

The assurance he had that *Nugna Bella* loved me less, left him no force to resist his passion; he thought he had excuse enough to engage himself to her, when he knew her disengaged from me; he found some pleasure in undertaking to conquer a heart, of which I was no longer so absolutely Possessor, but that he might conceive some hopes to gain it; but withal, that I had power enough over it to acquire him the glory of dispossessing me: However, when he came to consider that it was *Gonsalvo* that must be removed from this heart, that *Gonsalvo*, to whom he owed so true a Friendship; his thoughts made him blush, and opposed them so, that he believed he had conquered them, he resolved to say no more of his Love to *Nugna Bella*, and to avoid the occasions of speaking to her.

Nugna Bella, who had no other trouble, but for not answering *Don Ramires* as she ought to have done, made not so many reflections; she thought she had no reason to seem to understand what he said to her, she believed she ought to have some kindness for a Man, with whom she had such ties: She said to her self, that he had not
spoken

spoken to her with any design, though she had for a long time perceived the Inclination he had for her; but least she should repent her, or be obliged to use *Don Ramires* ill, she undertook not to believe what she could no way doubt of.

Don Ramires followed the design he had taken for a while, but in vain, for he saw every day *Nugna Bella*: She was handsome, she no longer loved me; she used him kindly: It was impossible to resist so many allurements, he resolves therefore to follow the inclinations of his heart: He had no sooner taken this resolution, but all his former remorse vanished; the first Treachery he committed against me, made the second more easy; he had used himself to deceive me, and to conceal from me what he said to *Nugna Bella*: He tells her at last, that he loved her, and he told it her with all the marks of an unfeigned passion, exaggerating to her his grief for transgressing against our Friendship; he inforces that he is hurried on by the most violent passion that ever Man had; he assures her he does not pretend to be loved again, that he well knew the advantages I had over him, and the impossibility of removing me out of her heart, but that he only begg'd the favour of her to hear him, and to help him to recover himself, and to conceal his weakness from me. *Nugna* promises the last, as a thing she thought her self obliged to, fearing lest some mischief might happen betwixt us, and told him with a great deal of sweetness, that she could not grant him the rest. Believing she should be a complice to his crime if she should suffer the continuance of it; yet for all that she did suffer it; the Love he bore her, and the

Friendship she had for him, drew her wholly to his side: I appeared less agreeable in her Eye; she could see no great advantage in my Fortune, being threatned daily with an assured Banishment into *Castile*: She knew the King had always a mind to send me thither, and that the Prince opposed it only out of a point of Honour; she saw no likelihood of his Marrying *Hermesfide*; she was still his Confident in the Love he had for her; and by this and *Don Ramires's* Love towards her, she still kept her Credit with *Don Garcias*, she believed the King was less disposed than ever, to consent to our Marriage; he had no reason to oppose her Marriage with *Don Ramires*, she found in him the same advantages that recommended my Love to her: and lastly, she concluded, that reason as well as prudence did Authorise her change, and that she ought to abandon a Man that was never like to be her Husband, for one, that in all probability, might Marry her; there needs not always so many reasons to warrant a Womans Levity. *Nugna Bella* therefore determines to engage in Affection with *Don Ramires*; though when she made that resolution, she was already engaged to him, both in her inclination and her words; yet whatever her resolutions were, she had not force enough to let me see that she deserted me in the time of my disgrace.

Neither could *Don Ramires* resolve to declare his Treachery; it was agreed betwixt them, that *Nugna Bella* should continue to live with me after the same rate she had been used to do; and they believed that I could not easily discover her change, because as I told *Don Ramires* still the least of my thoughts, she being always told of them

them by *Don Ramires*, might easily prevent any cause of suspicion : They resolved also to tell *Don Garcias* how things stood betwixt them, thereby to engage him to their interest ; *Don Ramires* took upon him to do it, though he could not resolve it without trouble, for the shame, and the fear of being discountenanced, embarrassed him. But the Confidence *Don Garcias* put in him, and the power he gave him to manage his Love, gave him some assurance : The truth is, that he managed the Prince as he pleased ; he engages him, even to speak a good word for him to *Nugna Bella*, so that this new Favourite had his Master for his Confident ; as he was his Masters, *Nugna Bella*, who apprehended that the Prince would condemn her Inconstancy, was ravished to find him rather a promoter of it ; they redoubled their Bonds of mutual fidelity to one another ; they then take their measures how to conceal this intelligence ; she resolved that, seeing the particular Whisperings of *Don Ramires* and the Prince, might give me some Jealousie, because in appearance they ought to keep no secret from me, that *Don Ramires* should come to the Prince by a back Stair, at such times as he had none with him, and that they should never speak any thing before me of their intrigue : Thus was I betrayed and forsaken by all those I loved best, without being able to suspect them in the least.

All I was in pain for, was only because I fancied some change in *Nugna Bella's* heart ; if I complained to *Don Ramires*, *Don Ramires* gave her notice of it, that she might counterfeit better ; but when I seemed at ease, he was unquiet, he

feared still I had regained *Nugna Bella*; then he would not have her act her part so well in Cheating me; she obeyed him, and neglected me more than ever: Thus he had his Rival complaining to him of the hard usage he received by his order. Sometimes he was very glad when he had desired her to put a constraint upon her self, to learn by my complaints that she had not constrained her self as much as he desired her. It was such a charm for his glory and his love to have ruined such a Rival as I appeared to him, and to see my quiet depend upon the least word of his mouth, that were it not for his extream Jealousie, he would be the happiest Man in the World.

While I was taken up with my Amour, my Father was busied by his Ambition; he had made so many Cabals, and so many intrigues in the time of his Exile, that he believed himself in a condition to revolt openly; but before all, I was to be drawn from Court, I was too dear, and too considerable a pledge to him to leave me in the Kings hands, when he intended to declare War against him: He was not so apprehensive of my Sister, because her Sex and her Beauty would protect her against all events. He sent me a person known in all his designs, to inform me how matters stood, and to command me to quit the Court in that very instant, without taking leave, either of the King or Prince. This Messenger was strangely surpris'd to find me quite of another opinion than my Father: I told him that I would never give my consent to so unjust a revolt; that it was true, the King had dealt ill with *Nugnes Fernando*, in taking away his

his Employments; but that this affront was to be endured, because he had in some measure deserved it; that for my part, I was resolved not to leave the Court, nor ever to take Arms against my King: This Messenger carried back my Answer to my Father, he was outrageously mad to see so many great designs quashed to nothing by my disobedience alone: He sent me back word, that (though he never intended it) he would pursue his enterprize; and that since I had so little obedience for his will, he would not change his resolution, though the King of *Leon* were to cut off my Head.

In the mean time *Don Ramires* his passion for *Nagna Bella* grew still, and he could no longer indure the manner of her conversation with me, though he saw it necessary: Well, Madam, says he to her one day, after she had entertained me a pretty while, you look upon him still with the same kindness that you used to do, you speak to him after the same manner, you write to him the same kind things; who shall assure me, that it is no more with the same heart? He once pleased you, and that's enough to find the way of doing it again. But you know (said she) I do but what you would have me; that is true, replied he, and that is it which renders my misfortune insupportable, that I must in prudence advise you to do those things, which when you do them, puts me into despair; it is unheard, that a Lover ever gave his consent, that his Rival should be kindly treated. Madam, I can no longer endure that you should look upon *Gonsalvo*; there is nothing I would not attempt to ruine him, rather than live in the condition I am in; for after having

rob'd him of your heart, I ought not much to scruple cutting his Throat: Your Passion (answered *Nugna Bella*) is too violent to hold; you will first consider how many important secrets you will discover before you fall out with *Don Gonsalvo*, and to what Reproaches you will expose your self. I see all that is to be seen, Madam, said he; I see likewise, that if I must have but little sense to do what I propose, I must have none at all, to suffer a Man every way lovely, that once has pleased you, to speak to you every day in private; if I knew nothing of it, I should have the cruel delight of being deceived: But I know it, I see you speaking to him; it is I that brings you Letters, it is I that reassures him when he doubts of your Affection: Ah Madam, it is impossible I should hold out any longer, using so much violence against my self: If you would contribute to my quiet, contrive it so that *Gonsalvo* may leave the Court; and the Prince would consent to send him into *Castile*, as his Majesty presses him every day. Consider, I beseech you, replied *Nugna Bella*, what an action you would have me do? Yes Madam, returned *Don Ramires*, I have considered it; but after all that you have done, it is no longer time to stand upon Niceties: and if you consent not to the Banishment of *Don Gonsalvo*, I shall believe I have more reason to endeavour his absence from you than I thought: Once more, Madam, by what Arguments shall I be convinced that you love him no more? You see him, you speak to him, you know he Loves; your Heart, you say, is changed, but your proceedings are not: In fine, Madam, nothing can re-assure me, but your endeavours to get him Banished,

nished, and as long as you shall appear averse to it, I shall believe you use but little constraint when you tell him you love him. Well then, said *Nugna Bella*, I have already committed many Treacheries for the Love of you, and I will add this too; but give me the means, the Prince every day refuses the King to let him be Banished, and there is little likelihood that he should grant it to so unreasonable a request as mine: I'll take upon me (said *Don Ramires*) to make the Proposition to the Prince, and provided you make it appear to him that you are consenting to it, I am sure to bring it about: *Nugna Bella* agrees to it, and that very Night *Don Ramires* (under pretence of their common interest) proposes to the Prince to let me be sent away, and to make the King believe he did it in obedience to his Commands: The Prince made no difficulty of assenting; he was inwardly so ashamed of what he had done against me, that my presence was a continual reproach to him of his weakness. *Nugna Bella* spoke to him as she had promised *Don Ramires*; they resolved, that upon the first occasion, the Prince should send his Father word, that he would no longer oppose my Banishment from Court, provided it should be given out that it was done against his will.

An occasion soon offer'd it self; the King was in passion against the Prince, for doing something against his order, and accused me for advising him to it: The Prince not daring to come into the King's presence, pretended to be Sick, and kept his Bed for some days; the Queen (according to her custom) endeavoured a reconciliation, she came to her Son's Apartment, to acquaint him

him with the King's complaints against him. Madam, these are not the true causes of the King's Anger, I know the reason, he has a strange aversion against *Gonsalvo*, he accuses him of all that displeases him, he desires to send him away; He will never be well satisfied with me, as long as I oppose his absence: I love *Gonsalvo* dearly, but I see I must be forced, even against my will, to consent to his Banishment, and to deprive my self of him, since I can purchase the Kings good will at no other rate. Tell him then, Madam, If you please, that I consent he should be Banished, but upon condition, that none know I have consented to it. The Queen was surprised at her Sons discourse: It becomes not me (said she) to think it strange, that you should have a deference to the King's Will, but I must confess, I wonder how you can consent to *Gonsalvo's* Banishment; the Prince alledged some bad reasons in his own defence, and turned his discourse to another subject. Whilst they were speaking, one of the Queens Maids, that was my Friend, and *Nugna Bella's* Woman, was by chance so near the Bed, that she over-heard all that the Queen and Prince said about me: She was so surprised, and so pensive to find out what might be the cause of so great a change in the Prince, that I came into the Room, and began to speak to her before she perceived me: I laughed at her for her thoughtfulness: You ought to thank me for it, said she, I heard just now a thing that amazes me so much, that I cannot well comprehend it: *Elvire*, (for that was her Name) then told me what she had heard, and amazed me much more than she had been; I made her tell it

it me over once more : As she made an end, the Queen went out and interrupted our discourse ; I went out with her, and being not in a condition to remain with the Prince, I walked by my self in the Garden of the Palace, to make reflections upon so strange an adventure.

It could not enter into my imagination, that a Prince that always used me so well, would cause me to be banished without some cause ; I could not comprehend what should induce him to wish my absence ; I could not guess what should make him profess a kindness for me, when he had none ; nor could I believe, that what I was told could be true, nor that *Don Garcias* could be so weak as to consent to my Banishment : As I loved him passionately, his change pierced me unto the very Soul ; and being not able to endure what I suffered, I went to look out *Don Ramires*, to have the satisfaction to make my complaint to him.

As I was going towards the Palace, I met one of the Officers of *Don Garcias's* Chamber, whom I had placed with the Prince, and who was nearer to his person than any other. I bid him to go see if *Don Ramires* was not with the Prince, and to pray him to come to me presently ; this Officer made answer that he was not there, and that, without doubt, he would not come thither until his accustomed hour, when every Body else was retired. I was extremely astonished at these words ; I thought at first I had not well understood them, yet I was sensible enough of them : Many things came into my mind, that made me suspect, that *Don Ramires* had some intelligence with the Prince, more than he ever told me ; at another season I should not have such a thought,
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but what I had heard of *Don Garcias's* disloyalty, obliged me to believe, that all the World might be false: I asked this Officer, if *Don Ramires* came often to *Don Garcias*, when none else was there: He told me, he wondered I should ask him such a question, and that he believed I knew well enough both their meetings, and the subject of their private discourse; I replied I knew neither, and that I found it strange he would not before then give me notice of it: He thought I did but counterfeit my ignorance of all things, to discover whether he told me truth or no; and to let me see that he could conceal nothing from me, he told me the Princes Love for my Sister, and what share *Don Ramires* had in the carrying it on; he told me he had often heard them speak of it when they thought none was in hearing; and they learnt all the rest from him that was intrusted to carry the Princess's Letters to *Hermesfilde*; thus I understood all that passed, except what concerned *Nugna Bella*. I need seek no more, cried I, (transported with rage) whence proceeds *Don Garcias's* change; the Treachery he commits against me, makes my presence insupportable to him. How! *Don Garcias* Love my Sister, my Sister suffers it, and *Don Ramires* is their Confident: At these words I stop'd, being unwilling this Officer should take notice of my resentment, and forbid him to tell any body what he had informed me. I went home so full of trouble, that I was beside my self: When I found my self alone, I abandoned my self to my rage and despair; I was fifty times in the mind to stab the Prince and *Don Ramires*; I had all the transports of Fury and Vengeance, that the excess

cess of rage can suggest: At last, after recollecting my thoughts, to give my self the time to choose the fittest course for my revenge, I resolved to fight *Don Ramires*, and to perswade *Nugna Bella* to go with me into *Castile*, to obtain leave of her Father to Marry her; and as he had the same design of revolting, as I had, to join with them and incourage them to declare War against the King of *Leon*, and to overthrow that Throne which *Don Garcias* was to ascend; I fixed my resolve upon this determination, though it was contrary to all my thoughts until that hour, but my despair hurried me to it.

I was to have waited upon *Nugna Bella* that very Night; I expected the hour of going with great impatience, and the hope of finding her sensible of my Misfortune, was the only thing that could give me all the solace I was capable of: As I was preparing to go out, a Man that she used to keep, and often brought me her Letters, came to me with one from her, and told me, that she was very sorry she could not see me that Night, for reasons, I should read in her Letter: I told him it was absolutely necessary that I should speak to her that Night, that I was going to write her an Answer, and prayed him to stay; with that I went into my Closet, opened *Nugna Bella's* Letter, where I found these words.

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The Letter.

I Know not whether I should return you thanks for the leave you give, to shew Don Gonsalvo some regret for his departure; I should rather have been glad that you had forbid it me, that I might have a reason not to do a thing that will give me so much constraint; though you have suffered through the manner I was obliged to use in entertaining him since his return, I have suffered more than you; nor would you doubt of it, if you knew how hard it is for me to tell a Man, that I love no more, that I love him still; when I am out of my Wits, that I ever loved, and that I would redeem with my Blood, never to have pronounced, but for you, all those words which I must say to him: You will know when he is further off, all the injustice you do me, and the joy you shall see me to have at his departure, will better perswade you, than any thing I can say. Hermenesilde is angry with the Prince, because he yesterday did entertain a person for a great while, for whom she had already shewed some Jealousie, which was the reason she went not along with the Queen when she had been at his Apartment, he must not tell her he knows any thing of this, for I promised her to say nothing of it; she so truly loved him, that my Letter was interrupted in this place by a thing that puts me into a mortal fright. One of my Companions, to day, heard all the Prince said to the Queen about Gonsalvo, and told it him at that very instant: She just now told me of it as a thing that doth both surprise and afflict me: It is impossible but that Gonsalvo suspects that you have known something

thing of the Princes designs, and will find out a great part of the truth; consider what mischief that may do; this accident troubles me to that degree that I know not what I do: I am going to write to him that I cannot see him to Night, for I cannot expose myself to speak to him, before you have seen him, and I know from you what I must say to him; Fare-well, Judge of my trouble.

I was in such a passion after the reading of this Letter, that I knew not what I said, nor what I did; my Anger was raised to the utmost pitch of rage and fury, at the discovery I had before made of so many Treacheries, but they were weak and inconsiderable to what chance had laid before me. I stood without speech or motion, and remained so for a long time; my thoughts were confused; my understanding was oppressed with weight of grief.

You are then Unfaithful *Nugna Bella*, cried I of a sudden; you join to your inconstancy the injury of deceiving me, and you consent I should be betray'd by those I loved above all the World, next your self; it is too much Cruelty at one time; my misfortunes are of the nature, that it were less shame to be overwhelmed by them, than to resist them. I yield to the Cruelty of the most unfortunate chance that ever persecuted Man; I had both the force and the design to be revenged of an Ungrateful Prince, and an unfaithful Friend; but I have neither against *Nugna Bella*, I thought my self more happy in her than in all the World besides: But since she forsakes me, I am indifferent to all things else, and I renounce all thoughts of a revenge that can bring me no satisfaction: I

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was not long since, the first Man of all the Kingdom, by my Fathers and my own proper Grandeur, and by the favours of the Prince, believed my self well-beloyed by those whom I most esteemed: Fortune forsakes me, I am abandoned by my Master, I am deceived by my Sister, I am betray'd by my Friend, I lose my Mistress, and I lose her by the contrivance of that Friend? Is it possible, *Nugna Bella*, that you should leave me for *Don Ramires*? Is it possible that *Don Ramires* should desire to take you from a Man that loved you so passionately, and had so great a kindness for him? Must you two join to rob me of one another, and not leave me the poor consolation of one of you, to whom I might make my moan.

Such cruel reflections took from me the use of my reason, the least of those misfortunes that fell upon me in that one day, was able to torment me mortally: This great number of sad accidents, put me out of my senses, I knew not which of them I should complain of most: He that brought the Letter from *Nugna Bella*, sent to tell me that he staid for my Answer; I waked as it were out of a Dream at this Message, and sent him word I would send an Answer the next day, and gave order none should come to me.

I again began to reflect upon my former condition, so cruel an experience had I of the inconsistency of Fortune, and the treachery of Men, inspired me with the design of renouncing for ever all Worldly Commerce, and go to end my Life in some remote Desert; my grief suggested to me, that I had no other choice to make: I had no where to go but to my Father; I knew the design

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he had of taking Arms, but for all my despairs, I could not resolve to revolt against a King that had never done me wrong: If I had only been forsaken by Fortune, I should take a delight to resist her, and to make it appear I deserved what she had given me. But after having been deceived by so many persons whom I so passionately loved, and of whom I thought my self so assured, what was there left me? Could I ever serve a Master better, or more faithfully, than I did *Don Garcias*? Could I ever love a Friend better than I did *Don Ramires*? Or could I be more in love with a Mistress than I was with *Nugna Bella*? and yet they have all betrayed me, I have nothing left but a resolute retreat to withdraw my self from the deceit of Men, and the dangerous charms of Women.

As I was resolving upon this course, I saw coming unto my Closet *Don Olmond*, a Person of quality and worth, who always applyed himself to me; he was Brother to that *Elvire*, who gave me notice of the Princes betraying me, and had learnt from her just then what the Prince had said to the Queen; he was much surpris'd to read in my face the marks of so great an agitation and extream trouble of mind; he knew me too well to think that Fortune alone could so much discompose me; nevertheless, he believed that I was griev'd at the Princes Infidelity, and began to use Arguments to alienate my trouble: I always had an esteem for *Don Olmond*, and served him upon several occasions, although I always prefer'd *Don Ramires* before him. The ingratitude of this latter, made me sensible of the injustice I did therein to *Don Olmond*. F 2 make him

him amends, or rather to have the satisfaction of complaining of my Misfortunes, I told him the condition I was in, and all the Treacheries that had been committed against me: He could not chuse but be amazed at it, but not so much as I expected of *Nugna Bella's* Infidelity; for he told me, that his Sister, when she had informed him of the Princes Infidelity towards me, that *Nugna Bella* was without doubt changed, and that she concealed many things from me: Behold, *Don Olmond*, said I, shewing him *Nugna Bella's* Letter, her change, and see what she has conceal'd from me; she sent me this instead of that she intended for me, and it is easie to judge, that this was meant for *Don Ramires*. *Don Olmond* was so concern'd to see me in that condition, and my Misfortunes seemed to him so great, that he would not undertake to condole with me, but thought it best to leave me to ease my sorrow by my complaints. Had not I reason, said I, to desire to know *Nugna Bella* well, before I should ingage my heart to love her; but I find I pretended to an impossibility, there is no diving into a Womans Heart, they are ever Strangers to themselves; it is opportunity alone that can decide the controyersie of their disagreeing thoughts. *Nugna Bella* believed she loved me, but it was my Fortune, and not me she loved; and perhaps she loves only that in *Don Ramires*: Nevertheless (cryed I) she has said nothing to me this great while, but what he gave her leave to say, it was to my Rival I complained of the change he caused in her; he spoke to her for himself, when I believed he spoke for me: Is it possible they should make me the object of their deceit? How have

have I deserved this from them? That perfidious Map betray'd me with *Nugna Bella*, as he did with *Don Garcias*: I committed my Sister to their care, and they betray'd her to the Prince; this consent and union I found in them, which gave me such satisfaction, was but a blind to deceive me. O God (cried I) for whom do you reserve your Thunder-bolts, unless it be for persons so unworthy to live?

After this violent transport of my grief, the Idea of *Nugna Bella's* unfaithfulness, which left me nothing but indifference for all other misfortunes, put me into a sadness full of despair; I acquainted *Don Olmond* with my resolution of leaving all things; he was surpris'd at it, he did what he could to dissuade me from it; but I let him see, that my resolutions were so fixt, that he thought it to no purpose to oppose them, at least in their first impetuosity. I took all my Jewels, and we got on Horseback, that we might get out of my House; before the King's Order for my departure could reach me; we rid until Sun-rising: *Don Olmond* led me to a House of one of his Servants, in whom he had great confidence; I pray'd him to leave me in that place, until Night, that I might take my Journey to the place whither I resolv'd to go: After a long contest he promised to leave me, provided I would not quit that place until he return'd; that in the mean time he would go to *Leon*, to know what effects my departure had wrought, that perhaps some alteration might have happened that might divert me from my sad resolution: He earnestly besought me to expect his coming, I consented, upon condition he should tell none that he saw me, nor

knew where I was: Yet though I consented, it was rather out of an involuntary Curiosity, to know after what manner *Nugna Bella* spoke of me, then that there could happen any thing that might lessen my Misfortunes.

Go my dear *Olmond* (said I) see *Nugna Bella*, and if it be possible, know from your Sister what her thoughts are; endeavour to learn, since what time she ceased to love me, and if she has abandoned me only because Fortune forsook me; *Don Olmond* assured me that he would do what I desired. Two days after he returned with a sadness, that gave me to understand he had nothing to say to me that might oblige me to change my design.

He told me all were ignorant of the cause of my departure, that the Prince as well as *Don Ramires*, seemed to be much afflicted at it; that the King believed I was gone, with his Sons private consent, and of intelligence with him: He told me he saw his Sister; that all I believed was true; that the recital of the particulars would but increase my grief, and therefore desired to be excused from the telling it. I was not in a condition to fear the increase of my Misfortunes; and what he would have concealed was the only thing that could give me some curiosity; I prayed him therefore to hide nothing from me; I will not repeat all he told me, because I have already told you the most part, to put my Narrative in some order: It was from him I learnt all those things (of which I was ignorant) while they were transacting, as you might judge. I will only tell you, that his Sister informed him, that the Night before my departure, as she came back from the Queen,

Queen, where *Nugna Bella* had not appeared that Night, she went to *Nugna Bella's* Chamber, where she found her all bathed in her tears, with a Letter in her hand, that they were both surprised but for different reason, that in fine, *Nugna Bella*, after a long silence, shut the Door, and told her, that she would trust her with all the secrets of her Life, praying her to pity her, and comfort her in the saddest condition that ever poor Maid was reduced to; that then she discovered to her all that had passed betwixt the Prince *Don Ramires*, my Sister, and her, just as I told you; and that *Don Ramires* had just then sent her back this Letter which she held in her hand, because it was not for him, but intended for me, and that I had received that Letter she meant for *Don Ramires*, that by that Letter I had found out all that she had concealed from me for so long time.

Elvire told her Brother, that she never saw any person so afflicted and troubled as *Nugna Bella*: She apprehended that I should acquaint the King with the intrigue that was betwixt the Prince and my Sister, and that I would cause *Don Ramires* and her to be Banished from the Court, that above all things she feared the shame of my Reproaches, and that the Treacheries she had committed against me, made her hate me mortally.

You may well think, that what I came to learn of *Don Olmond*, would no way lessen my displeasures, nor make me change my intention. He pressed me with all the earnestness imaginable, and all the marks of an extraordinary Friendship, to let him go along with me to the Desert I intended

tended to go to: I opposed it so strongly, that at last we separated; he left me upon condition, that in what part of the World soever I should be, I should oblige my self to write to him.

He returned to *Leon*, and I parted with design to Embarque my self at the first Port I should come to. But when I was alone, left to the reflections of my Misfortunes, the remainder of my days appeared so tedious to me, that I resolved to go seek my Death in the Wars that the King of *Navar* had against the *Moors*; I would be known by no other name but by that of *Theodorick*, and I was unhappy enough to acquire some glory which I did not look for, instead of that death which I sought after: The Peace was concluded, I re-assumed my former design, and your re-encounter made me change that dismal Wilderness, whither I intended to go, into a most pleasant retreat. There I began to find that quiet and tranquillity which I had lost; not but that Ambition has been busie sometimes to tempt my heart, but what I had already tasted of the instability of Fortune, render'd it contemptable to me; and the love I had born *Nugna Bella*, was so totally blotted out of my heart by the contempt I conceived for her, that I might justly say, I had no Passion for any kind of thing, although I had yet a great deal of Sadness left in me; the sight of *Zayde* has ravished from me that sad tranquillity which I enjoyed, and hurries me into new Misfortunes, much more cruel than those I have already experimented.

Alphonso remained both Surprised and Charm'd with *Don Gonsalvo's* story; I confess (said he) that I had conceived a large Idea of your Merits
and

and Virtues, but I must acknowledge that what I have now heard, surpasses my former thoughts: I rather ought to fear (replied *Don Gonsalvo*) that I have lessened the good opinion you had of me, by letting you see how easie I was to be deceived; but I was young, I was ignorant of the Court-Artifices, I was incapable of practising to them: I never loved any but *Nugna Bella*, and the love I had for her, would not let me imagine, that that kind of Passion could ever have an end, so that nothing could lead me to a diffidence, neither of Friendship nor of Love. You could not defend your self, replied *Don Alphonso*, from deceit, unless you had been of a suspicious Nature, and yet your suspicions (though never so well grounded) would seem to your self unjust, since you had not until then any cause given you of diffidence against any that might deceive you; and their deceit was carried on with so much Art, that there was no appearance in reason of a fallacy: Let us speak no more of my past Misfortune (replied *Gonsalvo*) since I am no longer sensible of them. *Zayde* has taken from me, even the remembrance of them, and I wonder how I could call them to mind: But I could never believe, that Beauty alone could make me in Love, nor be smitten by one that had other pre-ingenagements; and yet I adore *Zayde*, to whom I am so much a Stranger, that I know nothing of her, but that she is handsome, and that her heart bleeds for some other: Since I was deceived in the opinion I had of *Nugna Bella*, whom I knew, what can I expect from *Zayde*, whom I do not know? But what should I expect, or what pretensions can I have upon *Zayde*? She is utterly

unknown to me ; Chance threw her upon this Coast ; she is impatient to be gone ; I cannot keep her against her Will , without being both unjust and uncivil. Though I should detain her, what should I be the better for it, I should see her every day bewailing the absence of a Man that she loves , and remembering him as often as she looks upon me. Ah, *Alphonso*, what a mischief is Jealousie ? Ah, *Don Garcia*, you had reason, that is the only Passion that surprises us, and strikes us of a sudden ; all the other Passions are but Chains, by which we suffer our hearts willingly to be drawn away ; all true inclinations pluck it from us in spite of us, and the Love I have for *Zayde*, is a torrent that drags me, without leaving me the least power of resisting. But *Alphonso*, I make you spend the Night here in entertaining you with my sorrows, it is but reason I should let you now take your rest.

After these words, *Don Alphonso* went to his Chamber, and *Don Gonsalvo* passed the rest of the Night without sleeping one moment. The next day *Zayde* seemed to be taken up with the desire of finding out what she had already sought after, but all her endeavours were to no purpose ; *Gonsalvo* never parted from her , he forgot almost every moment that she could not understand him ; he asked her the cause of her grief, with the same respect and circumspection, and fear of displeasing her, as if she had understood what he said : When he recollected himself, and had the displeasure of seeing , she could return him no Answer, he thought to comfort himself by saying to her all that his Passion could suggest.

I love you, fair *Zayde* (said he) looking steadfastly

fastly upon her; I Adore you; I have at least, the satisfaction to tell you so without offending you; all your actions tell me that none durst declare it without incurring your displeasure, but that Lover, for whom you weep, has spoken to you (without doubt of his Love) and you have used your self to hear him: How many doubts might you resolve me, fair *Zayde*, in one word?

When he spoke to her in this manner, she turned her self sometimes towards *Felime* with astonishment, as it were to make her take notice of a resemblance, which always surprised her: This was so piercing a smart for *Don Gonsalvo*, to imagine that he put her in mind of his Rival, that he would with all his heart renounce the advantages of his Beauty and good mean, to be rid of such a resemblance: This trouble was so insupportable to him, that he could hardly resolve with himself ever to see *Zayde* more, he had rather deprive himself of her sight, than to represent to her the Image of him she loved; and her looks seemed so favourable to him, he could not indure them, he was so perswaded, that they were not addressed to him; he would leave her, and spend whole Afternoons in the Woods. When he returned to her, he found her more angry than she used to be; he fancied consequently, that he saw some inequality in her behaviour towards him; but as he could not guess at the cause, he imagined that the displeasure of being in an unknown place, caused the alterations that appeared in her humour; nevertheless he perceived, that the Affliction she was in the first days of her abode there, begun to lessen. *Felime* was more Afflicted than *Zayde*, but her sadness was
always

always alike ; she seemed to be over-whelmed with grief, and endeavoured to be alone, to entertain her self with her sad thoughts. *Alphonso* took notice of it sometimes to *Gonsalvo* with amazement, and he wondered that the excess of her Melancholy did not tarnish her Beauty. In the mean time all *Don Gonsalvo's* study was to please *Zayde*, and to give her all the Divertisements that Walking, Hunting, and Fishing, could furnish ; and she busied her self in all that could divert her ; she spent her time, for some days, in making a Bracelet of her Hair, and when she had finished it, she fastened it about her Arm with that eagerness which people have for a thing they have finished : The same day that she put it on, she let it fall by chance in the Wood. *Gonsalvo* seeing her go out, went to follow her, and going along, he found this Bracelet, which he easily knew again : He was extream glad to have found it, and his gladness had been more compleat, if he had received it from the hands of *Zayde* ; but as he had no hopes of it, he thought himself happy to owe it to Fortune. *Zayde* having missed it, was coming back to look for it in the places she had passed ; she made signs to *Don Gonsalvo*, what she had lost, and seemed to be much afflicted at it : Though he was in pain to cause her disquiet, he could not resolve to part with a thing that was so precious to him ; he made as if he looked for it too, and at last obliged her to leave off her unnecessary search. As soon as he was gotten into his Chamber, he kissed this Bracelet a thousand times, and fastened to it a Buckle of Diamonds of great value : Sometimes he went out to walk before *Zayde* was up, and when he found himself
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in a place where he believed no Body could see him, he would untie this Bracelet, the better to consider it.

One Morning, as he was thus busie, sitting upon a Beach that somewhat advanced into the Sea, he heard some body behind him; he turn'd about on a sudden, and was surpris'd to see it was *Zayde*: All he could do was to hide the Bracelet, but not so cleverly, but that *Zayde* perceived he had hid something; he fancied she saw what he had did, he observed so much coldness and discontent in her looks, that he did no longer doubt, but that she was angry with him for not restoring her Bracelet; he durst not look upon her, fearing lest he should see her make signs to restore it to her again, which he could not resolve to do: She seem'd sad and out of order, and without looking towards *Gonsalvo*, she set her down, and turned her face towards the Sea; the Wind blew away a Vail she had in her hand, unknown to her; *Gonsalvo* rose to take it up, but in rising, he let fall the Bracelet, which he could not tie again for fear of discovering it. *Zayde* turned her head at the noise *Gonsalvo* made, she saw her Bracelet, and pick'd it up before *Gonsalvo* could turn that way; but he was infinitely troubled when he saw it in her hand, both for his concern of losing it, and for fear of her anger; nevertheless he took courage, seeing no more anger nor discontent in her Countenance, he rather fancied he saw something of sweet and pleasant: He was no less moved by the hope he conceived from *Zayde's* Countenance, than he was a moment before, by his fear of having displeased her. She considered, with attention, the lustre of the Diamond

mond Buckles that were fastened to the Bracelet ; and after looking upon it a while, she undid it, and gave it to *Gonsalvo*, and put the Bracelet into her Pocket. When *Gonsalvo* saw that *Zayde* returned him only his Buckles, he turned himself towards the Sea, and threw them in with a careless and melancholy air, as if he had let them fall in by chance. *Zayde* cryed out, and advanced her Body, to see if there were no possibility of retrieving them, but he told her it was in vain to look after them ; and because she should make no longer reflection upon what he had done, he offered her his hand, to lead her further from that place : They walked without saying any thing to one another, insensibly towards *Alphonso's* House, both of them so full of thoughts, that they seemed to desire to separate.

As soon as *Gonsalvo* had conducted her to her Chamber, he left her to think of his Adventure. Though *Zayde* did not seem to him as Angry as he had apprehended, he believed that the joy of finding her Bracelet had banished her discontent ; so that his displeasure was nothing less, though he had a great mind to have the Bracelet ; yet the fear of displeasing *Zayde* kept him from asking it, and left him oppressed with that kind of grief, which Love without hope, gives ; all his Consolation was to declare his Grievances to *Alphonso*, and to blame himself for his weakness in being in love with *Zayde*.

You are unjust (in your Accusations) against your self, *Alphonso* would say sometimes to him. It is not easie to defend ones self in the middle of a Desert, against the force of such a charming Beauty as *Zayde* : It is all you could be able to do
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in a great Court, where other Beauties might make a diversion, or where Ambition, at least, would claim a share in your heart: But did any Man ever love without hope? Said *Gonsalvo*. And how can I hope to be Beloved, since I cannot so much as say I Love? How shall I be able to perswade it, since I cannot utter it? which of my actions shall be convincing enough, to induce *Zayde* to believe I love her, in a place where I see none but her self, and where I cannot make her sensible I prefer her before all others? How shall I banish out of her mind what she loves? by no other means but by her good liking of my Person: But my Misfortune has contrived it so, that the sight of my Face preserves in her the memory of her Lover. Ah my dear *Alphonso*, flatter me not; nothing but meer folly could make me in love with *Zayde*; and so much in love, as to make me even forget that I was once before in love, and was abused in it. I am of opinion (replyed *Alphonso*) that you were never in love before now, since you knew not what Jealousie was, but since you loved her. I had no cause of being Jealous of *Nugna Bella*, answered *Gonsalvo*, so well she knew how to deceive me. When a Man is seriously in love, said *Alphonso*, he is Jealous without cause; you see it by experience in your self: make but a little reflection upon the disquiet that *Zayde's* tears does create you, and mark how Jealousie has put it into your head, that she laments the loss of a Lover, and not that of a Brother. I am but over-perswaded, (replyed *Gonsalvo*) that I love *Zayde* much more than ever I did *Nugna Bella*; the Ambition of this last, and her Application to the Princes Interest, often
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abated of my love. All that I find in *Zayde*, opposite to my Love, for Example to believe, that she loves another, and neither to know her heart nor her thoughts, cannot lessen my Passion for her. But *Alphonso*, am not I a Madman to love *Zayde* much more than ever I did *Nugna Bella*; the success of the love I bore *Nugna Bella*, was, I must confess, too cruel; yet every Man that is in love, may have the like: There was no folly in loving her; I knew her, and she was in love with no body else; I was acceptable to her, I might have Married her. But *Zayde*, *Alphonso*. But *Zayde*, Who is she? What can I pretend in her? Does not every circumstance else, but her incomparable Beauty, condemn me of madness?

Gonsalvo did often entertain *Alphonso* with such like discourses: In the mean time his Love increased daily; he could not refrain letting his Eyes speak after such a charming manner, that he believed he saw by those of *Zayde*, that their Language was understood; he found her sometimes in a kind of surprise that confirmed him in this belief: She could not make her self to be understood by her words, it was generally by her looks that she made *Gonsalvo* comprehend part of what she would say; but there was something so passionate and so charming in her looks, that *Gonsalvo* was all inflamed by them. Fair *Zayde*, he would say sometimes, If thus you look upon those you do not Love, What do you reserve for that happy Lover, of whom, I am so unhappy as to put you in mind? If he had not been possessed with these thoughts, he would not believe himself so unfortunate, nor would the actions
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of *Zayde* perswade him that he was indifferent to her.

One day, having left her for a while, he went to walk upon the Beach, and came back again to a Fountain that was in a pleasant part of the Wood, where she used to go very often: As he came near it, he heard some noise, and he saw, through the Boughs, *Zayde* sitting by *Felime*; the surprise, occasioned by this rencounter, gave *Gonsalvo* as much joy, as if Fortune had brought him again to the sight of *Zayde*, after a whole years absence: He approaches to the place where they were, and although he made a noise in walking, they talked with so much attention, that they did not hear him. When he was come before her, she seemed no less concerned than a person that had spoken aloud in a place where she was afraid to be over-heard, and forgotten that *Gonsalvo* could not understand her: The agitation this surprise had put her in, had in some measure added to the lustre of her Beauty: *Gonsalvo* having seated himself near her (being no longer able to contain himself) threw himself of a suddain at her feet, and spoke to her of his Love, in so passionate a manner, that she might easily know what he said without understanding his Language; and it was clearly seen by *Gonsalvo*, that she understood him well enough; she Blushed, and having made a sign with her hand, as if she would push him away, she rose with a cold kind of Civility, as if she would have him rise from a place where he might be incommoded. *Alphonso* happened to walk by in that very instant; and she went towards him, without so much as looking upon *Gonsalvo*: He remained
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in that place without being able to rise from thence.

Thus, said he to himself, am I treated, when I am not looked on as the Picture of my Rival ; but you turn your Eyes towards me, fair *Zayde*, after such a manner as would charm and enflame the whole World, when my Countenance puts you in mind of his. But if I do but presume to let you see that I love you, you will not deign to cast away so much as an angry look upon me ; for you think me unworthy of the least glance of your Eye. If I could but make you sensible, that I know you bewail a Lover, I should think my self happy, and I confess my Jealousie would be sufficiently revenged by the displeasure you should have to hear it. Is it not for this, that I seem to you to be perswaded that you love something, that I may have the satisfaction to be assured by your self, that you love nothing. Ah *Zayde*, my Revenge is concern'd, and had rather give you opportunity to satisfy my Curiosity, than in the least give cause of offence.

Being taken up with these thoughts, he steers his course towards the House, to leave the place where *Zayde* was, and that he might be alone in a Gallery, where he used to walk. He thought a long time upon the means how to make *Zayde* understand, that he suspected she was in love with some body else ; but it was not easie to find a way, nor could it be well brought about, without the help of speech. After he had wearied himself with thinking and walking, he was going out of the Gallery, when a Painter, whom *Alphonso* employed to draw some Pictures, earnestly begged of him to view his work ; *Gonsalvo* would have

have been glad to be excused; but being unwilling to anger the Painter, he stood still to look upon what he was drawing. It was a large piece, wherein *Alphonso* gave him order to paint the Sea, as it appeared from his Windows, and to make it the more pleasant, he represented therein, a Tempest; there appeared of one side, Ships foundring in the midst of the Sea; and on the other side, Ships dashed against the Rocks: Men were seen, endeavouring to save their Lives by Swimming; others already drowned, whose Bodies were cast upon the Shore. This Tempest put *Gonsalvo* in mind of *Zayde's* Ship-wrack, and made him bethink him of a way to let her understand what he thought of her Affliction: He told the Painter, he must add some more Figures to those that he had already-drawn; that he must in the first place, draw upon one of those Rocks (in the Picture) a young fair Lady, with her Body bending forward, over the Body of a Man stretched out dead upon the Shore; that he must paint the Lady weeping as she looked upon this dead Body; that there must be another Man drawn prostrate at her Feet, endeavouring to persuade her to remove from this dead Body; that this fair Person (without turning her Eyes towards him that spoke to her) pushed him away from her with one hand, and with the other wiped her Tears. The Painter undertook to draw *Gonsalvo's* Fancy, and began presently to design it: *Gonsalvo* was well pleased, and prayed him to work upon it with all speed, and so went out of the Gallery; he went to find out *Zayde*, not being any longer able (notwithstanding his late displeasure) to be separated from her: But he was

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informed, that at her return from walking, she was gone to her Chamber; and so he could get no sight of her all the rest of the day, for which, he was much Afflicted, and apprehended that she had deprived him of her sight on purpose to punish him, for presuming to make her understand what he had done. The next day she seemed to him more serious than she used to be; but the following days, he found her as she was accustomed to be.

In the mean time the Painter went on to finish *Gonsalvo's* design, which he with impatience expected: As soon as it was made an end on, he led *Zayde* into the Gallery, as it were to divert her, by shewing her the Painter at work; he at first shewed her all the places which were already finished; after, he made her consider, with more attention, that Sea-piece, upon which the Painter was yet at work; he made her look upon that young Lady that lamented the dead Man; and when he saw that her Eyes were fixed upon it, and that she seemed to know that Rock, whereon she used to sit so often; he took the Pencil out of the Painter's hand, and writ the name of *Zayde* over the young Lady, and that of *Theodorick* over the young Man that was upon his Knees. *Zayde*, at the reading of what he writ, Blushed; and having looked upon him with Eyes full of anger, she took a Pencil, and quite blotted out that dead Man's Figure, whom she thought *Gonsalvo* believed to be the subject of her Tears. Though he were sensible of the offence he had given *Zayde*, yet he was over-joyed to see her blot out the Man he thought so much beloved. Although this action of *Zayde's* might be judged rather an effect

effect of her disdain, than a proof that she lamented no body; yet he found, that after the Love he had professed for her, she did him the favour not to let him believe that she loved any other; but the small hope this belief gave him, could not destroy so many causes of fear which he believed he had reason to have.

Alphonso, that was no way prepossessed with any Passion, made very different reflections upon the actions of this fair Stranger, from what *Gonsalvo's* were. I find (said he) that you have no reason to believe your self unhappy; you are, without doubt, Wretched, to have placed your affection upon a Person, which in all likelihood you cannot Marry, but not in the manner you fancy your self to be; and all appearances are deceitful, if you be not truly beloved of *Zayde*: It is true (replied *Gonsalvo*) that if I should judge of her thoughts by her looks, I might flatter my self with some hope: But as I have told you, she never looks upon me, but for that resemblance, which creates me so much Jealousie. I know not, Answered *Alphonso*, whether all that you think, be true or no; but if I were in the place of him, you think she laments, I should not be very well satisfied, that my resemblance should make her look so kindly upon any Man else, and it is impossible, that the Idea of another Man should produce those sentiments which *Zayde* has for you: It is very natural for Lovers to hope, if any of *Zayde's* actions did already make him conceive any, *Alphonso's* discourse confirm'd him in it; he begun to think that *Zayde* did not hate him, for which, he was extream glad; but this gladness was of no long continuance, for he ima-

gin'd, if she were a little inclined towards him, he ow'd it all to his Rivals; he fancied, that having already lost the Man she loved most, she had a favourable disposition towards another that might be like him: His Love, his Jealousie, and his Glory, could not be satisfied with an Inclination which he did not first create, but it proceeded only from that she formerly had for another: He believed, that although *Zayde* should love him, she would only love his Rival in him: In fine, he saw he should be wretched, though he should be sure to be beloved: Notwithstanding, he could not avoid being well pleased, to see in this fair Strangers manner of proceedings, an ayre very different from that she had at first; and his Passion for her was so strong, that let the marks of her Inclination proceed from what causes soever, he could not chuse but receive them with great transports.

One day, it being very fair weather, seeing she came not out of her Chamber, he went in to know if she would walk: She was writing; and though he made a noise as he entred the Chamber, yet he came near her without being perceived by her, and stood looking upon her as she writ; she turned her head by chance, and seeing *Gonsalvo*, she Blushed, and hid what she had writ, with so much hast, that it caused no small trouble in *Gonsalvo*; for he believed she could not have so much application, and be so much surpris'd for a Letter which had not something of mystery in it: This thought put him upon the wrack; he retires, and goes to find out *Alphonso*, to reason with him an adventure which gave him imaginations very different from those he hither-

to had: Having fought him a great while in vain, of a suddain, an impulse of Jealousie made him return to *Zayde's* Chamber; he enters, but found her not there; she was gone into a Closet where *Felime* used to sit: *Gonsalvo* saw a piece of written paper half folded, upon the Table, he could not refrain taking it up; and opening it, he made no question, but that it was the same Paper he had seen *Zayde* write a little before; he found in it the Bracelet of Hair which she had formerly taken from him; she enters as he held the Paper and Bracelet; she advances towards him, as if she meant to take them from him: *Gonsalvo* retires a step or two back, as it were, to view them; but with a submissive action, that seemed to beg her permission: *Zayde* made signs that she would have them, but with an ayre so full of authority, that it was impossible for a Man (as much in Love as he) not to obey; he returned them into the hands of *Zayde*, but with the greatest regret imaginable, because he believed them designed for another: He was not able to command his Passion, he goes abruptly out of her Room to his own, where he found *Alphonso*, who came to him, having been told that he had been looking for him. So soon as they were seated; I am far more unhappy, my dear *Alphonso* (says he) than I thought; that Rival, of whom I was so Jealous, as dead as I believed him, certainly is not dead; just now I found *Zayde* writing to him, and sending him that Bracelet which she took from me; she must needs have heard from him. There is certainly some-body hid here, that must carry her Letters to him. In fine, all those hopes of felicity, which I had, are but imaginary,

ginary, and proceed only from explicating *Zayde's* actions wrong. She had reason to blot out that dead Man, for whom I made her conceive that she grieved: She knew too well; that he (for whom she wept) was not dead; she was in the right, to be angry to see that Bracelet in my hands, and to be over-joy'd when she got it again, since she had made it for another. Ah *Zayde*! It is cruelty to let me conceive any hope; for you have given me leave to hope, and your fair Eyes did no way forbid it me. *Gonsalvo's* grief was so great, that he could hardly end these words. When *Alphonso* had given him time to recollect himself, he pray'd him to tell him how he came to know all this; and whether *Zayde* had in a moment found out ways to make her self to be understood. *Gonsalvo* told him what he had seen, how *Zayde* was discomposed when he had catched her Writing; how he found the Bracelet in the same Letter she had been writing, and how she took it from him; In fine, *Alphonso*, added he, none can be so concerned for an indifferent Letter: *Zayde* has no Commerce nor affair here, she can write of nothing with so much attention, but what passes in her own heart, nor was it to me that she was writing; and now what would you have me think of what I saw? I would not (said *Alphonso*) have you think things so unlikely, which causes your so much disquiet: Because *Zayde* blushed when you surpris'd her a writing, you believe she writ to your Rival: For my part I believe she loves you well enough, to blush every time she is surpris'd with seeing you near her; perhaps she writ what you saw, only to divert her self; she would not let you have it, because
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It would avail you nothing, since you cannot understand it; and I declare, I am not at all surpris'd that she took her Bracelet from you; for though I am perswaded she loves you, I do believe her too discreet, to give a Bracelet of her Hair to a Man that is a near stranger to her.

Nor can I comprehend what grounds you can have to believe that she intends to send them to another; we have scarce been from her since her coming hither, no body has spoke to her, and even those that might speak to her, understand her not; how then would you have it, that she has heard from that Lover which creates you so much Jealousie, or send to him? I confess to you, said *Gonsalvo*, that I do torment my self more than I need, but the incertainty wherein I am is insupportable to me; the incertainties of others are but small, they believe themselves more or less beloved, and I pass from the hope of being beloved of *Zayde*, to the belief that she loves another; nor am I sure one moment, (whether what I perceive by her, ought to make me happy or wretched: *Alphonso* (said he) you take a pleasure in deceiving me; say what you will, she could write to no body but a Lover, and I should think my self happy, if (after what I have seen) I had that uncertainty, of which I complain, as of the greatest of all evils. *Alphonso* gave him so many reasons, that his disquiet was ill-grounded, that at last he brought him in some measure to himself; and *Zayde*, whom they found walking, fully confirmed him: She saw him at a distance, and came towards them with so much sweetness, and with such obliging looks for *Gonsalvo*, that she dissipated a part of those troubles which she a

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little before gave him. The time which he set to this fair Stranger for her departure, which was the same that the great Vessels used to part from *Tarragona* for *Africk*, began to approach, which gave him mortal afflictions; he could not resolve to be instrumental in depriving himself of *Zayde*; and though he saw it a great injustice to detain her, he had need of all his reason and his virtue to keep him from it: How (said he) to *Alphonso*, shall I for ever deprive my self of *Zayde*? this will be a farewell without hopes of returning: I shall never know in what part of the Earth to find her; she is resolved to go into *Africk*, but she is no *African*, and I know not in what part of the World she was born.

I will follow her, *Alphonso* (continued he); though in following her, I do not hope for the happiness of seeing her any more. Though I know, that neither her Virtue nor the Laws of *Africa* will permit me to live with her, yet I am resolved to go to end my sad days in the places of her abode; it will be at least some comfort to me to breath the same ayre she does; happen what will, I am wretched, I have no certain Country, Chance staid me in this place, and Love will oblige me to leave it. *Gonsalvo* still confirmed himself in this resolution, notwithstanding all the pains *Alphonso* took to dissuade him from it; he was more perplexed than ever, for not being able to understand *Zayde*, nor be understood by her: He reflected upon the Letter he saw her writing, and he fancied it was written in Greek Characters, though he was not very certain of it: The desire he had to be satisfied, made him think of going to *Tarragon* to find out somebody that

that might understand the Greek Tongue; he had already sent several times to find Strangers that might be his Interpreters, but as he was ignorant what Language *Zayde* spoke, it was not easie to know of what Nation he desired to have; therefore the Journeys of all those he had sent, proving ineffectual, he resolves to go himself; and yet it was not easie for him to take this resolution, for he must have exposed himself in a great Town, to the hazard of being known; and what was more irksome, he must leave *Zayde*; but the desire he had to be able to explain himself to her, made him pass over all difficulties; He indeavoured to make her understand, that he was going to fetch an Interpreter, and so parted for *Tarragon*. He disguised himself as well as he could, he went into those places which Strangers frequented; he found a great many, but their Language was different from that which *Zayde* spoke: At last he inquired if there were none that understood the Greek Tongue; he that he spoke to, answered him in *Spanish*, that he was of one of the Isles of *Greece*. *Gonsalvo* pray'd him to speak his Language, he did, and *Gonsalvo* knew that was *Zayde's* Language: By good fortune this Stranger had no great business to stay him at *Tarragon*, he very willingly followed *Gonsalvo*, who gave him a greater reward than he durst ask or hope for. They began their Journey the next day very early, and *Gonsalvo* thought himself more happy in his Interpreter, than if he had the Crown of *Leon* upon his Head.

As they went along, he begun to learn the Greek; the first thing he learnt, was, *I love you*:
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When he thought that he could say it to *Zayde*, and that she should understand him, he believed he could be no longer unhappy; he arrived betimes at *Alphonso's* House, he found him walking, he made him partaker of his joy, and asked him where *Zayde* was; *Alphonso* told him, that she had been gone out a good while to walk towards the Sea-side: He hastens thither with his Interpreter, he went straight to the Beach, where she used to be; he was surprised not to find her there, but he suspected nothing; he walked after her as far as the Port, whither she was sometimes used to go; he came back to the House; he went into the Wood, but all in vain; he sent to all the places where he thought she might be; but when she could not be found, he began to have some fore-thoughts of his Misfortune: Night came on without any tidings of her, he was in despair to have lost her, he was afraid some ill accident had befallen her, he blamed himself to have left her; in a word, there was no grief comparable to his; he was all the Night with Flambeaus up and down the Fields, and even when he was out of hopes to find her, he would not give over looking for her; he had been already several times at the Fisher-mens Hutts, to know if none of them had seen her, but could learn no news of her. About break of day, two Women that were coming from a place where they lay all Night, told him, that as they came out of their Cabbins, they saw *Zayde* and *Felime* walking by the Sea-side, that the mean while a Shallop had put into the Shore, that some Men Landed out of the Shallop; that *Zayde* and *Felime* went

went back at the sight of these Men; but being called by these Men, they came back to them, and that after having talked together a great while, and shewed by their gestures that they were glad to see them, they went all into the Shallop together, and put to Sea.

At this relation, *Gonsalvo* looked upon *Alphonso* with an ayre that expressed his grief far better than he could do with all his Eloquence. *Alphonso* knew not what to say to him that might moderate his sorrow; when all those that attended upon them were withdrawn, *Gonsalvo* broke silence, I lose *Zayde*, said he, and I lost her in the very instant that I was able to make my self to be understood by her! I lose her, *Alphonso*, and it is her Lover that takes her from me, as may easily be conjectured by what these Women say; cruel Fortune, thou would'st not let me be ignorant of the only thing that could increase my sorrow for losing *Zayde*! I have lost her then for ever; she is now in the Arms of a Rival she loves: It was to him, without question, she was writing that Letter which I surpris'd; and it was to inform him of the place where he should find her. It is too much, cryed he of a suddain, it is too much, my Afflictions are great enough to make thousands wretched at once; I confesse I am too weak to bear them all; and after having forsaken all things, I cannot endure to be more tormented in the mid'st of a Desert, than I have been in the mid'st of a flourishing Court: It is so, *Alphonso*, added he, the only loss of *Zayde*, has poured down a thousand Misfortunes upon me, far greater than any I have ever yet felt; is it possible

possible that I must never more hope to see *Zayde*? If I knew, at least, whether I was acceptable, or whether I was indifferent to her, my misery would not be so insupportable to me, and I should know to what kind of Melancholy I should abandon my self. If I was pleasing to *Zayde*, how can I think of forgetting her? ought not I to spend my days in running over all the parts of the Earth until I find her; but if she loves another, ought not I to use all my endeavours to forget her for ever? *Alphonso*, take pity of me, endeavour to make me believe, that *Zayde* loved me, or perswade me, that I am indifferent to her: How, said he, should I be beloved of *Zayde*, and not endeavour to see her for evermore, that Misfortune would be greater than being hated by her: But, no, I cannot be unhappy if *Zayde* loved me, Alas! I should have found that out in that very moment in which I lost her; what-ever precaution she had taken, I should have dived into her thoughts, I should have known the cause of her Tears, her Country, her Fortune, her Adventures, and I should know now, whether I ought to follow her or no, and where to find her.

Alphonso knew not what to answer to *Gonsalvo*, so hard it was to resolve what to say that might calm the violence of his sorrow: At last, having represented to him, that he was not in a condition to determine any thing at that instant, and that he must make use of his reason to support his Misfortunes, he obliged him to go along with him home. So soon as *Gonsalvo* was in his Chamber, he caused his Interpreter to be called to expound

pound some words that he remembered to have heard *Zayde* speak; the Interpreter told him the meaning of many words, and among others, those which *Zayde* used to speak to *Felime* when she looked upon him; he interpreted them so, as *Gonsalvo* was sure that he was not mistaken; when he believed she spoke of a resemblance, and he no longer doubted but that it was the Lover of *Zayde* whom he resembled. Upon this he sends for those Women that had seen *Zayde* go away, to know of them, if among those Men that carried her away, they had not observed any that was like him; there was no satisfying his Curiosity, for these Women were at too great a distance from them to mark any such resemblance; they told him only there was one whom *Zayde* embraced. *Gonsalvo* was struck to the heart at these words, in so much, that he was upon the point of precipitating himself into the design of following *Zayde*, to kill her Lover before her Face. *Alphonso* told him, that his design was as unjust, and it was impossible, that he had no jurisdiction over *Zayde*, that she was engaged to this Lover before she had seen him; that he might be perhaps her Husband; that he knew not in what part of the World to look for her; that if by chance he should find her, it was likely it must be in some Country where this Lover would have power enough to hinder him from executing the enterprize which his rage prompted him to. What would you have me do then, replied *Gonsalvo*? Can you imagine it is possible for me to continue in the state I am in? I could wish you would bear this Misfortune which regards only
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your Passion, as you have already supported that which concerned your Love and your Fortune : I have suffered too much already, Answer'd *Gonsalvo*, to be able to suffer any more ; I will go in quest of *Zayde*, to see her, to know from her own Mouth, that she is in love with another, and to die at her Feet ; and yet I will not, for I should deserve all my Misfortunes, if I went to look after *Zayde*, after having left me as she did ; the respects and submissions I had for her, might have engaged her at least to send me word she was going to leave me, she was bound in gratitude to have done it ; and since she did not do it, I must conclude, that she adds contempt to her indifference for me ; I have flattered my self too much, when I fancied that she did not hate me ; I must never think of following or looking after her ; no *Zayde*, I will not follow you. *Alphonso*, I submit to your reasons ; I see I must pretend to nothing else, but to end as soon as I can the remainder of a wretched Life.

Gonsalvo seemed fixed in this resolution, and his mind was more calm ; he was nevertheless in such a deep Melancholy, as would draw pity from all that saw him ; he would spend whole dayes in the places where *Zayde* used to be, and seemed to look for her there still : He kept his Interpreter with him to learn the Greek Tongue ; and though he was perswaded he should never more see *Zayde*, yet he took delight in assuring himself, that if ever it should be his fortune to see her, he should be able to understand her ; he learnt in few days what others are many years a learning ; but when he had no longer this occupation,

cupation, which seemed to have some relation to *Zayde*, he fell into a deeper Melancholy than ever.

He made frequent reflexions upon the severity of his destiny, which after having over-whelmed him at *Leon* with so many Misfortunes, made him now sensible of one far greater than all the rest, in depriving him of the only Person of the World, which alone was dearer to him than the Fortune, the Friend, and the Mistress which he had lost. In making this sad difference betwixt his present and his past unhappinesses, he remembered him of a Promise he made to *Don Olmond* to write to him, and whatever difficulty he found, to think of any thing but *Zayde*, he judged he owed this mark of acknowledgment to a Man that had shewed him so much Friendship; he would not let him know presently the place where he was, he only desired him to write to him to *Tarragon*, that his abode was not far from thence, that he found himself void of all Ambition, that he bore no Anger against *Don Garcias*, nor hatred for *Don Ramires*, nor love for *Nugna Bella*, and yet he was more unfortunate than when he parted from *Leon*.

Alphonso was very sensible of *Gonsalvo's* condition, he seldom parted from him, and endeavour'd all that he could to alleviate his Affliction. You have lost *Zayde*, said he to him one day, but you were no way accessary to her loss; and as unhappy as you are, there is one kind of unhappiness which your Destiny has kept you a Stranger to, to be the occasion of your own wretchedness, is that evil which is yet unknown
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to you, and which for ever shall be my punishment. If you can find any Consolation (continued he) to learn by my Example, that you might be more unhappy than you are, I am willing to inform you of the accidents of my Life, whatever grief so sad a Narrative may cause me. *Gonsalvo* could not chuse but shew a great earnestness to know the reasons that had obliged him to confine himself to a Desert: Thereupon *Alphonso*, to satisfy his Curiosity, and to let him understand, that he was less wretched than himself, thus began the History of his displeasures.

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF
Alphonso and Bellafire.

MY Lord, you know my Name is *Alphonso Xymenes*, and that my Family is of some esteem in *Spain*, being descended of the first Kings of *Navarre*; my design being only to acquaint you with the History of my last Misfortunes, I will not trouble you with that of my whole Life, although there be many remarkable passages in it; but since, from that time I intend to speak of, I have been unfortunate only by the fault of other people, and not by my own, I will pass it over in silence; you shall only know, that I have experimented all that the Infidelity, and the Unconstancy of Women can inflict of vexatious and troublesome, insomuch, that I had no stomach to be in Love with any of the Sex; the commerce of Love seemed to me the greatest punishment, and though there were many handsome Women in the Court, who might have a kindness for me, I had none for them, but only those sentiments of respect which are due to their Sex. My Father, who was yet alive, and had a

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great desire to see me Married, out of that *Chimera*, so ordinary to all Mankind, to propagate their Name. I was not utterly averse to Marriage, but the knowledge I had of Women, made me resolve never to Marry a handsome one; and having been so much perplexed by Jealousie, I was not willing to expose my self to the hazard of being plagued with that of a Lover and a Husband together. I was in this disposition, when one day my Father told me, that *Belafire*, the Daughter of the Count of *Guevarre*, was come to Court, that she was a considerable Match both by Birth and Fortune, and he did heartily wish to have her for his Daughter-in-Law: I told him, his wish was vain; that I had already heard speak of *Belafire*, and that I knew none could ever please her yet; that I knew likewise that she was very handsome, and that was enough to take from me all inclination to Marry her. He asked me if I had seen her: I answered him, that every time she had been at Court, it was my Fortune to be in the Army, that I knew her only by hear-say. Very well (replied my Father) if I were as sure that you would be acceptable to her, as I am perswaded that she will make you change your resolution of never Marrying a handsome Woman, I should not doubt of your Marriage. Some few days after, I found *Bellafire* with the Queen; I asked her name, suspecting it might be she; and she asked my name, believing also me to be *Alphonso*. We both guessed what we inquired after, and we told one another so; we spoke to one another with more freedom than we should have done, or than is usual in the first Conversation: I found the person of *Bellafire* very charming,

ing, and her Wit far beyond what I thought it. I told her I was out of Countenance not to be better acquainted with her, and for all that, that I should be glad to know her no more than I did; that I was not ignorant how vain it was to endeavour to please her, and how hard a matter it was not to desire it. I added, that as difficult a thing as it was to make her sensible, I could not refrain from forming the design; if she ceased to be less handsome, but that while she was as I then saw her, I would never think more of her; nay more, I prayed her to assure me that it was impossible to please her, fearing lest a vain expectation should make me change the resolution I had taken, never to ingage my self in affection to any handsome Woman. This Conversation that was something extraordinary, pleased *Bellasfire*; she spoke favourably enough of me, and I spoke of her as of a person in whom I found so much merit, and so much agreeableness above all other Women: I made stricter inquiry after all those that had made their addresses to her, with more application than ordinary: I learnt that the Count of *Larc* was desperately in Love with her, and that his passion to her lasted a long time; that he was kill'd in the Army; that he run headlong into dangers when he had lost all hope of Marrying her: I was told moreover, that many other persons had endeavoured to win her favour, but to no purpose; and that all people had given her over, because they thought it an impossible thing to thrive in their pursuit. I took no small delight in thinking of overcoming this impossibility; and for all that I had no design to endeavour it. But I saw *Bellasfire* as often as I

could possible; and as the Court of *Navar* is not so strict as that of *Leon*, it was not hard for me to find occasions of seeing her, and yet there was nothing of seriousness betwixt her and me: I spoke to her, laughing at the distance that we were at, and of the joy I should have, if she would change her face and her opinion: I imagined that my Conversation was not unpleasant to her, and that she was satisfied with my Wit, because she found I knew the depth of hers: Finding she had a Confidence in me, that gave me full liberty to speak to her; I prayed her to tell me the reasons why she did so obstinately reject all those that made their addresses to her. I will tell you sincerely (said she): I was born with a natural aversion against Marriage, the ties whereof have always seemed to me very harsh, and I believed that nothing but a passion strong enough to blind me, could make me tread underfoot all those reasons that seem to oppose that engagement. You will not Marry for Love (said she) and for my part, I cannot comprehend how any can resolve to Marry without Love, and that a very violent one; far from having a passion, I never had the least inclination for any Man. So that, *Alphonso*, if I am not Married, it is because I never loved any Man well enough to engage me to it. How, Madam (Answered I) no Man ever pleased you? Your heart has never received any impression, it has never been discomposed at the sight or mention of those that adored you? No (said she) I am utterly a Stranger to all the impulses of Love: How! And of Jealousie too, said I? I, and of Jealousie too, replied she. Ah, Madam (said I) if that be, I
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am perswaded that you never had any inclination for any Man. It is true (said she) that no Man ever pleased me; no, I never found any Bodies humour agreeable, or any way like my own: I know not what effects the words of *Bellasire* wrought upon me; I know not whether I was already in Love without knowing it: But the Idea of a heart like hers, that never received any impression, seemed so wonderful, and so new to me, that I was in that very instant struck with a desire to please her, to gain the glory of touching a heart that all the World believed insensible. I was no longer that Man that begun to speak without design: I ruminated upon all that she had said, and believed, that at the same time she told me she never found Man that could please her; she excepted me. In fine, I had hope enough to compleat my intanglement, and from that moment I became more in Love with *Bellasire*, than ever I had been with any before: I will not repeat to you how I took the freedom to declare my passion to her; I began to speak to her by a kind of Rallery, for it was hard to talk seriously to her; and this Rallery gave me occasion to tell her things that I should not have durst to tell of a long time, so that I was in Love with *Bellasire*, and was happy enough to touch her heart, though not so happy as to be able to perswade her that I lov'd her: She was naturally diffident of all Mankind, though she considered me far above all those that she had ever seen, and by consequence, more than I deserved, yet she would not give credit to my words; but her manner of proceeding with me, was different from that of all other Women, and I found something so noble and so

sincere in her ways, that I was altogether surprised at it: It was not long e're she confessed to me the inclination she had for me; she would tell me from time to time what progress I made in her heart; and as she concealed nothing from me that was for my advantage, so likewise she told me what was against me; she would say, that she could not believe that I loved Cordially, and that she would never consent to Marry me until she was better satisfied of my Love: I cannot express the pleasure I took in finding that I had made an impression upon a heart that never was sensible of any before; and to see the confusion she was in, to find her self engaged in a passion, which till then, was altogether unknown to her: how charming it was to me to know the astonishment *Bellasire* was in, being no longer Mistress of her self, nor having any more power over her own thoughts. I tasted in these beginnings delights beyond my hope or imagination; and he that has not known the delight of making a person violently in Love with him, that has never been sensible of Love, may say he never knew the true pleasures of Love. If I had great transports of pleasure to find out the inclination *Bellasire* had for me, I was also in terrible anxieties for the doubt she was in of my passion for her, and the impossibility I saw of perswading her to believe it.

When these thoughts disturbed me, I recall'd to mind the opinion I had of Wedlock, I found I was going to precipitate my self into the misfortunes which I so much apprehended: I thought I should have the affliction of not being capable of assuring *Bellasire* of the passion I had for her, or
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that if I did convince her, and that she should be truly in Love with me, I should be exposed to the Misfortune of being no more beloved passionately. I said to my self, that Wedlock would diminish the passion she had for me, and that she would love me no more than as far as duty required, and that perhaps she would love some body else: The horreur of being Jealous was so impetuous upon me, that notwithstanding the esteem and passion I had for her, I had almost resolved to quit the resolution I had taken; and I preferred the Misfortune of living without *Bellasire*, before that of enjoying her without being beloved of her. *Bellasire's* thoughts were almost as distracted as mine, she concealed nothing from me, no more than I did from her; we debated the reasons we had, not to engage one anothers Affections; we several times resolved to break off, and we took leave of one another, with intention to execute our resolutions, but our *Adieus* were so tender, and our inclinations so strong, that we were no sooner out of one anothers sight, but we were contriving how to see one another again. In fine, after many irresolutions on both sides, I at last overcame all *Bellasires* doubts, and she clear'd all mine; she promis'd to consent to our Marriage, as soon as our Friends had agreed upon all things that were requisite for the consummating thereof: Her Father was forc'd to leave the Court before all things were concluded, for the King commanded him away to the Frontiers to sign a Treaty with the *Mores*, and we were forc'd to wait his coming back: I was in the mean time the happiest Man in the World; the Love I bore *Bellasire*, took up all my thoughts,

and she loved me as passionately : I esteemed her beyond all the Women in the World, and believed my self upon the point of possessing her.

I enjoyed all the freedom that a Man that was soon to Marry her could take. One day it was my Misfortune to pray her to tell me all that her Lovers had done for her : I took delight to observe the difference betwixt her manner of proceeding with them, and that she used with me. She named me all those that loved her, she told me what they had done to please her ; she said, that those that were most constant in their pursuit, were those she least cared for ; and that the Count of *Lare*, who loved her to his Death, was never acceptable to her. After what she had told me, (I know not for what reason) but I had a greater curiosity to know what concern'd the Count *de Lare* than all the rest ; his long perseverance touch'd my imagination : I pray'd her once more to repeat what pass'd betwixt them ; she did so, and though she said nothing that could displease me, I was seized with a Jealousie ; I found, that although she had shewed no inclination, she had shewed a great deal of esteem for him ; a suspicion took me in the head, that she did not tell me all the sentiments she had for him ; I would not let her know what I thought, but retired home in a worse humour than I used to be ; I slept little, I could not rest until I saw her again the next day, and made her tell over again all she had told me the day before ; it was not possible for her to tell me in an instant all the circumstances of a Passion that had lasted many years ; she told me some things that she had not thought on before,
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and I believed she did it out of design of concealing them from me: I asked her a thousand questions, and I beg'd of her upon my Knees to answer me with sincerity; but when, what she answered was as I would have it, I thought she said it only to please me; if she said any thing that was advantageous for the Count of *Lare*, I thought she concealed more than she would tell of him: In fine, Jealousie, with all the horrors that accompany it, seized upon my understanding; I afforded her no rest, I could no longer shew her either love or kindness; I could speak of nothing to her, but of the Count of *Lare*, and yet I was out of my Wits for making her remember him, and recal to mind what he had done for her sake; I resolved never more to speak to her of him, but I always found that I had forgotten to make her explain her self upon some circumstance or other. As soon as I had begun this discourse, I was as it were in a maze, I could never get out of it, and my affliction was equally great in speaking of the Count *de Lare*, or not speaking of him.

I passed whole Nights without sleep, *Bellasire* was no more to me the same person: How, said I, what was the charm of my Passion? Was it not the belief I had that *Bellasire* never lov'd any thing, nor never had inclination for any body? And yet by what she tells me her self, she had no aversion for the Count *de Lare*, she had too much esteem for him, and she used him with too much respect: If she had not been in love with him, she would have hated him for the long Persecutions that he and his Friends raised against her. No, *Bellasire*, you have deceived me, you were not
such

such as I believed you; I adored you as one that had never loved any thing, that was the foundation of my Love. I find no such thing, it is just therefore I recal all the Love I had for you: But, said I to my self again, If she had told me truth, what a notorious injustice do I do her? And how much I plague my self in robbing my self of all the happiness I enjoyed in her Love.

While I was in these thoughts, I resolved to speak once more to *Bellasire*; I believed I should tell her better what grieved me, and should satisfy my self in all doubts more clearly than ever: I did what I resolv'd; I spoke to her, but it was not for the last time, and the next day I took up the same discourse with more heat than I had done the day before: But *Bellasire*, who thitherto, with a most unwearied patience, and wonderful sweetness, had endured all my suspicions, and had endeavoured to clear them, begun to be tired with the continuance of a Jealousie so violent and so ill-grounded.

Alphonso (said she, one day to me) I perceive you have got a Capriccio in your head that will destroy the passion you had for me; but know, at the same time, that it will inevitably ruine the Love I had for you. Consider, I beseech you, about what it is that you torment me and your self too about a dead Man, whom you cannot fancy that I lov'd since I did not Marry him; for if I had had but the least inclination for him, my Parents would have Married me to him, for there was nothing else that could hinder it. It is true, Madam, that I am Jealous of a dead Man, and that is it that breaks my heart: If the Count of *Lare* were yet living, I should judge by your manner

ner of usage to him, how you did use him formerly; and what you do for me would convince me that you did not love him; I should have the pleasure in Marrying you, to deprive him of the hopes you have given him, notwithstanding all you can tell me; but he is dead, and dyed perhaps in an opinion, that if he had lived, you might have loved him. Ah Madam, I cannot but be unhappy every time I shall think that any other but my self could fancy that you could love him. But *Alphonso* (said she) if I had lov'd, why did not I Marry then? Because (answered I) you did not love him enough, and that the aversion you had for Marriage, could not be overcome by a weak Inclination. I know you love me much better than ever you loved the Count of *Lare*; but let your love for him have been never so little, it has destroyed all my happiness, since I am no more the only Man that has pleased you, nor am not the first that has made you sensible of Love; your heart has been fill'd with other thoughts than those I supplied: In a word, Madam, it is no more what made me the happiest Man in the World, neither are you to me of that value I first set upon you. Pray tell me, *Alphonso*, how you could live at ease with those you formerly were in love with all? I would fain know whether you found in them a heart that never before had felt any passion: I never sought for any such, Madam, said I, nor did I ever hope to find any; I never looked upon them as Women that could love nothing else but me; I was satisfied to believe, that they loved me far beyond all others that they had had any Inclination for: But for you, Madam, it is not the same, I always looked upon you as one
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that was above the reach of Love, and who would never have known what it was, had it not been for me. I thought my self not only happy, but proud to have been able to make so extraordinary a Conquest: For pity sake leave me not in the uncertainty in which I am; if you have concealed any thing from me concerning the Count *de Lare*, confess it; the owning it, and your sincerity, will, perhaps, lessen the trouble which I may conceive for it: Clear my suspicions, and do not let me set a higher value upon you than I ought, or a less than you deserve. *Bellasire* made answer, If you had not lost your senses, you would easily judge, that since I did not perswade you, I would never go about it; but if I could add any thing to what I have already told you, it would be an infallible sign that I never had any inclination for the Count of *Lare*, being I say I had not. If I had loved him, nothing should make me deny it; I should believe my self guilty of a hainous Crime, if I should renounce any kindness I might have for a dead Man who had deserved it; so that you may be assured, *Alphonso*, that I never had any that may displease. Convince me then of it, Madam, cried I, tell it me a thousand times over, write it to me; In fine, restore me again to the pleasure of loving you as I did, and above all, pardon me the vexation I give you; I torment my self more than I do you, and if I could redeem my self out of the state I am in, I would do it at the hazard of my life.

These last words made an impression upon *Bellasire*, she clearly saw I was not Master of my senses; she promised me to write down all that ever she thought or did for the Count *de Lare*; and though

though they were things that she had already told me a thousand times, yet I felt a certain pleasure to think that I should see them written with her own hand. The next day she sent me what she promis'd, I found an exact Narrative of all that the Count of *Lare* had done for her, and all she did to cure him of his passion, with all the reasons that might perswade me to believe what she alledged to be true. This Narrative was made after a manner that ought to have cur'd me of all my Capricio's, but it wrought a contrary effect upon me: I begun with being angry with my self, for having forced *Bellasire* to spend so much time in thinking of the Count *de Lare*: Those parts of her Narrative, where she particularised his actions, were insupportable to me; I thought she had too good a memory for the actions of a Man that was indifferent to her; those which she related cursorily, perswaded me that there was something more behind which she durst not own to me. In fine, I made a bad construction of all, and came to see *Bellasire* more enraged and more desperate than ever: She, that well knew I ought to be very well satisfied, was much offended to see me so unjust, which she made me understand with more force than she used to do. I, on the other side (as angry as I was) began to excuse my self as well as I could; I saw I was in the wrong, but it was not in my power to be in a right sense: I told her that my extream nicety in what she might have thought of the Count *de Lare*, was a true mark of the great passion and esteem I had for her, and that the great value I set upon her heart, made me so apprehensive of any body else having a share in it; I

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said all I could think of to make my Jealousie more excusable. *Bellasire* would not admit of my reasons; she told me, that slight doubts might arise from what I had told her, but such a long and obstinate Jealousie could be produced from nothing else, but from an ill humour, insomuch, that she began to be apprehensive of living with me, and that if I continued in this manner, she should be forced to change her opinion. These Words made me tremble, I threw my self at her Feet, I assured her I would never more speak to her of my suspicions; and I believed within my self, that I should be able to be as good as my Promise; but it was for a few days only, I quickly begun again to vex her, I often ask'd her Pardon, and as often made her think, that I still believed she had loved the Count of *Lare*, and that this thought would render me eternally unhappy.

I had a long Friendship with a Man of Quality, called *Don Mauriques*, he was a Man of extraordinary merit; the ties that were betwixt us, had created a great confidence betwixt *Bellasire* and him, their amity was never displeasing to me, nay, I took pleasure in making it greater; he took notice several times of the ill humour I had been in of late. Though I concealed nothing from him, I was so much ashamed of my Capricio, that I durst not own it to him: He came one day to visit *Bellasire*, where I was more unreasonable than ever, and she more weary of my Jealousie than she used. *Don Mauriques* knew by the changing of our Countenances, that we had some little quarrel. I always begged of *Bellasire* never to tell him of my weakness, and pray'd her again, as I saw him enter, to say nothing of it; but she

was resolved to put me out of Countenance, and without giving me time to oppose her, she told *Don Mauriques* all the cause of my disquiet; he seemed to be so astonished at it, he found it so ill grounded, and he handled me so severely for it, that he put me quite besides my self: You shall be Judge, Sir, whether I was not mad, and how prone I was to Jealousie; for it seemed to me that *Don Mauriques*, after the manner he condemned me, was prepossess'd by *Bellasire*: I perceived well enough, that I passed the limits of reason; but I could not believe that he would be so severe in his Condemnation, unless he were in love with *Bellasire*. I fancied then that *Don Mauriques* had been so a great while, and that I seemed too happy to him for being beloved by her, that he did not think I ought to complain, though she had loved another. I believed likewise that *Bellasire* her self perceived, that *Don Mauriques* had more than an ordinary Friendship for her. I fancied she was glad to be adored (as all Women for the most part are) and without suspecting her of Infidelity; I was Jealous of the Friendship which she had for a Man whom she believed her Lover. *Bellasire* and *Don Mauriques* seeing me thus distracted, were far from imagining what caused the disorder of my mind; they endeavoured with all the industry they could, to bring me to my self again, but their discourses rather aggravated my vexation. I left them, and when I was alone I represented to my self this new Misfortune, which I fancy'd far beyond the other; I found then my want of reason in apprehending danger from a Man that was no more in a condition to do me any harm. I found *Don Mauriques* every

every way a formidable Man, he was handsome; *Bellasire* had a great esteem and friendship for him, she used to see him often; she was weary of my ill humours and Capricios, and methought she was glad to make her self merry with him upon my score; that she would insensibly give him the place which I held in her Love; to say all, I was now more Jealous of *Don Mauriques* than I had been before of the Count of *Lare*. I knew he had been in love with another Lady a great while; but this Lady was in all things so far inferior to *Bellasire*, that his passion for her was no security to me. However, as my genius would not utterly abandon me so to my Caprice, but that there remained to me still, Wit enough to keep me in suspense; I was not so unjust, as to believe that *Don Mauriques* endeavoured in any wise to defeat me of *Bellasire*: I fancied he fell in love with her unknown to himself, and without desiring to be so, and that he strove to resist his passion, because of the Friendship that was betwixt us, and that although he said nothing of it to *Bellasire*, yet he gave her to understand, that he loved her without hoping a return. I thought I had no reason to complain of *Don Mauriques*, since I believed it was for my sake he forbore to declare his passion. In fine, as I was Jealous of a dead Man without knowing why, so likewise I was Jealous of my Friend, and believed him my Rival, without thinking that I had cause to be angry with him. It were in vain to tell you what I suffer'd by such extravagant thoughts, being it is easie to imagine it: When I met *Don Mauriques*, I excused my self for concealing from him the disquiet the business of the Count of *Lare* had

had created me, but told him nothing of my new Jealousie; nor to *Bellasire*, fearing lest, if she knew it, she should utterly forsake me. Being always perswaded that she still loved me very much; I believed if I could command my Passion, and keep my self within the bounds of Reason, she would not leave me for *Don Mauriques*, so that the interest of my Jealousie oblig'd me to conceal it: I begged *Bellasire*'s pardon, and assured her, that I had perfectly recover'd my right senses; she was glad to see me in that opinion at least, though the perfect knowledge she had of my humour made her easily perceive, that I was not so calm within as I outwardly seemed to be.

Don Mauriques continued his visits to her as he used to do, and somewhat more frequently, by reason of the freedom they used to one another in discoursing of my Jealousie. *Bellasire* having taken notice that I was offended at her for telling him of it, took care to speak no more of it in my presence; but if she saw me in an ill humour, she would complain to him, and pray him to help her to cure me. It was my ill Fate to take notice two or three times that she broke off her discourse with *Don Mauriques*, at my coming into the Room; you may judge what such a thing would produce in a head as jealous as mine: For all this, I found *Bellasire* so kind to me, and seemed so glad, as often as she saw me in a good humour, that I could not believe that she loved *Don Mauriques* so passionately as to hold a correspondence with him; neither could I fancy that *Don Mauriques* ever had a design to engage her to him, since I saw all his care was to hinder us from fall-

ing out ; so that I could not well find out what their thoughts were for one another ; many times I did not know my own ; so in a word, I was the wretchedest of all Mankind. Upon a time, as I came into the Room, she was whispering something to *Don Mauriques*, but so, as if she would not have me perceive that she spoke to him. I remembred then that she threatned me several times, when I persecuted her about the Count of *Lore*, to make me jealous of a living Man, to cure me of that I had of the dead ; I believed it was to make good that Promise, that she used *Don Mauriques* so kindly : and let me take notice, that there was a secret correspondence betwixt them. This opinion lessen'd my trouble, and made me forbear for some days to speak to her of it ; but at last, I resolved to declare my mind.

I went to see her with this resolution, and casting my self down at her Feet, I said to her, I confess Madam, that the design you had to afflict me, has had the success you expected : you have given me all the disquiet you can wish ; you have made me feel, as you have promis'd, that the jealousy which is conceived of the living, is much more cruel than any we can have of the dead. I deserved to be punished for my folly, and you have done it sufficiently : If you did but know how I have been tormented for those very things which I believed you did of purpose, you would quickly see, that you may make me unhappy when you please to go about it : What would you say, *Alphonse*, said she ? You fancy I design'd to make you jealous ; do not you know that I have

have been too much afflicted for that you had against my will, to desire you should be any more so? Ah! Madam (said I) leave tormenting me, once more I tell you, I have suffer'd enough; and though I saw that your manner of conversing with *Don Mauriques*, was only to execute the promise you made me, for all that, it was to me a most sensible affliction: *Alphonso*, replied *Bellasire*, either you are out of your Wits, or else you have a design to torment me; you shall never persuade me, that I ever intended to create you the least Jealousie, nor shall you convince me that you could have any. I would have you, added she, looking upon me, after having been Jealous of a dead Man whom I never loved, to be Jealous of a living Man that does not love me. How, Madam, said I, you had no intention to make me Jealous of *Don Mauriques*; you only plainly follow your inclination in doing what you do; was it not to give me cause of suspicion, your leaving of whispering to him, or changing your discourse when I come into the Room? Ah Madam, if that be so, I am more unhappy than I thought my self; nay, I am the most unfortunate of all Mankind. You are not the most unhappy (replied *Bellasire*) but the most unreasonable of all Mankind; and if I should follow the dictates of reason, I should break off with you this very moment, and never see you more: But is it possible, *Alphonso*, added she, that you can be Jealous of *Don Mauriques*? How can I be otherwise, Madam, said I, when you keep a correspondence with him which I must not know. I conceal it from you, said she, because you were angry when I spoke to him of your
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strange

strange imaginations; and that I had no mind you should know that I spoke to him still of your ill humours, and of the dissatisfaction I receive from them. How Madam (said I) you complain of my humours to my Rival, and you think ill of me for being troubled at it? I complain to your Friend (said she) and not to your Rival. *Don Mauriques* is my Rival (replied I) and I cannot think that you can avoid acknowledging it; and I (said she) cannot believe you dare tell me he is so, knowing as you do, that he spends whole days in praising you to me. It is very true (said I) that I do not suspect that *Don Mauriques* does any way endeavour to undermine me; but that does not hinder but he may be in love with you; nay more, I do believe he never yet spoke to you of his Love; but after the manner you use him, he will not be long before he speaks to you of it, and the hopes that your proceedings give him, will make him, without scruple of Conscience, pass over all the ties and obligations of the Friendship that was betwixt us. Can any Man be so void of reason as you are, answer'd *Bellasire*? Mark well your own words, you tell me *Don Mauriques* speaks for you to me, that he is in love with me, and that he does not speak to me for himself; where will you find things so contradictory? Is it not true, that you believe I love you, and that you are convinced *Don Mauriques* does so too? It is very true, answered I, that I believe both the one and the other. If you believe it, cryed she, how can you imagine, that I can love you and love *Don Mauriques* too? Or that *Don Mauriques* can be in love with me, and
love

love you still? *Alphonso*, I am infinitely troubled to find the disorders of your mind to be so exorbitant; I now perceive your disease is incurable, and that in resolving to Marry you, I must at the same time resolve to be the most miserable Woman of the World. Assuredly I love you very much, but not so much as to purchase you at so dear a rate; the Jealousie of Lovers is troublesome, but the Jealousie of Husbands is insupportable; you make me so plainly see what I am like to suffer, that I believe I shall never be Married to you. I love you too well, not to be sensibly afflicted to see, that I shall not (as I hoped) spend my days with you. Leave me alone I conjure you, your words and your sight do but increase my sorrow.

At these words she rose, without giving me time to answer, and went to her Closet, and lockt the door, which she would not open upon no intreaty. I was forced to go home so desperate, and so irresolved in my own thoughts, that I wonder I did not run out of the little wit I had left me. I came next day to see *Bellasire*, whom I found sad and afflicted; she spoke to me without any manner of sharpness, nay, with great sweetness, but without saying any thing that might make me apprehend that she would abandon me; I thought she studied whether she should or no, as we easily flatter our selves, I believed she would not remain long in the mind she was in: I asked her Pardon for my folly, as I had done a hundred times before; I prayed her to say nothing to *Don Mauriques*; I Conjured her upon my Knees, to change her conduct with him, and not to treat him for

the future so well as to give me disquiet of mind. I will not tell *Don Mauriques* (said she) any thing of your folly, but I will alter nothing of my way of living with him; if I thought he lov'd me, I would never see him more, though you had never been concerned at it, but he has only a Friendship for me; nay more, you know he loves elsewhere; I esteem him, I love him, you have consented I should; therefore the disquiet you receive upon his score, proceeds from your folly and disorder of mind: If I should satisfy you, you would quickly pick a quarrel with me upon some other Mans account, as you do upon his; therefore do not vex your self about my conduct with him; for assuredly, I shall not change it. I am willing to believe (said I) that all you say is true, and that you do not believe that *Don Mauriques* loves you; but I believe it, Madam, and that's enough; I know you have only a Friendship for him, but it is a Friendship so tender, so full of confidence, esteem and liking, that although it should never rise to the height of a passion, yet I have reason to be jealous of it, and to apprehend that it may too much affect your heart: The refusal you make of altering your way of proceeding with him, gives me to understand, that I do not fear him without cause. To shew you (said she) that the refusal I make you, does not concern *Don Mauriques*, but your Caprice only; if you desired me not to see the Man of the World which is most despicable to me, I would deny it you, as I do, to leave off having a Friendship for *Don Mauriques*. I believe you, Madam (said I) but I am not jealous of the
Man

Man of the World you despise most; it is of a Man, whom you love well enough to prefer him before my quiet; I neither suspect you of weakness or change, but I must confess, I cannot suffer that your heart should entertain any kindness for any Man but my self; I am grieved also, that you do not hate *Don Mauriques*, though you know he loves you, and I think it belongs to me alone to have the advantage over all others to love you without being hated, so that you must grant my request without being offended at my Jealousie. I said all I could think of, to induce her to grant what I desire, but all to no purpose.

Though I had been a long time Jealous of *Don Mauriques*, yet I had so much power over my passion, as to hide it from him; and *Bellasire* was so discreet, as to say nothing to him of it; but made him believe, that my Chagrin was still caused by the Jealousie I had of the Count of *Lure*; notwithstanding, she held on in her old way of entertaining *Don Mauriques*; and he being ignorant of my thoughts of him, conversed still with her as he used to do, so that my Jealousie increased daily, and was grown to that height, that I persecuted *Bellasire* without intermission.

After I had thus persecuted her a long time, and that this fair Creature had in vain tryed all ways to cure me of my Caprice: She fell sick, and was so ill, that for two days I could not be admitted to see her; the third day she sent for me, I found her much alter'd, but I thought that was caused by her indisposition: She made me sit down near a Pallet-Bed on which she lay; and

having been silent for a good while, *Alphonso* (said she) I believe you have perceived easily this good while, that I have been endeavouring to resolve absolutely to break off with you; yet for all I had many convincing reasons to induce me to it, I do not believe I should be able ever to do it, if you had not given me strength by the strange extravagancies of your proceedings. If this extravagancy were not so great, and that I could believe it were possible to cure you of it by a discreet behaviour, or the austere way of living, my passion for you was strong enough to make me embrace it with joy; but since I see that this disorder of your understanding is incurable, and that although you have no cause of being troubled, you fancy things that never were, nor ever will be, I am forced for your peace and mine, to let you know, that I absolutely resolved to break off with you, and never to Marry you. I do tell you moreover, this time, which shall be the last that we shall have any particular converse together, that I never had any inclination for any Man but for your self, and you alone were capable of making me in Love. But since you have confirmed me in the opinion I have, that none can be happy that is in love with any Man: You, whom I thought the only Man worthy of Love, may be assured, that I will never be in love with any Man more; and that those impressions which you have made in my heart, have been the only, and shall be the last it shall ever receive; nor would I have you believe, that I have too much Friendship for *Don Manriques*, I refused to change my conduct with him, to see if you would

cover your right senses again, and to give my self room to bestow my self upon you once more, being once assured, that your distemper was capable of being cured; but I was not so happy, and this was the only reason that kept me from giving you that satisfaction: This reason being no more, I do sacrifice *Don Mauriques* to your desire, and therefore have prayed him never to see me more: I ask you pardon for telling him of your Jealousie, for I could not avoid it, and he would have found it out himself by the rupture betwixt us. My Father arrived last night, I acquainted him with my resolution, he is gone, at my request, to inform your Father of it; so that, *Alphonso*, you must think no more of making me change this resolve: I have told *Don Mauriques*, what was requisite to strengthen my resolution, before I told you of it; I have deferr'd it as much as I could, more perhaps for the love of my self, than for the love of you; and believe it, none shall ever be so absolutely, nor so faithfully beloved as you have been.

I know not whether *Bellasire* continued her discourse, but as my surprise was so great from the time she begun, that I had not power to interrupt her; so all my strength left me at those last words which I told you, and swooned away: I know not what *Bellasire*, or her Servants did, but when I came to my self, I found my self in my Bed, and *Don Mauriques* by me, as much in despair as I was.

When all the Servants were withdrawn, he omitted nothing that might justify him against all the suspicions I had of him, and that might
show

show me how much he was afflicted for being the innocent cause of my Misfortune: As he had a great love for me, so likewise he had a great feeling of my condition; I fell desperately ill; I then, (but too late) found out the injuries I did my Friend; I conjured him to pardon me, and to visit *Bellafire* to beg for pardon for me, and to endeavour to pacifie her. *Don Mauriques* went to her House, but was told she was not to be seen; he went every day while my sickness lasted, but to no purpose; as soon as I was able, I went thither my self, but I had the same answer: The second time I came, one of her Women came and told me from her, that I should come no more thither, for she would not see me. I was in despair when I saw no more hopes of seeing *Bellafire*; yet I always believed, that the strong passion which she had for me, would make her return again if ever I had but the opportunity to speak to her once more: But seeing she would not consent to speak to me, I lost all hope; I must confess, that to hope no more to possess *Bellafire*, was a most cruel pain to one that was so near it, and lov'd her so passionately. I sought all ways to see her, she avoided me as carefully, and lived so retired, that it was altogether impossible for me to see her.

All the content I had, was to go and pass whole Nights under her Window, but I could not obtain so much as the satisfaction of seeing them open. I believed one night, as I came there to hear them open, the next Night I fancied the same thing. In fine, I flattered my self with the thought that *Bellafire* had a Curiosity to see me, without

without being seen; and that she came to her Window when she heard me going away. I resolved to feign as if I were going away, and to return abruptly again, to see if she would not appear; I did so: I went to the end of the Street, as if I were going away, and I heard the Window open distinctly: I came back again presently; I thought I perceived *Bellasire*: but in coming nearer saw, a Man creeping close to the Wall, under her Window, as if he would hide himself: I thought, I knew not how, in spite of the Darkness, that it was *Don Mauriques*; this thought put me quite out of frame, I presently imagin'd that *Bellasire* lov'd him; that he was there to speak to her, that she open'd her Windows for him; to be short, I believed *Don Mauriques* had gained *Bellasire* from me: In the fury I was in, I drew my Sword, and we began to fight with a great deal of heat. I found I had wounded him in two places, but he still defended himself; at the Noise we made, or else by *Bellasire*'s Order, people came out to separate us. *Don Mauriques* knew me by the light of the Flambeaus, he went back two or three steps, I stept forward to take his Sword from him; but he let fall the point, and told me with a feeble Voice, is it you, *Alphonso*? And is it possible, that I have been so unfortunate as to fight against you? Yes, Traytor, said I, and it is I that will pluck out this Heart, for Robbing me of *Bellasire*, you pass the Nights at her Window, while they are kept shut for me. *Don Mauriques*, who was leaning against the Wall (supported by some that stood about him) being he could not well stand, looking upon me with
Eyes

Eyes full of Tears, said, I am unfortunate always in creating your discontent; the cruelty of my Destiny is some consolation to me for the Death you give. I die, said he, and the condition I am in, ought to perswade the Truth of my last words; I swear unto you, that I never had a thought for *Bellasire* that could displease you; the love I have for another, and which I have not concealed from you, carried me abroad this Night; I believed I was watched and dog'd; I walked very fast, I run through several streets, till at last I stopt in the place where you found me, without knowing that it was *Bellasire's* House: This is the Truth, my dear *Alphonso*, I conjure you not to be troubled at my Death; I forgive you with all my heart, he continued stretching out his Arms to embrace me: at this he lost his Sence, and fell dead upon those that held him up.

I want words, my Lord, to express the state I was in, and the Rage I had against my self; I was twenty times upon the point of running my self through, then especially when I saw *Don Mauriques* expiring. They drew me away from him; the Count of *Guavarre*, Father to *Bellasire*, who came out, hearing *Don Mauriques*, and my Name, carried me home, and put me into my Fathers Hands. They would not leave me alone, by reason of the Fury I was in, but their care had been fruitless, if my Religion had left me the liberty of killing my self. The grief I knew *Bellasire* was in for the accident that hapned upon her score, and the noise it made in the Court, made me mad. When I consider'd that all the afflictions she had, and all the torments I indured, be-
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fell all through my fault, I was in a fury that cannot be expressed. The Count of *GHAUVATTE*, who still retained a great Friendship for me, came very often to see me, and attributed the noise and bustle I had made, to the extremity of my passion for his Daughter. I understood by him, that she was not to be pacified, and that her grief exceeded the bounds of reason : I was too well acquainted with her humour, and her extream tenderness of her reputation, not to know without being told, all that she could feel for so unhappy an accident. Some days after this misadventure, they told me there was a Gentleman from *Bellasire*, that desired to speak to me from her ; I was transported at the name of *Bellasire*, who was so dear to me ; I bid him be call'd in, he gave me a Letter, wherein I read these words.

A

A
LETTER
FROM
Bellasire to Alphonso.

OUR separation has made the World so unsupportable to me, that I could no longer live in it with any content, and that late Accident gave so deep a wound to my Reputation, that I cannot stay in it without dishonour. I will withdraw my self unto a retreat, where I shall not be forced to bear the shame of hearing the divers descants that shall be made upon me; those which you made, have occasioned all my misfortunes, and yet I could not resolve to leave the World without taking my leave of you, and without acknowledging to you that I love you still, as Brutal as you are; the inclination I had for you, and the remembrance of yours for me, will be the first Sacrifice I shall offer up to God when I give my self to him; the Austerities of the life I am going to lead, will seem easie to me, for nothing can be tedious to one that has felt the smart of tearing her self away from what passionately loved her, and she loved above all things. I will own further, that no other way of living could secure me against the inclination which I have for you;
and

and that since our separation, you never came to that fatal place where you committed such violence, but I was ready to speak to you, and tell you, that I could not live without you; I am not certain, whether I had not told it you that very Night that you assaulted Don Mauriques, and gave me new Testimonies of those suspicions which caused all our Misfortunes. Fare well, Alphonso, remember me sometimes, and wish for my quiet, that I may never remember you.

There was nothing wanting to compleat my Misfortunes, but to be assured, that *Bellasire* loved me still, and that happily she had bestowed her self upon me again, if she had not been hindered by my own extravagancy; and that the same Accident that made me Kill my best Friend, made me lose my Mistress too, and forced her to render her self unhappy all the rest of her days.

I asked him that brought me the Letter, where *Bellasire* was; he told me, he had conducted her unto a Convent of Nuns, of a very strict Order, which came out of *France* lately; and that as she entred, she gave him a Letter for her Father, and another for me; I ran to this Monastery, I desired I might see her, but in vain: I met the Count of *Navarre* coming out from thence; all his Authority, and his Intreaties to change her resolution, were to no purpose, she took upon her the Habit a little after: During her year of Probation, her Father and I used all our endeavours to perswade her to come out, and I would not leave *Navarre* (as I had resolved) until I lost all hopes of seeing *Bellasire* once more: But the day that I knew

knew she had engaged her self for ever, I came away without saying a word to any body; my Father was dead, and there was none that could hinder me; I came into *Catalonia* with intention to take Shipping for *Africa*, to spend my days in the Deserts of that Country. I happen'd by chance into this House, I lik'd it, I found it retir'd and solitary, and such as I could wish for my purpose; I bought it: Here I have liv'd this five years past, as melancholly a Life as a Man ought to do that kill'd his Friend, that made the amiablest Person in the World the most unhappy, and that by his own fault, lost the pleasure of spending his life agreeably with her. Now, Sir, will you continue still in your belief, that your Misfortunes are comparable to mine.

Alphonso left off here, and seem'd to be so over-charged with sadness, by renewing the grief which the remembrance of his Misfortunes past caused him, that *Gonsalvo* several times believed he was going to breath out his last. He said all the things to him that he thought capable of giving him ease; but he could not deny within himself but that those Misfortunes he heard related, might at least come in competition with those he had suffer'd.

In the mean time his grief for the loss of *Zayde* increased every day; he told *Alphonso* he was resolv'd to leave *Spain*, and to go serve the Emperor in his War against the *Sarazens*, who having gotten possession of *Sicily*, made daily incursions into *Italy*. *Alphonso* was not a little afflicted at this resolution; he used all the arguments he could think of, to dissuade him, but his endeavours proved ineffectual.

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The disquiet which Love creates, would not let *Gonsalvo* rest in this solitude; he was prompted to leave it by a secret hope, to which he gave no great heed himself, that he should once more see *Zayde*. He resolves therefore to leave *Alphonso*; never was there so sad a separation: They repeated over all the sad adventures of their Life; to which they added that, of never hoping to see one another again; after promising mutually to write to one another, *Alphonso* remained in his solitude, and *Gonsalvo* went to lye at *Tortosa*.

He liv'd in a House, the Garden whereof was the greatest Ornament of that Town; he passed all the Night in walking; some part whereof, he spent upon the Banks of the River *Elbe*: Being wearied with walking, he sat down at the foot of one of the Tarrasses of this fine Garden; it was so low, that he could hear some that were walking there, talk: This noise did not presently awake him out of his Dreaming; but at last he was startled by the sound of a Voice like *Zayde's*, which gave him (whether he would or no) both attention and curiosity; he rose up that he might come near to the Tarrasse: At first he heard nothing, because the Alley in which they walked abutting upon this Tarrasse, they were fain to turn back again, and go further off from him. He stood in the same place waiting their return; they came back as he hop'd they would, and he heard that same Voice again, which surpris'd him before. *There are too many Contraries (said she) in the things that might make me happy; I cannot hope to be so, but I should think my*

Grief less, if I could but have made him understand my meaning, and be assured of his. After these words, *Gonsalvo* could not well distinguish what they said, because they that spoke began to go further off; they came back the second time, speaking, *It is true*, (said she) *that the force of our first inclinations may excuse that which I have suffered to grow in my heart; but what a strange effect of chance would it be (if it should fall out) that this inclination which seems to agree with my destiny, should serve one day to make me follow it with regret.* This was all that *Gonsalvo* could understand; the great resemblance this Voice had with that of *Zayde's*, amazed him, and perhaps, he had suspected her to be the same, if he had not heard her speak Spanish: Though he found that she that spoke, had the accent of a Stranger, yet did not reflect upon that, because it was upon the Borders of *Spain*, where they do not speak so exactly as in *Castile*; he pitying her that spoke, and her words made him judge, that there was something of extraordinary in her Fortune. The next day he parted from *Tortosa*, with design to take Shipping: He had not gone far, when he saw in the middle of the River *Iber*, a Barge very richly set out, cover'd with a magnificent Tilt tuck'd up of all sides, and in it several Women, amongst whom he saw *Zayde*, she was standing up, as it were, to see the sweetness of that River, and yet she seemed to be in a profound study. Here it were requisite to have lost a Mistress without all hopes of retrieving her, to be able to express what *Gonsalvo* felt at the sight of *Zayde*: His surprise and his joy were so great, that he knew not where

where he was, nor what he saw ; he looked earnestly upon her , and knowing again all the lineaments of her Face, he was afraid to mistake ; he could not presently imagine, that she (whom he believed separated from him by so many Seas) could be within the breadth of one little River of him ; and yet he had presently a mind to go to her, and speak to her, and make her take notice of him ; but he was apprehensive of offending her, and so durst not make himself to be remark'd, or testifie his joy before those that were with her. So unexpected a happiness, and so many different thoughts would not let him fix upon a resolution ; but at last, having recollected himself, and being assured, that he was not deceived, he decrees within himself not to discover himself to *Zayde*, but only to follow her Barge to the Port, where he hoped to find some opportunity of speaking to her in private ; he believed at least to find out, what Country she was, and whether she was going ; he fancied likewise by seeing those that were in the Barge, to be able to find out whether that Rival whom he believed like him, were with her or no ; In fine, he thought himself now near the end of all his uncertainties, and that at least he might inform *Zayde* of the love he had for her. He would gladly have wish'd that her eyes had been turned that way, but she was in such a deep thoughtfulness, that her looks continued still fixed upon the water. In the midst of his Joy he remembered the person that he heard speak in the Garden of *Tortosa*, and though she spoke Spanish, the accent of a stranger which he observed in her speech, and the

sight of *Zayde* so near the same place, made him imagine it might be she her self. This thought troubled the pleasure he took in seeing her again; he remembred what he had heard her say of a former inclination; and notwithstanding the Disposition he might have to flatter himself, he was too well perswaded that *Zayde* lamented the loss of a Lover whom she loved, who might have a part of that inclination; but her other following words which he still remembred, gave him some hope; he imagin'd that it might not be impossible, but that there was something writ of advantage for him; he then began to doubt whether it was *Zayde* he had heard or not; and found it very unlikely that she could learn the Spanish Tongue in so short a space of time.

The disquiet these uncertainties caused in him was dissipated by the joy he felt for having found *Zayde* again; and without thinking whether he was beloved or not, all his mind was taken up with the pleasure he hoped shortly to have of being once more seen by *Zayde's* fair Eyes; in the mean time he walked still along by the River side, following the Barge; and though he rid a great pace, some people that followed on Horseback passed by him; he went some paces out of the way, that they might not see his Face; but as one of them came behind the rest alone, the curiosity he had to learn something of *Zayde*, made him forget his ordinary caution, and asked him if he did not know who they were that Sailed in that Barge. They are, said he, people of Quality amongst the *Moor*s, that have been for some days at *Tortosa*, and are going to Ship themselves
in

In a great Vessel to go for their own Country. In saying these words, he looked with much attention upon *Gonsalvo*, and so galloped to overtake his Companions. *Gonsalvo* was somewhat surpris'd at this relation, and was no longer in doubt, but that it was *Zayde*, whom he heard talk in the Garden, since he knew that she lay at *Tortosa*: a turning which the River made in that place where the way was very craggy, made him lose sight of *Zayde*. At that very instant all those Horsemen that passed by him, returned back to him; he found they knew him, he endeavoured to go out of their way, but they so beset him, that there was no going from them; he knew him that was at the head of them to be *Oliban*, one of the chief Commanders of the Prince of *Leon's* Guards; he was infinitely troubled to be known by him: but his trouble was the more, because this Officer told him, that he had been many days in quest of him, and that he had order from the Prince to bring him to Court. How! The Prince is not satisfied with his Usage to me, but he must moreover rob me of my Liberty! It is the only Treasure I have left me, and I'll perish before I will suffer it to be taken from me. At these words he drew his Sword, and without considering the number of those that environed him, he flew with such extraordinary Courage upon them, that he laid two or three of them flat, before they were able to put themselves in a posture of Defence. *Oliban* commanded the Guards to seize him only, and not to attempt any thing against his Life; they obey'd him with difficulty,

difficulty, for *Gonsalvo* run at them with great Fury, that they could no longer defend themselves without offending him; but their Captain amazed at *Gonsalvo's* Wonderful Actions, and being fearful of not being able to fulfil the Princes Orders, alighted from his Horse, and with one thrust kill'd *Gonsalvo's* Horse; the Horse in his fall so intangled his Rider, that it was impossible for him to disengage himself, his Sword also was broke in the fall; all his Assailants encompassed him, and *Oliban* with much civility represents to him the impossibility of being able to resist so many, *Gonsalvo* was too sensible of it; but he thought it so great an unhappiness, to be conducted to *Leon*, that he could not submit to it: *Zayde* but just found, and now going to be lost, fill'd his Soul with bitterness and despair; he was in such a sad taking, that *Don Garcias* his Officer, believed that his apprehension of being ill treated, made him have such a repugnancy to go to Court; My Lord, said he, you must needs be ignorant of what had pass'd at *Leon* of late, to have such an apprehension of returning thither; I am ignorant of all things, replied *Gonsalvo*, I only know, that you would do me a far greater favour, in taking away my Life, than in forcing me to see the Prince of *Leon*. I would tell you more, replied *Oliban*, if I had not been expressly forbidden by the Prince; let it only suffice, that I assure you, that you need not fear any thing. I hope the Affliction I receive by being compelled to return to *Leon* against my will, will hinder me from being in a condition to satisfy *Don Garcias's* Cruelty

Cruelty when I come there. As he said these last words, he saw *Zayde's* Barge again, but could not see her Face, for she was fate down with her Face turned from him. What a destiny is mine, said he within himself! I lose *Zayde* at the very instant I found her; when I saw her, and spoke to her in *Alphonso's* House, she could not understand me; when I met her at *Tortosa*, and might be understood by her, I did not know her again; and now that I see her, that I know her, and that she might understand me, I cannot speak to her, and hope no more to see her; he remained for some time agitated betwixt these various thoughts; then on a sudden turning himself towards those that led him, I do not think, said he to them, you fear that I can make my escape: I beg the favour of you, to let me go nearer to the River, to speak but one word or two to some that I see in that Barge; I am infinitely troubled, answer'd *Oliban*, to have Orders so contrary to your desires, for I am forbidden to let you speak to any Soul alive, and you must give me your pardon if I follow my Orders; *Gonsalvo* was so nearly touched at this denial, that the Officer observing the violence of his Passion, and fearing he would call to his assistance those that were in the Barge, he commanded his Men to lead him further off from the River; which they did immediately, and carried *Don Gonsalvo* to the next place of convenience to lodge that night; the next day they took their journey to *Leon*, and marched with so much speed, that they arriv'd there in few days. *Oliban* sent one of his People to acquaint the Prince, that they
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were arrived, and stayed for his coming back two hundred Paces from the Town; he that was sent, brought Order that *Gonsalvo* should be conducted into the Palace by a by-way, and brought straight into *Don Garcia's* Closet; *Gonsalvo* was so sad, that he let them carry him whither they would, without so much as asking them whither they led him.

The End of the First Part of Zayde.

ZAYDE,

ZAYDE,

A

Spanish History.

A NOVEL.

THE SECOND PART.

WHEN *Gonsalvo* found himself in the Court of *Leon*; the sight of a Place where he had been so Happy, renewed in him the Remembrance of his pass'd Fortune, and awak'ned his Hatred against *Don Garcia*: The Regret of having lost *Zayde*, gave place (for some Moments) to the Impetuosity of his Rage: All his Thoughts were fill'd with a Desire to let that Prince know, how little he valued all the bad Usage he might receive from him.

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While his Mind was busied about these Thoughts, he saw *Hermesfilde* coming into the Room, followed by the Prince of *Leon*; The sight of both these present together, in so private a Place, and at Midnight, did so surprize him, that he was not able to conceal it: He went back some steps; and his Astonishment did so plainly appear, that his Countenance betray'd the variety of Thoughts that crowded into his Imagination: Infomuch, that Don *Garcias* breaking Silence, told him; I am mistaken, my dear *Gonsalvo*, if you are not yet ignorant of all the Alterations that happened in this Court: Do you doubt my being Lawful Possessor of *Hermesfilde*? I am truly, added he; and there is nothing wanting to compleat my Happiness, but your Consent, and your being a Witness of it: With that, he Embraced him; *Hermesfilde* did the like; and both the one, and the other, pray'd him to forgive them the Misfortunes which they had caused him. Sir, said *Gonsalvo*, (throwing himself at the Prince's Feet) I rather ought to beg Pardon of you, for those bad Suspicions I had of you; though at the same time, I must confess, I could not have any other of your Courtship to my Sister; but, I hope, you will be pleas'd to grant it to the first impulse of so extraordinary a Surprize, and to the little Appearance I saw of the Favour you have done to my Sister. You might expect better things from her Beauty, and my Love (Replied Don *Garcias*): I Conjure you, to pardon what she has done without your Consent, for a Prince whose Heart she knew so well. Sir, answered *Gonsalvo*, Success has so well justified her Conduct,

duct, that she has cause to blame me, for endeavouring to oppose her Happiness. After this Don *Garcias* told *Hermenesilde*, that, being it was late, she would (perhaps) be glad to retire; and, that he would be glad also, to stay some Moments with *Gonsalvo* alone.

When they were by themselves, he Embraces *Gonsalvo* with great Demonstrations of Friendship. I dare not hope (said he) you can forget what is passed: I only intreat you to remember the Friendship that was betwixt us; and to think, that if I have been wanting to what I ow'd you, it was by the Fascination of a Passion, that bereaves a Man of his Reason. I am so full of Surprise, Sir, (said *Gonsalvo*) that I can make you no Answer: I suspect my own Eyes; and cannot believe my self so Happy, as to find again that same Goodness, which I have heretofore experimented in you: But, my Lord, give me leave to ask you, who it is, to whom I owe this happy Return? You ask too many Questions at once, (Replied the Prince) yet, though I need a longer time to satisfy your Curiosity, I will tell you, in few Words; for, I will not put off, for the least time, what may justify my Proceedings towards you.

Then he went about to tell him the beginning of his Passion for *Hermenesilde*, and the share Don *Ramires* had in it: But *Gonsalvo*, to save him that Labour, told him, That he had learnt all that had passed to the Day of his parting from *Leon*; and, that he was only ignorant of what had happened since that time.

The HISTORY of
Don Garcia and Hermenefilde.

Doubtless, the Information you received of my Weakness, in consenting to your Banishment from Court, made you go away as you did. After your finding out, by *Nugna Bella's* Mistake of sending you the Letter she writ to *Don Ramires*, what we, with so much Industry, endeavour'd to keep from your knowledge: *Don Ramires* received the Letter which was directed to you, and soon perceived the Mistake; for which, he was extremely perplexed; I was no less troubled; we were equally Guilty, tho' in a different manner. But the News of your Departure, gave him no small Joy; nor was I, then, sorry for it: But, when I reflected upon your Condition, and that I was the Cause of your Displeasure, I was infinitely troubled at it; I saw, I was much in the wrong, to have so studiously conceal'd from you the Passion I had for *Hermenefilde*: My Opinion was then, That the Nature of my Inclination for her, was not to be blam'd or condemn'd: It came into my Thoughts several times; to send after you; and I had certainly done it, if I had been the only Person in Fault; But the Interest of *Nugna Bella*, and *Don Ramires*, were invincible Obstacles to your Return. I conceal'd my Thoughts from them, and made use of all ways possible, to make me forget you: Your departure made a great Noise; and it was variously talk'd of, according to Peoples

ples Inclinations. When I found my self loose from the stay of your Counsels, and gave my self over to Don Ramires his Advice, who thought it his Interest to see me more Absolute; I fell at open Variance with the King; who then found he was mistaken in the opinion he had, that it was you that put me upon doing those things, which had been so displeasing to him; our Misunderstandings grew Publick; the Queens Endeavours proved fruitless; and Things were come to that pass, that all believed I meant in good Earnest, to form a Party. Nevertheless, I believe, I should not have taken that Resolution, were it not for your Father, who (by the means of some People that he had placed about your Sister, understood the Love I had for her) sent me word, that, if I would Marry her, he would Raise me a considerable Army, and furnish me with what Money and strong Places, that might be necessary to compel the King (my Father) to give me a share in the Sovereign Government: You know, what Influence my Passions have upon me; and what Power Love, and Ambition, have over my Heart: Both the one, and the other, were answered by the Offers that were made me; and my Virtue was too feeble, to resist their Temptations, being no longer supported by the Strength of your Advice. I accepted, with Joy, his Offers; but, before I would fully resolve to engage my self, I desired to know, who were to be of the Party I intended to Head? I was told, there were many Persons of great Quality; amongst others, the Father of *Nugna Bella*, one of the Counts of *Castile*: I found also, that *Nugnes Fernando*, and he, required I should own them as

Sovereign Princes; This Proposition surpriz'd me; and I was ashamed, to consent to an Act so prejudicial to the State, out of an over eagerness to Reign; But Don Ramires his Interest made me pass over all: He assured those that treated for the Counts of *Castile*, they should prevail with me, to do what they desired, upon condition, that he might be secured to have *Nugna Bella*. He brought me to demand her for him; I did it with Joy, and it was granted me; so that, our Treaty was concluded in few Days. I could not resolve to put off my enjoying *Hermenesilde*, until the end of the War; and therefore, I sent word to *Nugnes Fernando*, that I would carry her away with me, at my going from Court; He consented to it: Now, all my care was only, how I should bring it about; Don Ramires was as much concern'd as I; because Don Diego Porcellos thought it necessary that *Nugna Bella* should be conveyed away at the same time. We resolved (when the Queen should go out of the Town to take the Air) to make the Coachman that was to drive *Nugna Bella* and *Hermenesilde*, to leave that Road the Queen should take, and to drive directly to *Palence*, a Town that was in my power, and where I was to meet *Nugnes Fernando*.

All which, was executed with more success than we hoped for: I married *Hermenesilde* that very Night, for so, Decency, and my Love required; besides that, it tyed *Nugnes Fernando* more close to my Interest; In the the midst of our Merriments we spoke of you with Regret: I confess'd to your Father what occasion'd your departure, we lamented our Misfortune of being
Igno:

Ignorant in what part of the World you were gone to, I could not satisfy my self without you, and I was unconsalable for your loss; I looked upon Don *Ramires* with horror, as the causer of my fault: His marriage was put off, because *Nugna Bella* would stay for her Father, who stay'd behind in *Castile*, to gather the Troops which were raised there.

In the mean time, most part of the Kingdom declared for me, for all that, the King had a considerable Army, and made Head against me, many Battels were fought; in the first of which, Don *Ramires* was kill'd upon the Spot; for which, *Nugna Bella* appeared very much Afflicted; your Sister was witness of her Grief, and took pains to comfort her. In less than two months I made so considerable a progress, that the Queen despairing of better success, persuaded the King to come to an Accommodation: She came towards the place where I was; she told me the King was resolved to seek out a quiet Retreat, and to depose himself, and resign his Throne to me; that he would only reserve to himself the Sovereignty of *Zamara*, to pass the rest of his days in, and that of *Oviedo*, to bestow upon my Brother. It were hard to reject such advantageous offers: I accepted of them; all things necessary for the accomplishment of this Treaty were performed: I came to *Leon*, where I saw the King; he resigned to me his Crown, and parted that very day for *Zamara*.

Give me leave, Sir, interrupted *Gonsalvo*, to tell you my wonder at all this: Stay a little, said Don *Garcia*, untill I have told you what became of *Nugna Bella*; I know not whether what I am

going to tell you, will make you glad or sorry, for I am ignorant of your thoughts of her. I have none Sir, answered *Gonsalvo*, but a calm indifference for her. Then you will hear me out, without much pain, replied the King: Presently after the Peace was concluded, She came to *Leon* with the Queen; she seemed to wish for your return: I spoke to her of you, and I found in her a hearty Repentance for her Infidelity to you. We resolved to make a diligent search after you, though we found it difficult, not knowing to what corner of the Earth you were gone to: She told me, if any one could give me light in it, it must be *Don Olmond*: I sent for him at that very instant; I conjur'd him, to tell me where you were: He told me, That since my being Married, and the Death of *Don Ramires*, he had often a great mind to speak to me of you; judging, that the reasons that caused your absence, might now be ceased; but that being not inform'd of the place of your abode, he did believe it to no purpose: Lastly, that he had very lately received a Letter from you, wherein you gave him no account of your Residence, but desired him to write to you to *Tarragone*, which made him judge that you were not out of *Spain*: I immediately dispatched away several Officers of my Guard to go look for you; I found by the Letter, you writ to *Don Olmond*, that you knew nothing of the alterations that happen'd; I gave them order not to let you know any thing of the state of the Court, or my Intentions; for I fancied to my self an extreme pleasure in being the first that should inform you both of the one and the other: Some days after, *Don Olmond* parted likewise in quest

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of you, with an opinion that he should find you sooner than those I sent. *Nugna Bella* seemed extremely satisfied with the hope of seeing you again; but her Father, whom I acknowledged as Sovereign Prince (as well as your Father) sent to the Queen to beg she might be suffered to come to him: Though *Nugna Bella* was infinitely grieved at this separation, yet she could not avoid it; she went away: As soon as she was Arrived in *Castile*, her Father Married her against her will to a *German-Prince*, whom Curiosity, or Devotion had brought into *Spain*: He fancied an extraordinary merit in this Stranger, and therefore made choice of him for his Son-in-Law; he may be both Wise and Valiant, but neither his Humour nor his Person are agreeable; and in a word, *Nugna Bella* is most unhappy.

Thus have you, said the King, all that has happen'd here since your departure; and if you are no more concern'd for *Nugna Bella*, and Love me still, I have nothing more in the world to wish for, since you may be as happy as ever you were, and I shall be so likewise by the return of your Friendship. You Confound me Sir, with so many, and so great favours, answered *Gonsalvo*, I fear I shall not be able to make you sensible enough of my joy and acknowledgments, for my Misfortunes, and my Solitude have so accustomed me to sadness, that I cannot of a sudden shake off their Impression, which clouds the chearful thoughts of my heart.

After this, the King withdrew, and *Consalvo* was Conducted to an Apartment which was prepared for him in the Court. When he saw himself alone, and made some reflection upon his

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own insensibility of so advantageous a change, he was angry with himself for having so intirely given himself over to Love.

O *Zayde*, it is you alone, said he, that hinders me from enjoying the return of my Fortune, and of a Fortune so far above what I lost: My Father is a Sovereign Prince, my Sister is a Queen, and I am revenged of all those that betrayed me, and yet am Unfortunate, and would purchase at the hazard of all these advantages, the occasion I have lost of following you, and seeing you once more.

The next day, all the Court was full of *Gonsalvo's* return; the King thought he could never shew enough, how much he esteemed him, and took all the care imaginable to give publick demonstrations of it, to Repair, in some measure, what had pass'd: So great a favour could be no Consolation to this Lover for the loss of *Zayde*; nor was it in his power to conceal his Affliction. The King took notice of it, and pressed him so hard to declare the cause of it, that *Gonsalvo* was fain to tell it him. After having informed him of his passion for *Zayde*, and all that had befallen him since his departure from *Leon*. Thus Sir, said he, have I been punished for daring to maintain against you, that none ought to Love, but after a long acquaintance: I was deceived by a Person, whom I believed I knew well, and this experience could not defend me against *Zayde*, whom I did not know at all, nor know not yet; and for all this, disturbs the happy state in which you are pleased to place me. The King was too sensible of Love, and had too great a feeling of all that concern'd *Gonsalvo*, not to be touched at

at his Misfortune, he began to consult with him of the means how to learn some tidings of *Zayde*; they resolved to send to *Tortosa*, to the House where he heard her Voice, to endeavour to be informed of her Country at least, and whether she might be gone. *Gonsalvo*, who had a design to let *Alphonsa* know all that had happen'd to him since he left his Solitude, laid hold of this occasion to write to him, and to renew the assurances of his Friendship towards him.

In the mean time, the *Moors* taking their time, when the Kingdom of *Leon* was in these disorders, had surprized several Towns, and continued still to enlarge their bounds without so much as declaring War. *Don Garcias*, prompted by his natural Ambition, and fortified by *Gonsalvo's* Valour, resolves to Invade their Country, and retake from them all those places which they had Usurped. His Brother *Don Ordogno* joyned himself to him, and betwixt them, they brought a powerful Army into the Field, whereof *Don Gonsalvo* was made General: He made a very considerable Progress in a very short time, he took divers Towns; he had the better in several Battels, and at last, Besieges *Talavera*, a place of great Importance, considerable for its Scituation and Greatness. *Abderam*, King of *Cordowa*, who succeeded *Abdala*, came in Person to oppose the King of *Leon*: He came towards *Talavera*, with hopes to force them to raise the Siege. *Don Garcias*, and the Prince *Ordogno*, having left *Gonsalvo* with Part of the Army to strengthen the Town, Marches with the rest of the Army to meet him in order to fight him. *Gonsalvo* was extreme glad of the employment; for, his assurance

rance either to win or dye, would not let him fear any ill success. Having no news of *Zayde*, he was more afflicted than ever, with the passion he had for her, and his great desire of seeing her; so that in spite of his Fortune and Glory, being not able to hope for any thing but a miserable kind of Life, he run headlong into all occasions of ending it.

The King Marches against *Abderame*, whom he found Encamp'd in an advantageous Post, within a days March to *Talauera*; they pass'd some days without action, for the *Moors* would not come out of their post; and Don *Garcias* did not think himself strong enough to Attack them: In the mean time, *Gonsalvo* judg'd it impossible to continue the Siege, because his Forces being not numerous enough to encompass the whole Town, and Parties getting into the Town every Night, might put the Besieged in a posture of making stronger Sallies than he could sustain; and therefore having made a considerable breach, he resolv'd to hazard a general Assault, and to endeavour by so bold an attempt, to carry the Victory, which otherwise was desperate. He puts this resolt into execution; and after giving all necessary orders, he begun the Attack before day, but with so much resolution, and hope to overcome, that he inspir'd the same courage into all his Men: They performed incredible things, and at last, in less than two hours, *Gonsalvo* carried the Town: He did what was possible to hinder the Soldiers from Plundering, but it was impossible to stop an Army from it, whom the hope of Plunder encouraged, more than any other motive whatever.

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As he run about the Town himself, to prevent the disorder (which upon such occasions are too frequent) he saw a man alone, defending himself with incredible Valour against a great many; he endeavoured by Retreating, to get into a Castle which held out still: Those that attacked him, pressed him so home, that he had been infallibly kill'd, if *Gonsalvo* had not thrown himself betwixt them and him, and commanded them to withdraw: He made them ashamed of the action; they excused themselves, by telling him that, the man they Assaulted, was Prince *Zulema*, who had kill'd abundance of their Men, and was endeavouring to throw himself into that Castle. This Name was too famous, by the greatness of this Prince, and the general Command he had amongst the *Moors*, not to be known to *Gonsalvo*: He advances towards him; and this Valiant Man seeing it impossible any longer to defend himself, delivered his Sword, with so noble and so bold an air, that *Gonsalvo* could no longer doubt, but that he well deserved the great Reputation which he had gain'd: He gaye him to be kept Prisoner to some Officers that followed him, and marches to Summon the Castle: He promis'd Quarter to all that were in it. The Gates were opened for him; he was told (as he enter'd) that there were many *Arabian* Ladies, who cast themselves into it for safety. He was Conducted to the place where they were; he enters a spacious Apartment, richly furnished after the *Morish* fashion; several Ladies lying along upon Carpets (by their melancholly silence) made appear how sad they were for their Captivity: they lay at some distance, out of respect to a Lady
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Magnificently Arrayed, that was sitting upon a Pallet, with her head leaning upon one of her Hands, and with the other wiping her Tears, and hiding her Face, as it were to keep her self for some Moments from being seen by her Enemies: At last (at the noise which those that followed *Gonsalvo*, made) coming into the Room, she turned her Head, and let *Gonsalvo* see it was *Zayde*: But *Zayde*, far more beautiful than he had ever seen her, in spite of all the grief and trouble that appeared in her Face. *Gonsalvo* was so surpriz'd, that he seem'd more troubled than *Zayde*; and *Zayde* seem'd to take Courage, and lose some part of her trouble, at the sight of *Gonsalvo*: They advanced towards one another; and beginning both to speak at once, *Gonsalvo* making use of the Greek Tongue, asked her pardon for appearing before her like an Enemy: At the same time *Zayde* said in *Spanish*, she fear'd no more those Misfortunes which she apprehended, and that this was not the first danger in which he had relieved her: they were so amazed to hear each other speaking their Language, and their surprize represented to them, so plainly, the reasons why they learnt those Languages, that they both Blush'd, and remained silent for some time. At last *Gonsalvo* broke silence, and continuing to make use of the Greek Tongue, said, I know not Madam, whether I had reason to wish as much as I have done, that you might understand me, perhaps I should not be less unhappy: But happen what will, since I have the Joy of seeing you once again, after having so often lost all hope of you, I will never more complain of my Fortune. *Zayde* seem'd somewhat pulled at what *Gonsalvo* said; and

and looking upon him with those fair Eyes; wherein, nevertheless, he could read nothing but Melancholly. I know not yet (said she to him in her own Language, being not willing to speak any more *Spanish*) whether my Father has escaped with Life, amidst so many dangers, to which he has exposed himself this day; you will excuse me if my concern for him hinders me from making Answer to what you said. *Gonsalvo* caused some of those that were about him, to enquire after what she desired to know: He had the pleasure to learn that the Prince (whom he saved) was *Zayde's* Father; and she seemed to be over-joy'd to know by what happy means her Fathers Life came to (be sav'd. After this, *Gonsalvo* was oblig'd to pay his respects to the rest of the Ladies that were in the Castle: He was not a little surpris'd to find *Don Olmond* in that Castle; of whom, there had been no tydings since he went from *Leon* to seek him out. Having performed the Civilities that were due to so faithful a Friend, he returned to the Place where *Zayde* was. As he began to speak to her, word was brought that the Confusion and Disorder was so great in the Town, that nothing but his Presence could put a stop to it. He was fain to go where his Duty call'd him; he gave the orders that were necessary to appease the tumult, which the Avarice of the Soldiers, and the terror of the Inhabitants had caused: After which, he sent away an Express to the King, to acquaint him with the taking of the Town, and so came back with what hast he could to *Zayde*.

All the Ladies that were with her; were, by chance, at some distance from her: *Gonsalvo* was resolved to take the advantage of this favourable Moment, to speak to her; but as he was going to entertain her with the declaration of his Passion, he felt in himself an extraordinary Irresolution, and found that it is not enough at all times to be in a capacity of being understood, to make a man resolute enough to declare his mind; he was fearful, nevertheless, of losing an opportunity which he so much long'd for; and after, having for some time admir'd the Caprice of Chance, that made them be so long together, without being able to be acquainted, or to speak to one another. We are now, (says *Zayde*) far from falling into the same difficulty, since I understand *Spanish*, and you know my Language. I fancied my self so unhappy (replied *Gonsalvo*) in not knowing it, that I have learnt it, even when I was out of hope, that it should ever be useful to repair what I have endured for not understanding it. For my part, (Answered *Zayde*, Blushing) I have learnt the *Spanish* Tongue, because it is hard to live in a place without acquiring the Language thereof, that one may not be always in trouble how to make themselves understood.

I often understood you, Madam, (said *Gonsalvo*) and though I knew not your Language, yet I could give a very exact account of some of your Sentiments. I am likewise persuaded you saw mine much better than I did yours. I assure you (Answered *Zayde*) I am not so quick of Apprehension as you take me to be; and that all I could judge of you, was, that you were sometimes very sad. I also let you know the
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cause thereof (replied *Gonsalvo* ;) and I am persuaded, that although you knew not the meaning of my words, you could not chuse but understand me : Go not about to deny it, Madam, for you have answered me with a Severity that may please you ; but since I found your indifference, how could you avoid finding out Sentiments which appear much more plainly than indifference, and which expound themselves often, even against our will ? Yet I must confess I observed sometimes those bright Eyes turned towards me, after a manner that might give me Joy, if at the same time I did not believe my self beholding to some other, for what was of obliging in them. I will not disown, (answered *Zayde*) but that I did fancy you like one ; but you would have no cause to be angry at it, if you knew how often I wished you the same Person whom you resembled. I know not, Madam, (answered *Gonsalvo*) whether I should fancy what you have said, to be to my advantage ; nor can I thank you for it, unless you did explain your self better : I have told you too much (replied *Zayde*) to need any further Exposition ; and my last words oblige me to keep it as a secret : Sure I am reserv'd for nothing but Misfortunes, (answered *Gonsalvo*) since I cannot understand what you say, even when you speak to me in *Spanish* : But, Madam, can you yet be so Cruel, as to add more incertainties to those in which I have liv'd so long ? I must dye at your feet, or you must tell me who it was you wept so much for in *Alphonso's* Solitude ; who it is that my good or bad Fortune has made me resemble : Doubtless my curiosity would not stop at these two things, if the respect I bear you, did not with-

hold it; but I will wait with patience, until time and your goodnels will give me leave to ask you more.

As *Zayde* was going to answer, some *Arabian* Ladies that were in the Castle, desired to speak to *Gonsalvo*, and there came afterward so many other People in, that (with the care the Princess took to avoid a particular Conference,) it was impossible for him to find any further opportunity.

He shut himself up alone, to abandon himself to the pleasure of having found *Zayde* again, and in a place where he had the sole Command. He believed also to have observed some joy in her Eyes when she saw him; he was very glad that she had learnt the *Spanish* Tongue, and she made use of his Language with such readiness and promptness, as soon as she saw him, that he flatter'd himself with the opinion that he had a great share in the care she took to learn it; at least, the sight of *Zayde*, and the hope he had, not to be hated by her, made *Gonsalvo* feel all the pleasure that a Lover (that is not assured of the affections of his Mistress) can be sensible of.

The return of *Don Olmond* from the Castle, whither he had sent him to place some of his Troops, interrupted his thoughts; as he found him in the same place with *Zayde*, he thought he might inform himself of that fair Princesses Birth and Adventures; but he apprehended that he might be in Love with her, and his fear of finding a Rival in the Man he believed his Friend, retarded for a long time his Curiosity; but could not forbear, at last, asking *Don Olmond*, by what Accident he was brought to *Tulevera*. After he had learnt that he was taken Prisoner, going to look
after

after him at *Tarragon*, he spoke to him of *Zulema* first, the better to bring on the discourse of *Zayde*.

You must know, (said *Don Olmond*) that he is Nephew to the *Caliph Osmin*, and that he should have been in the place of *Carmadan*, that reigns at this day, if he had been as fortunate as his Merit deserves; he holds yet a considerable rank among the *Arabians*: He came into *Spain* to be General of the King of *Cordoua*'s Army, where he has lived with so much Honour and Grandeur, that I was surpris'd at it. At my Arrival here, I found a very agreeable Court: *Belleny*, the Wife of Prince *Osmin*, *Zulema*'s Brother, was then here; this Princess was no less respected for her Virtue, than her high Birth: She had with her the Princess *Felime*, her Daughter, whose Wit and Beauty are full of Charms, though there appears (in both) something of Languishing and Melancholly. You have seen the incomparable Beauty of *Zayde*, and you may judge how great my Astonishment was to find at *Talevera* so many Persons worthy of Admiration. It is true, (replied *Gonsalvo*) that *Zayde* is the most accomplish'd Beauty I ever saw; and I question not, but she has a great number of Admirers here, *Alamire*, Prince of *Tarsus*, is passionately in Love with her, answered *Don Olmond*; he began to be in Love with her in *Cyprus*, and came along with her from thence: *Zulema* suffer'd Shipwreck upon the Coast of *Catalonia*; he is come (since that) into *Spain*, and *Alamire* came to *Talevera* to find out *Zayde*.

These words of *Don Olmond* struck *Don Gonsalvo* to the Heart; they confirm'd him in all his Suspicions, and he found in an instant that all his Imaginations were true; the hopes of being de-

ceived (with which he had so often flatter'd himself) quite left him; and the Joy which he received in his last Conversation with *Zayde*, served only to augment his grief. He was no longer in doubt, but that those Tears which she shed at *Alphonso's*, were for *Alamire*, that it was him he was like; and that it was he that carried her away from the Coast of *Catalonia*: These thoughts gave so much disquiet to his mind, that Don *Olmond* believed he was Sick, and gave him to know that he was much concern'd thereat. *Gonsalvo* concealed the cause of his Affliction, and was ashamed to own that he was in Love after what he had already suffer'd by it: he told him he should be well again in a little while, and ask'd him if he had ever seen *Alamire*, whether he was worthy of *Zayde*, or whether she Loved him? I never saw him, (replied Don *Olmond*) for he was gone to joyn *Abderam*, before I was brought to this Town; his Reputation is great, but I know not whether *Zayde* Loves him or not; but I believe it is not easy for her to despise the Application of a Prince, so deserving as he is given out to be, and he appears so assiduous about her, that it is hard to say, that he should be altogether neglected by her; the Princess *Felime*, with whom I have contracted a sincere Friendship, in spite of the reservedness, in which the People of her Country and Quality live, has often spoke to me of *Alamire*, and to judge of him by what she says, there cannot be a more accomplish'd Person, or a more passionate Lover than he is. If Don *Gonsalvo* had followed the impulse of his thoughts, he had ask'd many more questions of Don *Olmond*; but he was with-held by the fear he had

of

of discovering to him what he studied to conceal; he only asked him what became of *Felime* : *Don Olmond* told him, that she was gone after the Princess her Mother, to *Oropese*, where *Osmín* commanded a Body of an Army.

After this, *Gonsalvo* withdrew, pretending to take some rest; but in reality, to be at Liberty to Afflict himself, and to reflect upon the stubbornness of his invincible Misfortunes. Why did not I know that *Zayde* was in Love with *Alamire*, before I found her again? If I had been assured of that, when I lost her, I should have been less afflicted for her absence; I should not be so joyful for having found her, nor should I endure now the cruelty of losing all the hopes she came from giving me. What kind of Destiny is mine, that even the sweetness of *Zayde* must create me nothing but Misfortune? Why should she seem to Countenance my Love, if she approves *Alamires* passion? Or, what means that wish of hers, that I might be the man I resemble?

These kind of reflections augmented his Grief; and the next day, which he ought to have wished for with impatience, and which ought to be to him so grateful, since he was sure to see *Zayde*, and to speak to her, seemed to him the most frightful of all his Life; for he fancied, that in seeing her, he could hope for no other thing, but the Confirmation of all his Disasters.

About Midnight, the Messenger whom he had sent to the King, to acquaint him with the taking of the Town, came back with Orders, for *Gonsalvo* to march away that very instant, with all his Cavalry, to joyn the Army. *Don Garcias* knew that the *Moors* expected a considerable Re-

cruit ; and as soon as he knew that *Gonsalvo* had taken *Talevera*, he thought it expedient, by the benefit of this Victory, to gather all his Forces, and to fall upon the Enemy before they were reinforced by their new Succours.

Though *Gonsalvo* saw the difficulty of executing his Majesties Orders, by the trouble he should find to make his Soldiers March, being scarce refreshed after the Fatigue of the precedent Night ; yet the ardent Desire he had to be at the Battel, made him use so much Diligence, that he put his men in a very short time, in a readiness to March ; and he did himself the cruel Violence of parting with *Zayde*, without taking his leave of her. He ordered *Zulema* to be brought into the same Castle where the Princess was ; and commanded him that was Governour of it, to acquaint her with the Reasons that obliged him to leave *Talevera* in such haste.

At Break of Day he put himself in the Head of his Cavalry, and began to march with a Sadness proportionable to the cause of his imagined Grief. When he came near the Camp, he met the King that came out to receive him : He alighted, and went towards him, to give him an account of what passed at the taking of *Talevera*. After he had discoursed with him about what concern'd Martial Affairs, he spoke to him of his Love : He told him, how he had found *Zayde* ; but that he had likewise found out that Rival, whose only Shadow had created him so much trouble. The King told him, how much he was concerned in all that touched him, and how much he was satisfied with the Victory he had gained. After this, *Gonsalvo* went to quarter his Men, and to put them

into a Condition, by a few Hours Rest, to be ready for the Battle which was intended to be given: They had not yet resolved upon it; for the advantageous Post in which the Enemy was, their Number, and the Length of the March to them, render'd this Resolution hard to be embraced, and dangerous to be put in Execution. Nevertheless, *Gonsalvo* was for giving Battle; and the hope he had of meeting *Alamire* in the Combat, made him maintain his Opinion with so much earnestness, that the giving Battle was resolved upon the next Day.

The *Arabians* were Encamped in a Plain, within sight of *Almeras*; their Camp was encompassed by great Woods; infomuch, that there was no Access to them, but by such narrow ways, that it did seem unsafe to attempt it; notwithstanding *Gonsalvo*, in the Head of the Horse, begun first to pass the Wood, and appeared first in the Plain, followed by some Squadrons. The *Arabians* were so startled to see their Enemies so near, that they employed the time of Fighting in consulting what they had best to do; so that, they gave the *Spaniards* the leisure to March all their Men through the Wood, and draw them up in *Battalia*, on the Plain. *Gonsalvo* marched directly towards them, with the left Wing, beat back their Battalions, and put them to a disorderly Rout: He did not amuse himself to pursue those that fled; but seeking up and down the Prince of *Tharsus*, and fresh Laurels, turns short upon the *Arabian* Infantry: But the right Wing did not fare so well; for, the *Arabians* routed it, and beat it back to the main Body, which was Commanded by the King of *Leon*; But the King put a stop to their

Fury, and repulsed them even to the very Gates of *Almeras*; so that, the Foot only was left Commanded by *Abderame*, and stoutly attacqu'd by *Gonsalvo*: This Body of Infantry stood firm to their Ground; and opening their Battalions to the Right and Left, made way for their Archers; which so terribly gall'd the *Spaniards*, that they could not abide it: *Gonsalvo* Rallied his Men, and Charged them the second and third time; and, at last, surrounded them on all sides: But *Gonsalvo*, moved with Compassion to see so many Gallant men knock'd on the Head, commanded Quarter to be given to all: The *Arabians* laid down their Arms, and came flocking about him, to admire his Clemency, after having felt the smart of his Valour. Then likewise came the King of *Leon* up to *Gonsalvo*, and gave him all the Praise that was due to his Courage. They understood that King *Abderame* was Retreated during the Shock, and was gotten into *Almeras*.

The Glory which *Gonsalvo* acquired in this Days Action, might have given him cause to rejoyce; but he felt no other, than Grief of having survived it, and not to meet with *Alamire*.

He understood afterwards, by some of the Prisoners, that this Prince was not in the Army; that he commanded the Re-inforcement, which the Enemy expected; and, that it was the Hope of this Succour, that made them endeavour to avoid coming to a Battle.

But the *Arabians*, having Rallied a part of their Army, and being Re-inforced by the Addition of those Succours which *Alamire* brought to them, and lying under the Walls of a strong City; the King of *Leon* could hope for no other Advantage
by

by his late Victory, but the Glory of having gained it. Nevertheless, *Abderame*, under pretence of Burying the Dead, desired a Truce for some few days, with design to Commence a Treaty of Peace.

During the time of this Cessation, *Gonsalvo* passing from one Quarter of the Army to another, saw, upon a little Eminence, two of the Enemies Horse-men, defending themselves against a good number of the *Spanish* Cavalry, who, by their multitude, were upon the point of destroying them: He was amazed to see this Combat, during the Truce, at so much inequality: He sent some of his Guards, with all speed, to interpose, and to know the reason of this: They brought him back word, that these two *Arabian* Horse-men had endeavour'd to pass their outmost Guards, that the Centries were rude in stopping them; that they drew their Swords thereupon; and that the rest of the Guard fell upon them. *Gonsalvo* sent an Officer to beg these two Cavaliers excuse, and to conduct them whither they desired to go, beyond all the Guards: This done, he continued his way, visiting all the Quarters as he went towards the Kings; so that, it was late before he came back. The next Morning, the Officer that was sent to Conduct the two *Arabians*, came to him, and told him, That one of those whom they Conducted, gave him in charge to tell him, That he was sorry, that important Affair, which concerned not the War, hinder'd him from coming to return him Thanks; and that he was willing he should understand, that it was the Prince *Alamire*, that owed him his Life. When *Gonsalvo* heard the Name of *Alamire*, and believed, that his Rival,

Rival, whom he had so great a mind to seek all over the World, even when he did not so much as know his Name, nor his Country, was then passed through his Camp, and in his own sight, without all doubt, to go to find out *Zayde*; he was in a maze; all he had power to do, was only to ask, which way he steer'd his Course? Being told, towards *Talevera*; he dismissed all that were in his Tent; and remain'd alone full of despair, for not having known that it was *Alamire*.

How? He has not only escaped my Fury and Revenge, but I must likewise open him the way to go see *Zayde*! This moment he sees her; he is with her; he tells her by whose means he has passed through this Camp: It was only to insult over me, and up-braid me with my Misfortunes, that he sent me back word, that he was *Alamire*: But may be, he may not long Regale himself at the Expence of my Misfortunes; and I will solace my grief, with the pleasure of being Reveng'd.

He resolves at that very instant, to steal out of the Camp, and to go to *Talevera*; by his Presence, to interrupt *Alamire*, and *Zaydes* Interview, and take away his Rivals Life, or dye before the Princesses Eyes. As he was musing how to execute his Design, News was brought him, That some of the Enemies Troops appeared not far off of the Camp, and that the King Commanded he should go to discover them; he was forced to obey, and to defer the Execution of his Purpose: He got a Horse-back; and after he had rid a little way, word was brought him, as he came out of a Wood, that they were only some few *Arabians*, that came from Conducting a Convoy. He commanded the Cavalry that were with him,

him, to return to the Camp; and followed by a few of his Servants, he rid on slowly, on purpose to stay in the Wood until his Cavalry were at some distance, that he might directly go undiscover'd to *Talavera*. Being in the middle of a great Walk, he met with an *Arabian* Cavalier, of an excellent Presence and Mien, that came sadly along that way: Those that were with *Gonsalvo*, by accident, pronounced his Name; at the sound of which, this Cavalier, that seemed plunged in some serious and deep study, came to himself; and asked them, if he that Rid before alone, were *Gonsalvo*? As soon as they answered, It was: I shall be glad, said he, (loud enough to be heard by *Gonsalvo*) to see a Man of so extraordinary a Merit, and to thank him for the Favours I have received from him: With this he advances towards *Gonsalvo*, lifting up the Beavoir of his Helmet to Salute him: But so soon as he had viewed his Face, he cryed out, O Gods! Is it possible, this should be *Gonsalvo*? And looking stedfastly upon him, he remained without Motion, like a Man that had been Planet-struck, and divided within himself, with very different Imaginations: After remaining thus for some time; *Alamire* (cry'd he of a sudden) must not let him live for whom *Zayde* is design'd, or for whom she reserves her self. *Gonsalvo*, who appear'd astonish'd at this Strangers first Words & Action; and who, nevertheless, expected the Event with a great Calmness, was likewise struck with an Extraordinary Amazement, when he heard the Names of *Zayde*, and *Alamire*; and saw before him this formidable Rival, whom he was going to find out with so much Hatred, and desire of Revenge.

Revenge. I know not (replied he) whether *Zayde* be designed for me; but if you be the Prince of *Tharsus*, as you make me believe you are, you must not hope to possess her but by my Death: Nor you, but by mine, answered *Alamire*; and your words too clearly inform me, that you are the Person, that causes my Misfortune. *Gonsalvo* heard but confusedly these last Words: He went back some Paces, and with-held his impatience to Fight, only to hinder that their Combat might not be interrupted: He commanded those that followed, to go further off; but with such an Authority, that they durst not disobey: But they, with all speed, rid after the Party that left *Gonsalvo*, to call back some of the Principal Officers of the Army, who could not yet be far gone from them. In the mean time, *Gonsalvo* and *Alamire* began a Combat; where Courage and Resolution made appear all that could be Heroick and Wonderful: *Alamire* was wounded in so many Places, that his Strength began to fail him; and though *Gonsalvo* was so too, the Prospect of an approaching Victory supplied the Defects of his Ability with new Vigour, which made him Master of this Princes Life. The King, who by chance was not far from this Wood, drawn thither by the Noise and Out-crys of those that *Gonsalvo* Commanded away, arrived in this place, and separated the Combatants: He understood by *Alamire's* Squire, who came in at that instant, his Master's Name; and *Gonsalvo* seeing *Alamire* bleed in great abundance, gave order to help him.

If the King had followed the first Impulse of his angry Thoughts, he had given contrary Orders; but he contented himself with the Command,

mand, that the Prince of *Tharsus* should be forth-coming, and turn'd all his care towards the Preservation of his Favourite. He caused him to be carried to the Camp; *Alamire* was not in a Condition to be carried so far, but was brought to a Castle that was not far off. As soon as *Gonsalvo* was arrived, the King desired to know what the Physicians thought of his Wounds: They assured him, there was no danger of his Life. Don *Garcias* would not leave him, until he had known from his own Mouth, the occasion of this Fight. *Gonsalvo*, who hid nothing in reserve from the King, told him the whole Truth: The King being apprehensive, that too long a Discourse would be hurtful to *Gonsalvo's* Health, would have left him to take his Rest: But *Gonsalvo*, holding him, said; Leave me not, Sir, to the Disorder and confusion of my Thoughts; Help me to dis-intangle my self from the new Trouble, which the Actions and the Words of *Alamire* has put me into: He met me without seeming to look for me; He accosts me like one that would Complement and Thank me; and of a sudden, I see him surpriz'd, troubl'd, and ready to draw upon me: What could he learn in seeing me? Who made him alter his Intentions? Who made him fancy, that *Zayde* was destin'd for me, either by *Zulema*, or by her self? He could not know from any but her self, that I was his Rival: And if she has given him an account of my Love, it was not to make him fear my Pretensions: He also knows very well, that she is not destin'd for me by *Zulema*, who knows me not, who is ignorant of my Passion for his Daughter, and whose Religion is opposite to mine. Wherefore, upon what are his

his Words groundd? and, by what reason should my Countenance provoke his Anger, rather than my Name? It is hard, my dear *Gonsalvo*, (answered the King) to dive into this Mysterious Adventure: I think seriously of it, but cannot find any satisfactory Reason: Is it not perhaps (said he, of a sudden) for having seen you in *Alphonso's* Solitude, when you went by the Name of *Theodoric*, and so, knew you again by your Countenance, to be his Rival? Ah, Sir! (replied *Gonsalvo*) that thought came into my Imagination too; I found it so funestous to me, that I cannot fancy it to be that: Can it possibly be, that *Alamire* could be hidden in that Desert? Or, Can it possibly happen, That the Joy which appeared sometimes to me to be *Zayde's* Eyes, and which caused all my Happiness, was only the Remains of what the sight of *Alamire* had produced in them? But, Sir, continued he, I scarce ever was from her; I should have seen this Prince, if he had ever come to *Alphonso's*: Moreover, this Prince's knows who I am; he comes now from her; there is no doubt, but that she has told him; and so, must needs have known *Gonsalvo* to be the Lover of *Zayde*, when he met me. I cannot comprehend what should cause so sudden a Change; and I find nothing but Impossibilities in all that I can imagine. Are you sure (said the King) that *Alamire* has seen *Zayde*? He pass'd thorough our Camp Yesterday very late; You met him this Morning; It seems to me hard to believe, that he was at *Talavera*, and came back in so short a time: But, it is no hard matter to know the Truth of this; for, two of my Officers have assur'd me, that they lay last Night where
this

this Prince did; and we shall know from them, where they met him. The King commanded these Officers to be sent for presently; and when they were come, he asked them, in what Place, and what Time they met with *Alamire*.

One of these Officers made Answer; Sir, We were coming Yesterday from *Ariobisbe*, whither we were sent; we made a Halt in the Evening in a great Wood, that is three or four Leagues from the Camp; we lighted, and lay down to sleep in this Wood: I over-heard a Noise that waked me, I saw at a distance (thorough the Trees) this *Arabian* Prince speaking to a Lady that was Magnificently Dress'd: This Lady, after a long Conference, left him, and came to sit down by another Lady, not far from the Place where I lay: They spoke loud enough; but I could not understand what they said, because they spoke a Language that I knew not, and which is not the same that the *Arabians* use: They named *Alamire* divers times; and, tho' their Backs were turn'd so to me, that I could not see their Faces; yet, my thought, that she who spake to *Alamire*, wept bitterly. After this, they went away: I heard Waggon, and a great Noise of Horses going towards *Talevera*: I awaked my Comrade, and pursued our Way: We saw *Alamire* at a distance, lying under a Tree, as if he had been indisposed; his Squire asked me, whether they could reach the Camp of the *Arabians* by Day-light? I told them, they could not; so they came, and Lodged in the same Village where we lay.

The King repented him to have examin'd these Officers: As soon as they were gone, *Gonsalvo* said; You see, Sir, whether I was in the wrong
to

to believe, that *Alamire* had seen *Zayde*. But, can you imagine, that it was possible (said the King) for her to come out of the Town, being she is a Prisoner? My ill Fate (Replied *Gonsalvo*) never lets me fail of any thing that can prejudice me: I gave order at my coming away, That *Zayde* might have the Liberty of going out of the Town to take the Air, as often as she would: She expected *Alamire* in these Woods: He had reason to send me word, That an Affair of Importance, that concerned not the War, hinder'd him to make any stay in this Camp. He has seen her then Yesterday; She wept when he was gone: It is true then, that *Zayde* is in Love with *Alamire*; and now I am no longer in doubt. Leave me, Sir! Cast off your Care of a Man, that is too much persecuted by ill Fortune, to deserve your Esteem: I am ashamed to be prized and belov'd by you, being so Wretched.

Don Garcias was sensibly touch'd at the Condition *Gonsalvo* was in, and endeavoured to comfort him by the Assurances he gave him of his Affection and Friendship.

The next Day, word was brought, that the Prince of *Tharsus* his Wounds were very dangerous; his Feavor was so violent the ensuing Days, that there was little hopes of his Recovery, *Gonsalvo* imagin'd, that as soon as *Zayde* should come to know the danger this Prince was in, she would send to know how he did: He gave order to one of his Servants, in whom he confided, to go every day to the Castle where *Alamire* was kept, to discover, whether any came to try if they could see him: He would fain have known, likewise, Whether there were any of that Resemblance betwixt them,

them, which caused in him so much Curiosity : But the Extremity, to which this Prince was reduced, hinder'd all Discoveries of that Nature, few or none of the Features of his Face being now distinguishable.

He that was commanded to go to the Castle, acquitted himself of his Commission with Industry : For, he told *Gonsalvo*, That since *Alamire* had been there, none had desired to see him ; but that certain People, whom he knew not, came every day to know the state of his Health, without telling who sent them. Although *Gonsalvo* doubted no longer of *Zaydes* Love to *Alamire*, yet every little Circumstance that assured him of it, gave him new trouble and disquiet : the King came into his Tent, as he was agitated with the fresh Affliction he had received ; and apprehending that so many displeasures would hazard his Life, he forbid all those that came about him, to speak to him of *Alamire*, or the Princess *Zayde*.

In the mean while, the Truce was ended, and the Two Armies fell to Action : *Abderame* Besieged a little Place, where he expected no great Resistance, by reason of the Inconsiderableness and Weakness of the Place : But it happened, that the Prince of *Gallicia*, nearly related to *Don Garcias*, who by chance was carried to this Place, the more commodiously to be cured of some Wounds he had received in the last Battle, undertook the Defence of it, with more Rashness than Courage : At which, *Abderame* was so enraged, that, as soon as the Town was surrender'd, he caus'd his Head to be struck off. It was not the first time that the *Moors* abused their Victories, and treated the bravest of the Nobility of

Spain, with a barbarous and unparallel'd Inhumanity. Don *Garcias* was extremely incensed at the News of the Death of the Prince of *Gallicia*: The *Spanish* Army was no less; they lov'd the Prince; and, already weary of so many Cruelties, for which no publick Satisfaction was made or required; they came in Troops, to Petition the King, that *Alamire* might be used as the *Moors* had done the Prince of *Gallicia*. The King consented to their Desires, because it was dangerous to refuse to please an Army so much incensed: He sent word to the King of *Cordoua*, That he would cause the Prince of *Tharsus* his Head to be cut off, so soon as he should be in a better condition of Health; and that his Wounds would permit him to be made a Publick Example of, without leaving Cause to report, that he had only hasten'd his End.

Gonsalvo, by the King's Order, was ignorant of what had been transacted, touching *Alamire*. Some days after, they brought him word, that a Gentleman, belonging to Don *Olmond*, desired to see him: He order'd him to be admitted. This Gentleman, after having told him, That his Master was extremely troubled, that the King's Order did detain him at *Baragel*, and hinder'd him from coming in Person, to ask him how he did, gave him several Pacquets. *Gonsalvo* open'd that which was address'd to him, and read in it these Words.

THE LETTER of

DON OLMOND

TO

DON GONSALVO.

IF I were not well assured of the Inclination you have to do great Actions, I would not send you the Inclosed; and should believe it to no purpose, to intreat you in the behalf of your Enemy: But I am too well acquainted with your generous Soul, to doubt of your kind Entertaining the Request I am desir'd to make to you. However just it may appear to treat the Prince of Tharsus, as the Prince of Galicia has been us'd; it will become you to preserve a Man of the Merit and Quality of Alamire: I think, moreover, you ought to allow some Pity to a Passion that is not altogether unknown to you.

The Name of Alamire, and the last Words of this Letter, caused a very great Disorder in Gonsalvo: He asked the Gentleman, What his Master meant, by what he writ concerning the Prince of Galicia? Although this Gentleman ought not to think, that Gonsalvo was ignorant of what had been done; nevertheless, he inform'd him in few words, of the whole Matter. Gonsalvo Read the Letter which Don Olmond had inclosed, which contained these Words:

The LETTER of FELIME to Don Olmand.

YOU have a great Power with Gonsalvo; order it so, that he preserve the Life of Alamire from the King of Leon's Fury: In securing him from the Death which is intended, he will not save his Life: his Wounds will soon bereave him of that: And Gonsalvo is already sufficiently Revenged of this wretched Prince, since we are obliged to have Recourse to him for his Preservation. I conjure you, to use all your Interest in this Matter: You will save more than one Life, in saving Alamires.

Ah Zayde, cried Gonsalvo! Felime does but write by your Order: And you command me by this Letter, to preserve your Alamire: How Inhumane is your Cruelty? To what Extremes do you reduce me? Are not my Misfortunes great enough? Must I be obliged moreover, to labour for his preservation, that creates them? Must I oppose the King's Pleasure? His Resolution is just: He has been driven to it against his Inclination: I had no share in it: I ought to let Alamire perish, though I were ignorant of his being my Rival, and being beloved of Zayde: But I know it: And this Reason, as Cruel as it is, will not let me consent to his Ruin. What kind of Law is this that I impose upon my self? What manner of Generosity is it, that obliges me to save Alamire? Is it because I know he robs me of Zayde, that I must save his Life? ought I to pretend, that

that the King in granting me this Request, should expose himself to the hazard of making his Army Revolt? Shall I forsake the Interests of Don Garcia, to tear from my own Heart those sweet Hopes with which the Death of *Alamir* flatters me? This only Man stands betwixt me and *Zoyde*; and, however she may be prepossess'd in his Favour; if she were never more to see him, I might promise my self to be Happy.

After these Words, he remain'd a great while, as it were, buried in a profound Silence: At last, he starts up of a sudden; and, though he was extreme weak, he caus'd himself to be carried to the King's Tent: This Princee was strangely surpriz'd when he saw him, and more when he understood what he came to ask.

Sir, said *Gonsalvo*, if you have any kindness for me, be pleas'd to grant me *Alamir's* Life: I cannot live if you make him dye. What is this you say, *Gonsalvo*, replied the King? By what Accident does the Life of the Man that makes you Miserable, become so necessary to your Quiet? *Zoyde* Sir, commands me (said he) to preserve it; I must endeavour to answer the good Opinion she has conceived of me: She knows I adore her, and ought to hate this Prince; and yet she has so much Confidence in me, that she believes me so far from consenting to his Death, that I will endeavour to save him from the Death that is intended him. She is willing to owe me the Life of her Lover; I beg it of you, by all your Goodness. I must not hear (said the King) such Desires, which a blind kind of Generosity inspires, and a Passion that leaves you not the use of your Reason: I must Act pursuant to my own Interest

and yours. The Prince of *Tharsus* must dye, to teach the King of *Cordona*, to make better use of the Law of Arms; and to appease my Troops, which are ready to Mutiny: He must dye likewise, to leave you sole Possessor of *Zayde*, and to hinder him from disturbing your Quiet hereafter. Ah Sir! shall I find any Quiet (replied *Gonsalvo*) in seeing *Zayde* displeased with me? and in despair for the Death of her Lover? I must think no more of disputing *Zayde* with *Alamire*, whether he lives or dies; I must not render my self worthy of the ill usage of Fortune, by an unreasonable Obstinacy: I will make *Zayde* pity me, since she could not love me; nor will I leave it in her Power, either to despise or hate me. Take time (said the King) to examine what it is you ask me; and consider with your self, whether you ought to desire it. No Sir, (replied *Gonsalvo*) I will not have the leisure to change my Opinion; nor to be exposed to oppose a second time, those vain and flattering Hopes, which the thought of *Alamire's* Death has already given me; nor would I give *Zayde* room to believe, that I was anyway irresolute in the Choice I make: And I beg of you the Favour, to declare even now, That you have granted me this Princes Life. I do promise you, (replied the King) to leave him to your Disposal, But you must conceal it yet a while from the Knowledge of the World. You know our Design upon *Oropese*; the Inhabitants are this Night to open us the Gates; If the Enterprize succeeds, the Joy of the happy Success, may perhaps dispose the Army to milder Thoughts: *Felime* will be in our Power; know of her, whether *Alamire* be belov'd of *Zayde*: Dive into the
 Secrets

Secrets of your Destiny, before you decide the Fate of this Prince; and put your self into a Condition of taking such Resolutions, whereof you may not Repent hereafter. But Sir, perhaps *Felime* may not be willing to discover the Sentiments of *Zayde* to me. To oblige her to it (interrupted the King) send word to Don *Olmond*, that you will not undertake what she desires, unless you know the true Reasons why she is so much concerned for the Preservation of *Alamire*. It is Don *Olmond*, that is ordered to enter *Oropese*; and you will know by him, all that concerns you to learn. I submit, Sir, (answered *Gonsalvo*) upon Condition, that you will permit me to oblige the Army, to come of themselves to you, to beg *Alamire's* Life, at the same time, that the News of the taking *Oropese* is Published: And as *Felime* shall be our Prisoner, Don *Olmond* may conceal from her the Grace you intend, until she has discovered all that concerns this Prince. *Zayde* shall know, that I have obeyed her Commands, at that very instant, that I received them; and she shall judge by this blind Obedience, that if I renounce the Pretensions I had to her Affections I was not unworthy to possess them.

The King granted all that Don *Gonsalvo* desired; but, at the same time, commanded him to write to Don *Olmond* about what they had resolved: The King spent part of the Night with his Favourite, who began to sink under the Violence he had used against himself, in sacrificing to an exact Generosity (from which he expected no Advantage) all the Hopes of a Passion, which possess'd his whole Heart.

The next Day, Don *Garcias* received Letters of the Prosperous Success of their Enterprize upon *Oropese*; he sent the News of it to *Gonsalvo*; and, at the same time, sent him word, that he gave him Liberty to use his Endeavours for the saving of *Alamire's* Life. *Gonsalvo* caused himself to be carried into the Camp, with the same Alacrity and Earnestness of Mind, as if the Success of his Undertaking were to assure the Conquest of *Zayde*: And with the same Countenance, and the same Voice, which he so often had made use of, to inspire Courage into his Soldiers, to follow him to Victory, shewed them what a shame they went about to cause him, in desiring to take away a Princes Life, who had not been in their Power, but for his ingaging with him: He told them, That by this Death, (of which he should ever be thought the Author) they made him lose all the Honour he had won with them in so many Battels: That he was at that instant, going to the King, to lay down his Commission, and the Command he had of the Army, in order to his Departure out of *Spain*: That he left it to their Choice, either to be Witnesses of his taking his leave of the King; or else, to go at that instant, and beg *Alamire's* Life. Scarce did the Soldiers give him leave to make an end of his Speech; but thronging about him (as it were) to hinder him from going away, followed him to Don *Garcias* his Tent; so animated by the General's Words, that it seem'd now as dangerous to refuse them *Alamire's* Life, as some days past not to grant them his Death.

In the mean time, Don *Olmond*, amidst so many Troubles he had in the settling a Town newly taken,

takes, bethought him of *Gonsalvo*, whose Interest requir'd he should entertain *Felice*: He sent to desire leave to speak to her, with the same respect, as if the Law of Arms had not given him a free and full disposal of her: He found her in a deep Melancholly, for, what happen'd that day, as well as a great Fit of Sickness, which her Mother had for some time, seem'd the Causes thereof.

So soon as they could talk without being heard, Well (said she) *Don Olmond*, Have you prevail'd with *Don Gonsalvo*, to save *Alamirc's* Life? Madam, (answered he) that Prince's Destiny is in your Hands. In my Hands, cry'd she. Ah! by what Accident can it be in my Power to do any thing, that may preserve him? I'll secure you his Life, replied he: But to make me able to keep my Word; you must inform me of the Reasons that move you so eagerly to work his safety: You must tell it to me truly, with all the Circumstances, and every thing you know concerning this Prince. Ah! *Don Olmond* (replied she) what is this you ask me? At this, she remain'd silent for a while; then of a sudden, said, Do not you know, that he is *Osmir* and *Zulema's* near Kinsman? That we have been acquainted with him a great while? That he is a Person of extraordinary Merit? Is not this enough to make me concern'd for his Life? But, Madam, (replied *Don Olmond*) the concern you have for his Safety, has other more pressing Reasons: If you think it too much trouble to let me know it, you are free to let it alone; but you must be content to free me from the Ingagement I gave you. How, *Don Olmond*, said she, Must this be the Ransom of *Alamirc's* Life? What will it avail

avail you, to know what you ask? I am sorry, I cannot tell you (answered *Don Olmond*;) But Madam, once more, I cannot do any thing for him, but upon these Terms: All is left to your Choice. *Felime* remain'd a good while, with her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, in so profound a silence, that *Don Olmond* wonder'd at it: At last, taking Courage; I am going (said she, to him) to do that thing, which of all things in the World, I thought I should never have the Power over my self to do: The good Opinion I have of you, and the Friendship I have for you, help much to confirm me, as well as the Desire I have to save *Alamire's* Life. You must keep my Counsel inviolably; and give Ear, with Patience, to the Relation I am going to make you, which cannot but be tedious to you.

THE

The HISTORY of

ZAYDE and FELIME.

Cid Rabis was Brother to *Calisbe Osman*, and might have disputed (by Birth-right) the Empire with him, had he not been so unfortunate, as to be abandoned by all those that gave him Hopes of their Assistance; and thereby, was compell'd to renounce his Pretension, and consent to be banished into the Isle of *Cyprus*, under colour of being made Commander in Chief there. *Zulema*, and *Osman*, whom you know were his Children; They were Young and Handsome, and had given many Signal Testimonies of their Valour: They both fell in Love with two Woman of extraordinary Beauty, and great Quality; who were Sisters, and were descended of a long succession of Princes; Who formerly bare the chief sway in this Island, before it fell under the Command of the *Arabians*; The one was called *Alasimbe*, the other *Belenia*. *Osman* and *Zulema*, being well'd skil'd in the *Greek Tongue*, found no difficulty to make themselves to be understood, by these two Ladies, who were Christians; But the difference of their Religion, made none in their inclinations; They mutually loved passionately: And so soon as the *Cid Rabis*, his death, left them their liberty; *Zulema* married *Alasimbe*, and *Osman* married *Belenia*: They consented, that their Children should be brought up in the Christian Religion; and made them believe, they would be so themselves in a short time. I

was

born of *Osmin* and *Belenia*, and *Zayde* of *Zulema* and *Alasimbe*: The Passion of *Osmin* and *Zulema* made them continue some years in *Cyprus*: But, at last, the desire they had to find out a favourable Conjunction of renewing the pretensions of their Father, call'd them back into *Affrick*: At first, they conceived great hopes; For, contrary to the Rules of true Policy, the *Caliphe* that succeeded *Osman*, gave them such considerable Employments, that *Alasimbe* and *Belenia* could not complain of their being far from them: But after five or six years absence, they began to murmur, and be much afflicted: They found that they were not all this while in the Wars, but had other Occupations: They heard from them sometimes; but they not coming, made them believe themselves forsaken: *Alasimbe* therefore thought no more of any thing, but of *Zayde*, who even at that Age deserved all her Application: And *Belenia* made me the sole object of all her care.

When we were pass'd our Infancy, *Alasimbe* and *Belenia* retired into a Castle upon the Seaside; where they led a Life conformable to their Sadness: The regard they had for *Zayde* and me, made them live with a Grandeur and Magnificence, which perhaps by their own inclinations, they would have been glad to leave. We had divers young People of Quality about us; and there was nothing wanting, that might contribute to our Education, and the Diversissement that were suitable to the Place where we were brought up. *Zayde*, and I, had as great ties of Love and Friendship for each other, as we had of Blood and Affinity. I was two years older than she: There was also some difference in our Humours;

Humours; Mine was less inclinable to Mirth; it
 was easy to perceive it in our Conversation.
 Zayde had also a great advantage of Beauty over
 me. Some time before the Emperor *Leo* sent to
 invade *Cyprus*, we were walking by the Sea-side.
 The Sea was very Calm, there was not a breath
 of Wind stirring. We pray'd *Alasfats*, and
Belens, to be pleas'd to let us go to Sea in Boats,
 to divert us. We took divers Young People with
 us; we made our Barge-men Row towards some
 great Ships, that were at Anchor in the Road.
 As we came near these Vessels, we saw several
 long Boats put off, whom we judg'd to be full of
Arabians, that were going ashore. These Boats
 Steer'd towards us; In the first of which, were
 several persons richly attired; one of which, by
 his Noble Air, and the Beauty and Comeliness of
 his Person, appear'd to be somewhat more than
 any of those that were about him; This Re-
 counter Surprized us, and made us judge it not
 fit for us to venture further to Sea; and that
 we ought not to give, those that were in the o-
 ther Boats, occasion to believe that our Curiosity
 to see them, had led us that way: We made our
 Barge fall off to the Leeward; the Boat we en-
 deavour'd to avoid, Tack'd after us; but the
 rest made towards the Shore; The other follow-
 ed us so near, that we could perceive the man
 we remarked above the rest, looking stedfastly
 upon us; who seem'd to take pleasure in follow-
 ing us. Zayde was extremely taken with the
 Adventure; and caus'd our Boat to Tack, to see
 if the other would follow us still. For my part,
 I was strangely concern'd, without knowing why.

I looked earnestly upon him, that seemed the Chief amongst them; and considering him at so near a distance, I found something in his face so fair, and so agreeable, that I thought I had never seen any thing more pleasing in all my Life. I told *Zayde*, we must put to shore; and that, without doubt, when *Alasimbe* and *Belenia* had given us leave to come off, they did not think we should have met with such an Adventure. She was of my opinion; we rowed towards the shore; The Boat followed us, got a head of us, and put to shore near the other Boats, that were already Landed.

So soon as we touched, we saw him that we had remarked, followed by a great many other, advancing towards us; and offered us his hand, with an Ayr, that shewed he had already learnt who we were. *Zaydes* and my astonishment was great; we were not used to be accosted with so much boldness; and above all, by *Arabians*, for whom we were taught an extreme aversion: We believed, that he would be surprized, when he should find, that we did not understand his Language; but we were more our selves, when we found that he Spoke ours with the same exactness, and Eloquence, which the ancient *Greeks* used in former times.

I know, Madam, (said he to *Zayde*, who went before) that an *Arabian* should not be so bold as to approach your Presence, without first asking your leave; But I believe, that what would be thought a crime in another, is pardonable in a man that has the honour, to be allied to the Princes *Zulema*, and *Osmin*. Being Curious to see what was most remarkable in *Greece*, I thought,

I could not satisfy that Curiosity better, than in beginning with the Isle of *Cyprus*: And my good fortune made me find at my first Arrival in it, that which I should have sought in vain, in all the other parts of the World.

In saying these words, he fixed his Eyes sometimes upon *Zayde*, and sometimes upon me, with such demonstrations of a true Admiration, that we could hardly doubt, but that he really thought, what he said to us. I know not whether I was already prepossessed, or whether it was the solitude of the place where we lived, that made me think this Adventure very agreeable; But I must confess, that I never saw any thing so surprising.

Alasimbe and *Belenia*, who were at some distance from us, advanced towards us; and sent before, to know the Name of this new-come Stranger: They were informed, that it was *Alamire*, Prince of *Tharsus*, Son to that *Alamire*, who assumed the Title of *Calipbe*, and whose Power was so terrible to the Christians: They knew the affinity that was betwixt this Prince and *Zulema*; So that, the respect which was due to his Birth, together with the desire of hearing from them, made them receive him with a less Aversion, than they used to have for the *Arabians*. *Alamire* by

his words, increased the disposition they had to receive him more favourably: He spoke to them of *Zulema* and *Osmin*, whom he had seen a little before his Departure; and blamed them for being Capable of abandoning two Persons so worthy of their Love. Their Conversation was so long upon the Sea-side, and *Alamire* appear'd so agreeable, even in the Eyes of *Alasimbe*, and *Belenia*, that contrary to the Resolution they had taken

taken of avoiding the company of all strangers, they could not avoid offering him Lodgings in their Habitation. *Alamire* told them, that although, he knew that Civility ought to forbid him accepting the offer they made him; yet that he could not reject it, because he would not deprive himself of the pleasure he took, in being Conversant with persons that had given him so much Admiration: Wherefore he walked along with us, and presented to us a person, for whom he shewed much esteem, whose name was *Mulzim*. All that evening, *Alamire* continued to confirm us in the esteem, we at first conceived of him. I was every Moment so astonished at the pleasantness of his wit, and gracefulness of his person; And this astonishment was so powerful upon me, that I might well even then Judge, there was something more in it, than a bare Surprise; Methought he viewed me with a great deal of attention, and gave me Commendations that made me think, that my person was at least as pleasing to him as *Zaydes*.

The next day, instead of going away, as in all likelihood he should have done, he engaged *Alasimbe*, and *Belenia*, to pray him to stay. He sent for very fine Horses, which he had brought with him, and caused them to rid by several of his People; and rid them himself with that grace and dexterity, which is particular to those of his Nation; He found pretences to stay three or four days with us; and wrought so upon *Alasimbe*, and *Belenia*, that they consented to admit his visits, during his abode in *Cyprus*. At his going from us, he told me, that if his presence had been troublesome to me, or should be for the future

future, I must blame my self alone for it ; Nevertheless I had taken notice, that his looks were often upon *Zayde* ; And I observed likewise that his Eyes, were as often fixed upon me, after a manner which appeared so natural to me, that joyning the Language of his Eyes, with many things which he had said to me, I remain'd convinced, that I had made some impressions upon his Heart. O Gods ! How deep were those he made upon mine : As soon as he was out of my sight, I felt a sadness that was utterly unknown to me ; I quitted *Zaydes* company ; I went dreaming about ; my thoughts were confus'd ; I was weary of my self : I came again to find *Zayde*, and methoughts it was only, that I might speak to her of *Alamire* ; I found her busy with her Maids, making Garlands of Flowers : And she seemed to me as unconcern'd, as if she never had seen this Prince ; I felt a kind of amazement at her being so busy with her Flowers, and found my self so little disposed to amuse my self with them, that I snatch'd them from her whether she would or no. We went to walk ; I talked to her of *Alamire* ; I told her, that I saw him look very much upon her ; she made answer, that she did not observe it ; I endeavour'd to find out whether she had taken notice of the inclination which he profess'd for me ; but I found, she had not so much as a thought of it ; And I remain'd so astonished, and so confounded to see the different Effects, which the sight of *Alamire* had upon *Zayde*, from those it had wrought upon me, that I blamed my self, and used such reproaches against my self, as were already but too just.

Some days after, he came to see us; at a time, when *Alasimbe* and *Beleny* were gone abroad, and were not to return until Night; *Alamire* appeared to me more Lovely than ever; and as *Zayde* was not present, it was my Misfortune to see him, when there was nothing that could divert his attention from looking upon me; and made me so many protestations of his love, that the inclination I had for him, persuaded me that I was as acceptable and pleasing to him, as he was to me; He took his leave of me, before the hour that *Zayde* was to return, after such a manner, that I flattered my self with the opinion, that he had no thoughts of seeing her; she returned a great while after, and I was surprized when *Alasimbe* told me that they met him very near the Castle, and that he came back to conduct them to the Castle-Gate; I fancied by the space of time, since he left me, he should have been further off than they said; and that if he had not waited for them, he could not have met them; This thought gave me some disquiet; Nevertheless I did attribute their meeting, to Chance rather than any thing else, yet I was in greater impatience to see *Alamire* again, then ever I had felt before; He came some days after to bring *Alasimbe* the news of the War the Emperour *Leo* designed to make against *Cyprus*. And this news that was of such Consequence, served him as a pretence to come more often to see us; And as often as he came, he still made the same protestations of Love to me, as formerly; I had need of all my reason to conceal from him the Disposition of mind in which I was towards him; and perhaps all my reason would have been too weak, if the Concern I saw
he

he had sometimes for *Zayde* did not help to retain me, for all that I attributed what I saw him do to please her, only to his innate Civility, and he had address enough, to hide from me what might give me other thoughts.

We had intelligence that the Emperours Fleet was in sight of our Coasts; *Alamire* persuaded *Alasimbe*, and *Belony* to leave the place we were in; Although our Religion gave us no Apprehension of the Emperours forces; yet the Alliance we had with the *Arabians*, and the apprehensions we had of the disorders, which attends upon War, obliged us to follow *Alamire's* Counsels, and remove to *Famagosta*; I was very glad of it, both because I thought I should be in the same place with *Alamire*, and that *Zayde* and I should be no longer Lodged together: Her Beauty was so dreadful to me, that I was glad to be where *Alamire* might see me, without seeing her. I believed I should be fully satisfied of his intentions towards me, and should see whether I ought to abandon my self to the Inclination I had for him; but my heart was no longer in my power: I am persuaded nevertheless, that if I had been then as well informed of *Alamire's* humours as I have been since, I might have defended my self against the inclination which drew me to Love him: But as I knew only the agreeable, and charming qualifications of his Wit and Person, together with the Passion he pretended for me, it was hard for me to resist an inclination, which was so violent and so natural.

The day we arrived at *Famagosta*, he came to meet us; *Zayde* was that day so Charmingly Beautiful, that she appeared in the Eyes of *Ala-*

Alamire, what he appeared in mine; That is to say, the only person, that can please; I perceived the extraordinary care he took to view her attentively. When we were arrived, *Alasimbe* and *Beleny* separated; *Alamire* followed *Zayde*, without so much as pretending an excuse to leave me; I remained struck with the sharpest grief I ever felt; I knew by the violence thereof, the true Passion I had for this Prince, and this knowledge increased my sadness: I now saw the Horrible Misfortune, I was fallen into, by my own fault; but after having afflicted my self for a long time, I saw some beams of hope still: I flattered my self, as all those that are in Love do; and I fancied that some Reasons, unknown to me, might occasion what displeased me; I was not long sed with this weak hope: *Alamire* for a while would have us believe, that he lov'd us both; that he might determine afterwards, according to the usage he received, to whom he should stick: But the Beauty of *Zayde*, without the succour of hope, carried it; Nay, he had forgotten, that he had ever endeavoured to persuade me to believe that he had a kindness for me: He seldom or never came to see me after; or if he did, it was to follow *Zayde*; he loved her with an extraordinary passion. In fine, I saw him in that condition for her, as I should have been for him, if decency would have permitted me to shew my sentiments for him.

I know not, whether it be necessary for me to tell you what I suffered, and the various impulses that perplexed my heart; I could not endure to see him with *Zayde*, and to see him so Amorous of her; and of the other side, I could not live without him; I had rather see him with *Zayde*,
than

than not to see him at all; in the mean while, what he did to gain her esteem instead of lessening my Passion, raised it to the highest pitch: All his Words, and all his Actions were so adapted to my fancy, that if I could inspire a conduct into those that should desire to please me, it should be that which *Alamire* used towards *Zayde*: It is true, that it is so dangerous a matter to see Love made, that it inflames even those to whom it makes no tenders nor addresses; *Zayde* gave me an account of his thoughts for her, and her aversion for him; when she spoke to me after that manner of him, I was sometimes ready to discover to her the disposition I was in, to engage her by this confession not to suffer the continuation of this Princes love, but I was fearful of making him appear more lovely to her, by shewing how much he was beloved; yet I set my self a Rule not to render any ill offices to *Alamire*; I was so sensible of the Horrible Misfortune of not being loved again, that I resolved not to contribute to his feeling of it, whom I so passionately loved; and perhaps, it was the little propensity I saw in *Zayde* towards him, that made me steadfast to that resolution.

The Emperors Troops were so considerable, that there was no doubt made but that *Cyprus* would quickly fall into his Hands: upon the noise of this invasion, *Zulema*, and *Osimin*, awakened out of their profound Oblivion, in which they had so long continued; the *Caliphe* began to be afraid of them, and seemed to be resolved to send them further off; they prevented him by desiring him to give them the command of those forces, which he intended for the relief of *Cyprus*;

and we saw them arrived, when we least expected them: this was a sensible joy for *Alasimbe* and *Beleny*, and it would have been so for me, if I had been capable of it; but I was oppressed with sorrow, and the Arrival of *Zulema* gave me new apprehensions, fearing he should favour *Alamire's* designs. My fears were not without cause, *Zulema*, who by his long abode in *Affrica*, grew more stubborn and stedfast to his Religion than ever; wished, that *Zayde* would leave hers: He came from *Tunis*, with design to carry her thither, and to marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, of the house of *Idris*: But the Prince of *Tharson*, appeared so deserving of his Daughter, that he approved of his Passion for her: I saw then a necessity of endeavouring to hinder, that *Zayde* should not love *Alamire*; it being the only thing I apprehended most in the world, to see him happy by her means.

This Prince's passion was grown so violent, that all that knew him were amazed at it. *Mulximan*, of whom I spoke to you, whom I entertained sometimes because *Alamire* had a kindness for him, seemed to me so astonished at it, that I concluded that this Prince never until then, had been susceptible of a Passion so strange and lasting. *Alamire* made *Zulema* understand the intentions he had for his Daughter; and *Zulema* acquainted *Zayde*, with the desire he had she should Marry *Alamire*: As soon as she was told of the thing she most apprehended, she came to tell me of it, with such marks of disquiet, that, I confess, I was puzzled to comprehend the reason of her Affliction for being design'd to spend her Days with *Alamire*. This unfaithful Man had so thoroughly forgotten those Protestations he had made me,
that

that being informed by *Zulema*, of the Aversion which *Zayde* had for him, he came to make his moan to me, and to implore my Assistance. All my Reason, and my Resolution, were scarce strong enough to contain me; I felt such a conflict and agitation of Mind, that he might easily have perceived it, if he had not been prepossess'd with the same Passion that disorder'd me. At last, after a silence, which but too plainly spoke my mind; I told him, I wonder'd much at *Zayde's* Resistance against *Zulema's* Will; but I am the most unfit Person in the World to make her change her Opinion. I should speak against my own Judgment; and besides, the misfortune of being tied to one of your Nation, is so well known to me, that I cannot persuade *Zayde* to expose her self to it. *Belenia*, has too well informed me ever since I was capable of knowing any thing; and I believe *Alasintbe* has so thoroughly instructed her Daughter, that it will not be easy to make her Consent to what you desire; and for my part, I assure you once more, that I am the unfittest Person in the World to undertake it.

Alasintbe was out of his Wits, to find me so indisposed to favour him; yet he was in hopes to win upon me, by letting me see his Affliction, and the violence of his Passion for *Zayde*. I was in despair, to hear what he said upon this occasion; and yet I could not but pity him, through the Conformity that was betwixt our Misfortunes: All my Thoughts were distracted: The Aversion which *Zayde* shewed for him, gave me some Joy, by the Sweetness of Revenge, which I tasted plentifully: And yet my Glory was offended, to see one that I so much Adored, thus despised.

I resolved to tell *Zayde* the State of my Heart; but before I would do it, I pressed her to consider well with her self, Whether she should always be able to resist the Design *Zulema* had, of Marrying her to *Alamire*? She told me, There was no Extremity, which she would not indure, rather than consent to marry a Man so opposite in Religion to hers; and whose Laws permitted him, to take as many Wives as he pleased: But, that she believed, that *Zulema* would not compel her; or, if he should endeavour it, that *Alasirbe* would find means to hinder him. What *Zayde* had told me, gave me all the Joy imaginable: And I began to endeavour to tell her, what I had resolved to discover to her; but I found more Difficulty and Reluctancy, than I thought. In fine, I overcame all the Oppositions of Pride and Bashfulness; and I told her, with many Tears the State I was in: She was strangely amazed at it; and she seemed as much concerned at my ill Fate, as I could wish. But why (said she) did you conceal your Thoughts with so much care, from him that gave them Birth? I do not doubt, but that if he had at first discovered them, he would have Loved you; and I believe, That if he should yet be made sensible of your Inclination for him, the Hope of being Beloved, together with the ill Usage he receives from me, would quickly make him forsake me: Will not you give me leave, (added she, Embracing me) to try to make him conceive, that he ought rather to address himself to you, than to me? Ah *Zayde*, (answered I) Do not rob me of the only thing that hinders me from Dying with more Grief; I should not be able to survive *Alamire's* Knowledge of the Con-

cern

cern I have for him ; not only the Interest of my Honour would make me inconsolable ; but I should be likewise so, by that of my Passion : I might flatter my self with the Hope of being Beloved, if he should know my Inclination to Love him : Yet I know, Love does not always beget Love : Therefore, I will not deprive my self of that Hope, as weak as it is, since it is the only Comfort I have left me. I gave *Zayde* so many other Reasons, that she was of my Opinion, that I ought not to discover my Passion to *Alamire* : I found a great Ease, in having open'd my Heart to her, and much Satisfaction in making my moan to her.

The Wars in the mean time, held on still ; though at such a Rate, as was plainly to be seen, that we should not be able to hold out long : All the Country was lost, but *Famagosta*. *Alamire* expos'd himself every Day, with a Valour or a Temerity, that clearly shewed the Despair he was in : *Mulziman* would tell me of it, with an extraordinary Affliction ; and he so often hinted to me, the Amazement he was in, to behold *Alamire* so violently passionate of *Zayde*, that I could not forbear asking him the Reason ; and pressing him to tell me, Whether *Alamire* had never been in Love before he saw *Zayde* ? He made some difficulty, to tell me the cause of his Astonishment ; But, I conjured him so efficaciously, that (at last) he told me the Adventures of that Prince. I will not trouble you with the whole Story, because it would be too tedious ; But only, what may suffice to let you know *Alamire's* and my Misfortunes.

THE

The HISTORY of

Alamire, Prince of Tharsus.

I Have already acquainted you with *Alamire's* Birth. What I have told you of his Person, and my thoughts of him, ought to persuade you, that he is as worthy of Love, as a man can be: He had likewise, made it his whole Study, from his Youth, to gain the love of all Women: And although the manner of living of the *Arabian* Women, be directly opposite to Gallantry, *Alamire's* address, and the pleasure he took in Surmounting difficulties, made all that easy to him, which would have been thought impossible by others. As this Prince was unmarried, and his Religion gave him the liberty to have several Wives; so there was not a Young Lady in *Tharsus*, that did not flatter her self with the hopes of Marrying him. Nor was he sorry to find, that this hope made him to be more favourably used; But his inclination led him to no ingagement that he could not break at pleasure. He aimed at nothing but being Beloved; the pleasure of being in Love was utterly unknown to him: He never had a sincere Passion; but he was so well Versed in appearing in Love, without being so; that he persuaded all those, he had thought worthy of his Love. It is true, also, that during the time, he made it his business to please; the desire of making himself to be Beloved, gave him a kind of Ardour, which might be taken for a real Passion; but as soon as he saw himself beloved, having
nothing

nothing more in his desires, and not being enough in Love, to find any Pleasure in Love alone, separated from Difficulties, and Intrigues, he thought of nothing more but how to break with those that loved him, and to find out others whom he might draw into the same Engagements.

One of his Favourites, called *Selemin*, was privy to all his Amours, and was himself as unconstant; the *Arabians* do celebrate certain Feasts at certain times of the year; it is the only time that the Women have any liberty; they are permitted at those times to go about the Town, and to walk in the publick Gardens; they assist at the solemn Plays, which are shewed sometimes, but always Vail'd: *Alamire* and *Selemin* waited with impatience for those Opportunities; they never failed of finding out some new unknown Beauties, and ways of speaking to them, and managing some private Intrigues with them.

Upon one of these Feasts, *Alamire* saw a young Widow, called *Naria*, whose Virtue, Beauty, and Riches, were extraordinary, by chance unveil'd as she was speaking to one of her Slaves; he was surprized with the Charms of her Beauty; she was a little startled at the sight of this Prince, but could not forbear looking earnestly upon him: which he perceived, he followed her, and made it his business to let her take notice that he did so. In fine, he had seen a Fine Woman, and was seen by her, and that was enough to erect in him both Love and Hope; the Character he received of *Naria's* Virtue and Wit, doubled in him the desire he had to make her in Love with him; he sought Her in all places with much industry, he passed very often by her House without

out seeing her, or being seen by her; he met her by chance as she was going to a Bath; and was so happy as to have a sight of her Face two or three times, and as often found her most Beautiful; and was so smitten with her, that he believed she designed to put a stop to all his lightness, and inconstancy.

Several days passed before *Alamire* could find any sign that *Naria* approved of his Love, and began to be very much concerned at it; Yet for all that, he did not quit the Design he had laid, to gain the good Esteem of her, or those other fair persons; and above all, of a young Lady, called *Zoromade*, very considerable by her Fathers Quality, as well as her own Beauty: The difficulty of seeing her, was almost as great as that of seeing *Naria*; But he was persuaded, that this Fair Maid would have easily found means to overcome them, if she were not so narrowly watched by her Mother: So that, he was not so eager to surmount these Obstacles, as he was to overcome *Narias* Resistance; being she had no Body to controul her: He had endeavoured two or three times, but in vain, to gain some of her Slaves, to know from them the Days she used to go Abroad, and the Places where he might see her: At last, one of those that seemed the most Obstinate, promised him to give him Notice of all she did. Two Days after, he told him, She was going to a very fine Garden, she had out of Town; and that, if he would please to walk about that, there were about it Risings, from whence he might easily see her. *Alamire* made use of this Intelligence: He goes out of *Tharsus* disguised, and passed all the Afternoon about this Garden.

Towards

Towards Evening, as he was ready to return, he saw a Door open, and perceived it was the Slave, which he had gained; who beckon'd to him to approach: He believed *Naria* was walking, and that he might have a sight of her from that Door: He advances, and enters into a Magnificent Arbor, richly adorned with all things that might add to its Beauty: But what surprized him most, was the Sight of *Naria*, sitting upon Cushions, under a stately Canopy, after the resemblance of the Goddess of Love; two or three of her Woman stood at a Corner of the Arbor: *Alamire* could not forbear running towards her, and casting himself at her Feet, with an Air so full of Transport and Astonishment, that he augmented the modest Blushes, which appeared on the Face of this Beautiful Lady.

I know not (said she to him, intreating him to rise) whether I ought of a sudden, to shew you the Inclination I had for you, having concealed it so long a time from you: I believe, I should have hid it, all my Life-time, if you had taken less pains to shew me the Love you had for me; But, I confess, I could not but resist a Passion that was pursued and maintained upon such weak and slender Hopes. The first Moment I saw you, you appeared Lovely to me; I have endeavoured to see you undiscover'd, with more care than you did to see me: In fine, I was desirous to be as well assured of the Passion you had for me, by your Words, as you had convinced me of it by your Actions.

Great Gods! What Assurance could *Naria* have in *Alamire's* Words! She little knew the bewitching and inevitable Charms of his alluring Speeches:

Speeches: He out-did all the Hopes she conceived of his Love; and by his flattering and insinuating Wit, he gained an intire Conquest over the Heart of this Lovely Creature: She promis'd to give him a second Meeting in the same place: He returns to *Tharsus*, fully persuaded, that he was the Man of the World, the most in Love; and had almost persuaded *Mulziman* and *Selemis*, that he was so. He visited *Naris* divers times; who shewed him the greatest Inclination, and truest Marks of Love, that ever were: But she told him, That she had learnt, the great Disposition he had to Change; That she was incapable of giving any share of her Heart to any other; and that, if he intended to preserve hers, he must think of no Body else: And upon the first occasion she should have of being Jealous of him, she would for ever break with him. *Alamire* answered her with so many Oaths, and so much Address, that he persuaded her of his Eternal Fidelity.

But the very Thought of such a strict Engagement troubled him; and as there were no Obstacles to hinder him from the Freedom of seeing her, his Love began to grow cold: Nevertheless, he continued making still the same Protestations of Love to her. As she had no other Thoughts but of Marrying him, she believed there was nothing could obstruct it, since she both Loved, and was Beloved of him; insomuch, that she began to talk to him of Marriage: *Alamire* was surprized at the Discourse; but his Address was such, that the Surprize was not taken notice of; And *Naris* made a full Account, that in a few Days, she should be Marry'd to this Prince.

Since

Since his Love for *Naria* began to diminish, his Pursuit of *Zoromade* began to increase: And by the Assistance of an Aunt of *Selemins*, whom her Nephew's Favour made Complaisant to the Princes Passion, he found means to write to her: The impossibility of seeing her, was still the same, by which his Passion still augmented.

All his Hopes was in the Feast, that is kept in the beginning of the Year: It was the Custom, to send great Presents one to another, during this Feast; and the Streets were crowded with Slaves, laden with all that was Rich and Rare to be found. *Alamire* sent Presents to divers Persons; *Naria*, being of a haughty and proud Disposition, would not give way to any considerable Presents; yet he sent her some *Arabian Sweets*, which were so rare, that none had any of them but himself; and sent them with all the Ornaments, that might make them more agreeable to her.

Naria's Passion was grown so violent for this Prince, upon the Receipt of this Present, that if she had followed the Dictaments of her Heart, she had staid at Home to think of him; and would have avoided all Divertisements, where he was not to be seen: Notwithstanding, being invited by *Zoromades* Mother to a Feast at their House, she could not with Decency gratify her Inclination herein. She went thither, and was not a little surprized at the Smell of the same Perfumes, as she came into a large Closet, which *Alamire* had sent. She stopped with some Astonishment, to inquire from whence that Pleasant Smell came? *Zoromade*, who was Young, and not used to conceal any thing, Blush'd, and was out of Countenance:
Her

Her Mother seeing her make no Answer, said, She thought, they came from *Selemin's* Aunt, who had sent them to her Daughter. This Answer confirmed *Naria*, that they came from the Prince: She saw them with the same Ornaments as hers were, but somewhat Richer. This Discovery made so violent an Impression upon her, that she feigned her self indisposed, and went Home as really sick, as she desired to appear: She was violent, and quick of Apprehension; the Thought of being deceived by the Man she Adored, put her into a deplorable Condition: But, before she would give her self up to Despair, she took a Resolution to be more fully informed of the Princes Infidelity.

She sent him word, That she was sick, and that she could not go to any of the Publick Entertainments, during these Festivals. *Alamire* came to see her; and assured her, that he also would not see any of those Publick Divertisements, since she could not be there: and talked to her after a manner, that did almost persuade her, that she did him wrong to suspect him. Nevertheless, as soon as he was gone, she got up, and disguis'd her self so, that she could not be known: She frequented those Places, where it was most likely to find him. The first Object that offer'd, was *Alamire* disguised; but no Disguise could hide him from her: She saw him following *Zoromade*; and during the Plays that were Represented, she perceived him always close by this Fair Lady. The next Day, she followed him again; But, instead of finding him in Pursuit of *Zoromade*, she saw him in another Disguise, closely Courting another Lady: Her Grief at first, began
to

to lessen; and she was not a little pacify'd, to think, that *Alamire* had only talked to *Zoromade*, by Accident, or to divert himself only. She crowded her self, amongst those Women that attended this Young Lady, whom *Alamire* followed; and she came so near to him, that at the turning of a Street, where this Young Lady made a stop, she heard *Alamire* speaking to her, with the same Aire, and those very Terms, that had so forcibly perswaded her of his Love. Judge what became of *Naria*, and the sensible Affliction she felt. She would have thought her self happy at that time, if she could have been convinced that *Zoromade* was the only Object of *Alamire's* Pursuit. She would believe, at least, that the Inclination he might have for this Beautiful Person, might cause his Change: She might have flatter'd her self to have been Beloved of him, before his Inclination for *Zoromade*: But finding, that he was able to have the same Care, and speak the same Words, to two or three at the same time, she was satisfy'd, that she only had busied his Wit, and not possessed his Heart; and that she was only amused, without attaining to her Happiness.

It was such a cruel Adventure for a Person of her Humour, that she had not Force enough to bear it: She returns Home over-whelmed with Grief and Affliction; where she found a Letter from *Alamire*, assuring her, that he was shut up in his Closet at Home; not being able to indulge himself the Pleasure of seeing the Publick Entertainments, since he could not hope for that, of seeing her there. This Cheat made her judge of what weight were all the pass'd Actions of

O

Alamire.

Alamire. She was confounded with Shame, for having so long pleased her self with a Passion, that was but a mere Treachery: She soon resolved what to do; She writ to him, all that Grief, Affection, and Despair could invent, of most sensible, and most passionate, without acquainting him what should become of her; only, bid him an Eternal Farewel. This Letter surprized him; and gave him some sense of Grief: The Beauty and Wit of *Naria*, were of such Perfection, that it render'd the Loss of her troublesome, even to the Inconstant Humour of *Alamire*.

He went to tell his Adventure to *Mulziman*, who made him ashamed of his Procedure: You are deceived (said he to him) if you think your manner of dealing with Women, is not contrary to the true Sense of an Honest Man. *Alamire* was nettled at this Reproach. I will justify myself to you, answered he; for, I have too much Esteem for you, to let you continue in so bad an Opinion of me: Do you think me so great a Beast, as not to Love with sincerity, a Person that I thought Loved me truly? But, do you think (interrupted *Mulziman*) to justify your self, by accusing those you Love? Did any of them deceive you? Did not *Naria* Love you with a true and sincere Passion? *Naria* believed, she Lov'd me, replied *Alamire*; but she lov'd my Quality, and the Rank to which I might raise her. I have hitherto found nothing but Vanity and Ambition in Women: They loved the Prince, and not *Alamire*. The desire they have to make a signal Conquest; and the Ambition to raise themselves above that Slavish Life, to which they are subject, has created in them what you call Love,

is the Pleasure of being Beloved, and the desire to overcome Difficulties, begot in me, what I call'd a Passion to them. I believe (said *Mulziman*) you wrong *Naria*; for I am confident, she truly loved your Person. *Naria* spoke to me of Marriage (answered *Alamire* as well as the rest; and I know not, whether her Passion was more sincere than theirs. How! (replied *Mulziman*) Would you have a Woman Love you, and not think of Marrying you? No, (said *Alamire*) I would not have them think of Marrying me, while I am above their Quality, that should pretend to it: But, I would not be unwilling they should desire it, if they did not know my Quality; and did in a manner believe, they transgress'd against the Rules of Prudence, in Marrying me: But so long as they look upon me as a Prince, that may raise them above the Sphere they are in, and may give them a Prerogative, to claim more Liberty, than they enjoy in the Quality of a Subject; I shall not think my self obliged, to take any great Notice of the Design they may have to Marry me; or take it for a true Love. You should see, added he, That I am very capable of Loving sincerely, if I found a Person that should Love me, without knowing who I am. You desire an impossibility, to shew your Fidelity, replied *Mulziman*; and if you were capable of being Constant, you should meet with enough, without expecting such extraordinary Occasions to shew it.

The Impatience he was in, to know what was become of *Naria*, broke off this Conversation: He goes to her House, where he learnt, that she was gone to *Mecca*; and that none knew the

Way she took, nor the Time when she would come back. This was enough to make him forget *Naris*: All his Thoughts are now bent upon *Zoromade*; who was guarded with so much Care, that it render'd all his Addresses in a manner vain: Not knowing, therefore, what other Course to take, he resolves to venture upon a way, the most dangerous in those Countrys, that could be thought of; which was, to hide himself in one of those Houses, where Women use to Bath themselves.

Those Baths are stately Palaces; Women frequent them two or three times a week: They take a pride to shew their Grandeur and Magnificence, by making a great number of Slaves to march before and after them, carrying all those things of which they have use in their Bathing-Houses; the entrance of those Houses is forbidden to all men upon pain of Death, and there is no Mercy for them, that are found there? *Alamire's* quality seem'd to warrant him against the ordinary Laws; but his Rank expos'd him to a general Revolt and Sedition, in which he should not be able to save either his Life or Estate.

All Reasons were too weak to retain him from it; he writ to *Zoromade* that he was resolv'd to hazard all for to see her, and intreated her to instruct him how he might speak to her; *Zoromade* made a difficulty to consent to the hazard to which he was to expose himself; but at last Led away by her Passion for him, and forced by that insupportable Constraint under which the Arabian Women live, writ to him, That if he could find means to get into the Bathing-House, he must inform himself of that Apartment
where

where she used to be; that there was a Closet where he might conceal himself; that she would not Bathe that Day; and that whilst her Mother was in the Bath, she might have the opportunity of entertaining him. *Alamir* felt a sensible pleasure, in the difficulty of his enterprise. He won the Master of the Baths by great Presents; he learnt the Day *Zoromade* went to some thimbery he got in by Night, and was conducted to the Apartment wherein that Closet was, where he remain'd until morning, with all the impatience that a man truly in love could be in.
 Much about the time that *Zoromade* was to come, he heard a Noise in the next Chamber, as if divers People were coming; it a little after the Noise lessen'd, and the Closet Door is open'd, he expected to see *Zoromade* come into him; but in her stead, he sees another Person whom he knew not, Richly attired, of his Beauty eclipsed all the Flower, and all the Life of a blooming Youth. This Lady was as much surprized at the sight of *Alamir*, as he was to see her; he was no less proper than she, to cause Astonishment, by the agreeableness of his Person, and the richness of his Apparel. It was so unnatural a thing to see a Man in that Place, that, if *Alamir* had not made signs to this Young Lady, to hold him peace, she had cried out loud enough, to make all that were in the Room, to come into the Closet. She comes nearer to *Alamir*, who was now visit with this new adventure, and asked him by what accident he came into this place; he told her it was a Story too tedious to be told then, but conjured her to say nothing, and not to ruin a man, who valued not the danger he was in, since

he said to it the pleasure of seeing the beautiful
 most Person in the World, the blazes with an
 ay of soft looks and Modesty, capable of in-
 flaming a heart less sensible than *Alamire's*.
 He said he very sorry, reply'd she, to do any thing
 that might hurt you. But you have run great ha-
 zard in coming to here. I know not whether
 you are sensible of the danger you are in.
 Yes, Madam, I know it, and it is not the
 greatest that I am threaten'd with at this Day.
 After which words of which he had believed she
 understood the meaning, he pray'd her to tell
 him what she was, and how she came to enter
 into that place. Her Name is *Elisbery*, and
 Grandchild of the Lieutenant Governor of *Alamire's* his
 Daughter, and Mother came to *Alamire's* two
 days ago where she never had been before, no
 more than I. She is now in the Bath, I was
 sent to go to Bath, and I came by chance into
 this Closet. But I beg you likewise added she,
 tell me who you are? *Alamire* was glad to meet
 with a young Woman that knew him, not he
 told her, his Name was *Salomine* (it was the first
 Name he could think of). As he talked to her,
 by which his Name *Elisbery* went towards the Clo-
 set Door, to hinder any to come in. *Alamire* fol-
 low'd her two or three Steps, forgetting the
 Danger he expos'd himself to. May not one
 hope to see you again, Madam, said he. I know
 not (reply'd she) with an Ayre full of trouble,
 but I think, it is not impossible. With this, she
 went out, and shut the Door after her.
 He never saw any thing so Beautiful, nor so
 Lovely, as *Elisbery*. He did believe, that he had
 observed

observed by her, that he was not unpleasing to her : She did not know him to be the Prince of *Tharsus*. In fine, He found in this Lady, all that might sensibly touch him. He staid until Night, in that Closet, without once thinking, that he was come thither to see *Zoromade*; so full was his Imagination, with the Charms of *Elfsbery*.

But, *Zoromade* was not so easy in her Mind; She truly loved *Alamire* : The Danger in which *Alamire* was in, put her into a Mortal Disquiet, and a sensible Affliction, that she could reap no Benefit by it. Her Mother was indisposed, and would not go to the Bath; and therefore, her Apartment was given to *Elfsbery's* Mother. *Alamire*, at his return, found a Letter from *Zoromade*; informing him, what I have told you; and likewise, that they talked of Marrying her out of hand : But that, she was not much disquieted at it, seeing he might prevent it, by declaring to her Father, the Intentions he had for her. He shewed this Letter to *Mulzman*, to let him see, that all Womens Love to him tended only to get him to Marry them : He told him also, his Adventure in the Bathing-House : He did Exaggerate to him the Charms of *Elfsbery*, the Joy he had to believe, that she had an Inclination for him, without knowing him to be the Prince. He assured him, That he had now found something, that deserved to engage his Heart; and that he should see, how real his intentions should be for *Elfsbery*; and, in truth, he resolved to leave off all other Pursuits, and to think of no Body else, but how to win the Love of this Beautiful Person, It was almost impossible for him to see her; especially, having resolved not to make himself known,

known, as Prince of *Tharsus*: The first Resolution he takes, was to hide himself once more in the Bathing-House: But, he understood, that *Elfibery's* Mother was sick, and that her Daughter would not come abroad without her.

In the mean time, the time of *Zoromades* Marriage was at hand; and the Despair she was in, to see her self slighted and forsaken by the Prince, made her consent to it: As her Father was a Man of great Quality, and the Man she was to marry was no less; so it was resolved, the Ceremony should be very Splendid at her Wedding. *Alamire* learnt, that *Elfibery* was to be there. The manner of Marrying amongst the *Arabians*, could afford him no Hope of seeing her there; because the Women are quite separated from the Men, both in their Mosques, and at their Feasts; He resolves, nevertheless, to hazard as much for her, as he had done for *Zoromade*: He feigned himself sick the Wedding-Day, the better to dispense himself from assisting Publickly at the Ceremony: He put himself into Women's Attire; and put on a long Vail, such as the Women do wear when they go abroad; and goes to the Mosque with *Selimen's* Aunt. He saw *Elfibery* coming in; and, though she was Vail'd, yet her Garb was so particular, and her Habit so different from that the Women of *Tharsus* wear, that he was not afraid to be mistaken in her: He followed her close to the Place, where the Ceremony was to be performed. He placed himself so near *Zoromade*, that, carry'd on by the remains of that Humour, that was so natural to him, he could not forbear making himself known to her; and speaking to her, as if he had disguised himself

himself only to see her. His Sight caused so much trouble in *Zoromade*, that she was constrain'd to go back some Steps; And turning her self towards him; It is an inhuman thing of you (said she) to come to trouble my Quiet, by an Action that should persuade me, that you Love me, if I were not well assured of the contrary; But, I hope, I shall not long suffer the Evils, which you have caused me. She could say no more, nor could he make a Reply; for, the Ceremony ended, and all the Women went to their own Places.

Alamire never thought of the Grief, in which he saw *Zoromade*; he was so full of his Desire and Care, how to speak to *Elfibery*: He kneel'd just by her, and begun to say his Prayers very loud, after the *Arabian* Fashion: That kind of confused Murmur of so many People, that speak all at once, make it hard to be heard, but by those that stand close to one another. *Alamire*, without turning his Face towards *Elfibery*, or changing the Tone in which he prayed, call'd her several times by her Name: She turned towards him; and, as he saw that she looked upon him, he lets fall his Book; and in taking it up, he lifted up his Vail a little; so that, *Elfibery* alone might see him: He shewed her a Countenance, whose Beauty and Youth did not bely the Habit of a Woman. He found that his Disguise did not deceive *Elfibery*; Yet, he asked her, If he was so happy, as to be known again by her? *Elfibery*, whose Vail was not quite down, turning her Eyes towards *Alamire*, without turning her Head; I know you too well, said she; but, I tremble for the danger you are in. There is none so great, to which I would not expose my self, rather than not see you,

you, replied he. It was not to see me, said she, that you expos'd your self in the Bathing-House; and, perhaps, it is not for me, that you are now here. It is for you alone, Madam, reply'd he; and you shall see me every Day in the same dangers, unless you give me some Opportunity of speaking to you. I go to Morrow, said she, with my Mother to the *Caliph's* Palace; be you there with the Prince: My Vail shall be off, because it is the first time that I come thither. She would say no more, for fear of being over-heard by the Women that were near her.

She put *Alamire* into great Perplexities about the Assignment she gave him; he very well knew that the first time Women of Quality are admitted to the *Caliph's* Palace, if the *Caliph* or the Princes his Children come into the place where the Women are, they do not let down their Vails, and after that they are always Vail'd: So that *Alamire* was sure to see *Elisbery*; but then he must be forced to shew himself, as Prince of *Tharsus*, and that was, what he could not consent to do. The pleasure of being beloved for the sole Beauty of his Person, was so great and sensible to him, that he was resolv'd not to rob himself of it; but yet it was a great trouble to him to lose an opportunity of seeing *Elisbery*, and an opportunity which she her self gave him. That little Jealousy which she shewed; For having found him in the Bathing-House, engaged him the more not to omit any thing that might persuade her of the reality of his inclinations for her. This perplexity made him hesitate a good while without answering her. At last he asked her, if he might not Write to her: I dare not trust any Body; said

said she, unless you can gain, if possible, a Slave whose Name is *Zebelec*.

Alamire was satisfy'd with these Words, they leave the Temple; he goes to change his Habit, and to take his measures, what to do the next Day, though he found it difficult to conceal his Quality from *Elstibery*; and though it was a great trouble to him to avoid seeing the Person of the World he most coveted to see, yet he resolves to do it, because he determin'd to find whether he could be truly loved without the help of his Quality; by which, after he had considered how to carry on his design, he writ this Letter to *Elstibery*.

The LETTER of

ALAMIRE to *ELSTIBERY*.

IF I had already desired any Favour from you, or that you had given me any hope, perhaps I should not trouble you with the Request I am going to make, I thought it might then seem more reasonable than now. But Madam, you scarce know me, and I cannot flatter my self, with the thought that I could make any impression upon your Heart; You are not engaged to me either by inclination or word, and you are going to-morrow to a place where you will see a Prince, who never yet saw any thing of Beautiful, but he was in love with: What may not I apprehend, Madam, from that Interview? I cannot doubt but *Alamire* will fall in Love with you; and though perhaps it may seem a Caprice in me

to fear him as much as I do, and to apprehend that he may be so happy as to please you, yet I cannot forbear praying you not to see him. Why should you refuse me this Madam? It is no Favour I ask; and I am happily the only man in the World that ever did desire such a thing; I know my request will seem strange to you, since it appears more strange to my self; But do not refuse this Boon to one who has expos'd his Life, that he may have the Happiness, only to say, he loves you.

Having writ this Letter, he disguises himself to go along with some he confided in, to find out who this Slave should be, of whom *Elfibery* spoke: He bestir'd himself so well about the Governor of *Lemnos* his House, that, at last, he gained the Favour of an old Slave, to bring *Zebelec* to him. He saw at a distance, this young Slave coming; and was surprized with his Beauty and Shape, and the Fineness of his Face. *Alamire* stood sculking in a dark Entry, and this young Slave looked upon him, as he came towards him, as if he had known him formerly: But, as soon as he came near, the Prince (without shewing himself) begun to speak to him of *Elfibery*. The Slave hearing a Voice which he knew not, of a sudden, changed his Countenance; and, after a great Sigh, looks down, and stood silent, with so profound a Sadness, that *Alamire* could not forbear asking him the reason thereof. I believed, I knew him that asked for me, answered he, and I did not think, that I was call'd to hear talk of *Elfibery*: But, go on, whatever regards *Elfibery*, concerns me near. *Alamire* was surpriz'd and troubled

troubled at the manner of this Slave's Discourse ; He went on, nevertheless, in Recommending to him, the Delivery of a Letter to *Elfibery* ; naming himself *Selamin* : The Sadness and Beauty of this Slave, made the Prince imagine, That this was some Lover of *Elfibery*, who had disguised himself to be near her. The trouble in which he saw him, when he spoke to him of Letters that he was to give, confirm'd him in that Opinion : But, he reflected likewise, That if *Elfibery* had known this Slave to be her Lover, she would not make Choice of him, to convey his Rivals Letters. In fine, This Adventure perplexed him ; And, be it how it would, this Slave appeared to him too Beautiful, and of an Ayre so far above his Condition, to be permitted to continue about *Elfibery*.

He expected the next Day with several sorts of Disquiet ; He went betimes to his Mothers Apartment : No Lover was ever more impatient, to see his Mistress, than he was to see his : Nor had any Lover more Reason to wish, he might not see her. He believed, that if *Elfibery* came not to the Palace, it was to grant him the Favour he begg'd of her : That it was a true Sign, that she had received the Letter, which he gave *Zebelac* for her ; and that, if that Slave had given it her, it was apparent he was none of his Rival. In fine, in not seeing *Elfibery* come along with her Mother, he was sure he had establish'd a Correspondency with her ; that he had no Rival, and that he might hope to gain her Love. He was taken up with these Thoughts, when Word was brought him, that *Elfiberys* Mother was coming ; and he had the Pleasure to see, that her Daughter was
not

not come with her. His Transports were inexpressible: He retired, being unwilling his Face should be known to his Mistress's Mother; and went to his own Lodging, to wait for the time which he appointed to speak to *Zebulee*.

The fair Slave came to him, with as much Sadness as he shewed the Day before; and brought him *Elfiberies* Answer: He was over-joy'd at this Letter; He found in it Modesty, mixt with much Affection: She assur'd him, that she would have for him the Complacency of not seeing the Prince of *Tharsus*, and that she should never make a difficulty of granting him such Favours. She prayed him likewise, not to hazard himself for her; because that her own Natural fearfulness, and the strictness of the Watch that was kept over her, would render all his Endeavours ineffectual. Though *Alamire* was extremely satisfy'd with this Letter; yet, he could not endure the Beauty and Sadness of the Slave: He asked him divers Questions about the means of seeing *Elfibery*: But, the Slave made but cold Answers. This Proceeding increased the Prince's Suspicions; and, as he found himself more touched with the Beauty of *Elfibery*, than he had ever been with any other; so he feared to enter into a necessity of using her, as he had done all those that he Loved before; or to engage himself to a Person, that might have other Inclinations. In the mean time, he writ to her every Day: He obliged her to let him know to what Places she went: And his Love made him as cruel to avoid seeing her in all Publick Places, where she might know him to be the Prince, as he was industrious to find out the means of seeing her in Private. He so carefully
observed

observed all the Places about the House wherein she Lodged; that he found, that upon the Top of the House, which was made a Terras, there was a Balcony jetting out over a Back Street, which was so narrow, that one might Discourse from the House that was against it: He soon found ways to be Master of that House. He writ to *Elfibery*, conjuring her to be the Night following upon the Terras, where she might be seen and entertained by him. For, being come thither, *Alamire* might easily discourse with her, without being over-heard by any other: Nor was the Night so dark, but that he might have the Pleasure distinctly to see that Beauty, of which he was so enamour'd.

They enter'd into a long Discourse of the Inclinations they had for each other: *Elfibery* desired to be informed, what Adventure had brought him to the Bathing-House: He confessed to her the whole Truth, and all that had passed betwixt *Zoromade* and him. Young People are too sensible of these kind of Sacrifices, without apprehending the Consequences of them for themselves. *Elfibery* had a violent Passion for *Alamire*: She gave her self wholly up in this Interview; and they resolved to see one another often in that Place. As he was ready to withdraw, he turned his Head by chance, and was not a little surprized, to see the Fair Slave, that had already caused him so much disquiet, standing at one of the Corners of the Terras.

He could not conceal his Trouble; but said, Madam, if I have shewed you some Jealousy the first time I writ to you, may I be so bold, as to shew it you again the first time I speak to you?

I know, that Women of your Quality have always Slaves about them ; But, I think, they are not of the Age and Meine of him, I see with you. I do confess, that what I know of the Person and Wit of *Zebelec*, may render him as dangerous to me, as the Prince of *Tharsus* can be. *Elfibery* Smiled at this Discourse ; and calling the Beautiful Slave, Come *Zebelec*, said she, Come, and cure *Selemin* of the Jealousy you have caused him. Madam, I dare not without your Permission ; and I wish, reply'd *Zebelec*, That you had the Power to make him Jealous: It is not for my own Interest I wish it : it is for yours, and for the Apprehensions I have of the Misfortunes, to which you are going to expose your self. But Sir, continued the Slave, addressing her self to the Prince, whom she took for *Selemin* ; It is not just, to let you suspect the Virtue of *Elfibery*.

I am a Wretched Creature, whom Chance has placed in her Service ; I am a Christian of Greece, of a Birth, far above the Condition you see me in : A little Beauty (of which, there are scarce any Footsteps left) drew many Lovers to Court me, in the Prime of my Youth : I found so little Truth, and so much Treachery in them, that I looked upon them with Scorn. One more Unfaithful than all the rest (but who knew how to disguise it better) gain'd my Affections : I broke off for his sake, a considerable Match. My Parents persecuted us : He was forced to fly : He Marries me ; I disguis'd my self in Man's Apparel, and followed him : We took Shipping : There happen'd a Person of great Beauty to be in the same Ship, brought thither by some extraordinary Accident, to pass into *Asia*, as well

as my self : My Husband fell in Love with her : We were set upon, & taken by the *Arabians*: They shared the Slaves : My Husband, and one of his Relations, had their Choice to be in one Lot with those, that should fall to the Captain, or the Lieutenant's Share : It was my Lot, to fall to the Captain ; and, by an unheard-of Ingratitude, my Husband chose to go with the Lieutenant, to follow this Woman he Loved : Neither my Presence nor Tears, nor what I had done for him, nor the wretched Condition in which he was going to leave me, could move him: Judge of my Grief ! I was led hither : My good Fortune gave me to *Elfibery's* Father. Though I have seen my Husband's Ingratitude, I cannot altogether lose the Hope of his Returning ; and that was it, that caused the Change you observed in my Face, the first time I came to speak to you : I was in hopes, it might be him that desired to speak to me ; and as ill grounded as this Hope was, I could not lose it without Grief. I do not oppose the Inclination which *Elfibery* has for you : I know, by woful Experience, how vain it is, to oppose such kind of Thoughts : But, I grieve for her ; and I do foresee the Mortal Pangs, into which you will throw her. She never was in Love : She is now Engaging her self into a sincere and real Passion for you ; which no Man that has been already in Love, can deserve.

When she had left speaking ; *Elfibery* told *Alamire*, That her Father and Mother knew her Quality, her Sex, and her Merit ; but for Reasons that she had to remain unknown, she appeared in the Guise of a Slave. The Prince was Charmed with the Wit and Virtue of *Zebelec* ; but

more, to find how vain the grounds of his Jealousies were. In the Sequel, He found so many Charms, and so much Sincerity in *Elfiberies* Conduct, that he was convinced, that he was never Beloved but by her alone. She lov'd him for Loves sake, without considering what this Passion tended to : She never dived into his Fortune, nor his Intentions : She hazarded all to see him; and did all things blindfold, that he could desire : Another Woman would find much Constraint, in the Conduct he desired she should observe. He would have her still believe him to be *Selemin* : He was forced to hinder her from going to certain Publick Feasts, where he was obliged to appear as Prince : But she found nothing difficult, that pleased him.

Alamire believed himself, for a time, most happy to be beloved for his own sake; but it came into his Head, that although *Elfibery* loved him without knowing that he was the Prince of *Tharsus*, it might happen that she might forsake him for one, that should be of that Quality : He was resolved to put her Heart to the Test, by making the true *Selemin* pass for the Prince of *Tharsus*; making Love to her; and to see with his own Eyes, after what manner she would treat him : He told *Selemin* his Intention; and they, together, found means to put it in Execution. *Alamire* made an Horse-Race; and told *Elfibery*, That to give her some share in the Divertisement, he would get the Prince, with all his Company, to pass by her Window : That the Prince and He would be Attired alike, and that he would Ride close by the Princes side; and that, although he had always apprehended her seeing *Alamire*, he
believed

believed himself too well assured of her Heart, to apprehend, that the Prince might draw her Eyes towards him, chiefly in a Place where he should be near enough, to have his share of her Looks. *Elfibery* did verily believe, that he whom she should see with her Lover, would be the Prince of *Tharsus*; and the next Day, seeing the true *Selemin* with *Alamire*, did not doubt, but that it was the Prince: She thought, her Lover had no Reason to represent *Alamire* for such a formidable Man, since she thought him nothing so agreeable, as him she took for his Favourite. She did not forget to tell him the Judgment she made of him: But, that was not enough to him: He resolved to try further, whether this supposed Prince would not take with her, when he should seem to be in Love with her, and propose to Marry her.

At one of the *Arabian* Feasts, where the Prince was not obliged to appear in Publick; he told *Elfibery*, that he would Disguise himself, that he might be near her: He did so; but carried *Selemin* with him: They placed themselves near *Elfibery*, and *Selemin* call'd her three or four times: her mind being full of *Alamire*, she doubted not, but that it was he; And taking her time, where no body looked on her, she lifted up her Vail to shew him her Face, and began to speak to him; But she was surprized, when she saw him near her, whom she took for the Prince of *Tharsus*; *Selemin* seemed to be surprized likewise, and smitten with her Beauty; He fain would have spoken to her, but she would not hear him; And being troubled, at this Adventure, she went nearer to her Mother; Insomuch, that *Alamire* could

not accost her all the rest of the day. At Night, *Alamire* went to speak to her upon the Terras; She told him all that happen'd to her, and that with so much Truth and Exactness, and such Apprehension, lest he should suspect that he had any way contributed to it, that *Alamire* had all the Reason imaginable, to be well satisfy'd: Yet he was not content, but caused the old Slave (which he had already found very sensible of Presents) to be bribed, to carry a Letter from the supposed Prince to *Elfibery*: As the Slave would have given it her, she chid him soundly, and refused the Letter: She gave an account of it to *Alamire*, who knew it already, and enjoyed the Pleasure of his Cheat. To accomplish what he had begun, he carries *Selemin* to the Terras, where he was used to speak to *Elfibery*, and hid himself so, as she could not see him; but might hear every Word they spoke. *Elfibery* was extremely surprized, to see the supposed Prince upon the Terras: At first, she thought to withdraw; but her Suspicion, that her Lover betrayed her to the Prince, and her desire to find it out, kept her there for some Moments. I will not tell you, Madam, (said he) whether it was by my own Address, or by the Consent of him you thought to find here, that I possess the Place that was intended for him; neither will I tell you, whether he be ignorant of my Intentions for you; but you may judge, by the likelihood of it, and by the Power that the Quality of a Prince may give me: I will only tell you, That by one sight of you, you have done that in me which long Converse could never effect: I would never Engage my self; and now, my only Happiness

piness is, to induce you to accept of the Quality I possess : You are the only Person to whom I ever have offer'd it ; and you shall be the last, to whom I ever shall offer it. Think of it, Madam, more than once, before you deny me ; and think, that in refusing the Prince of *Tharsus*, you refuse the only means to draw you out of that Eternal Captivity, to which you are now destined.

Elfibery could hear no more what the supposed Prince said to her : As soon as he gave her to understand, that her Lover had sacrificed her to his Ambition, without making any Reply to what he had said to her : I know not, Sir, (answered she) by what Adventure you came hither : But let it be how it will, I must hold no longer Conversation with you ; and I beseech you, to allow me the Liberty to withdraw. In saying these Words, she left the Terras, and retired to her Chamber with *Zebelee*, who had followed her with as much Disquiet, and Trouble of Mind, as *Alamire* had Joy and Tranquillity : He saw, with delight, that she despised the Offers of so great a Fortune, at the same time that she had grounds to believe, that he had deceived her : Nor could he any longer doubt, but that she was proof against those Aspiring Thoughts, of which he was apprehensive. The next day, he tryed again to get a Letter conveyed to her from the Prince, to see if Spite and Rage had not caused her to change her mind : But the old Slave that was intrusted with it, and endeavoured to deliver it, was as ill handled by her, as he had been the first time.

Elfibery passed the Night with incredible Grief; There was all the appearance imaginable, that her Lover had betray'd her, There was none but him, that could discover their Intelligence, and the Place where they used to speak to one another. Nevertheless, her great Kindness for him, would not let her condemn him without hearing him. She saw him the next day; and he argued his Case so well, that he persuaded her, that he was betray'd by one of his People; and, that the *Caliph*, at his Son's Request, had kept him a part of the Night from coming upon the Terras: Nay, he persuaded her, that he was sensibly displeased at the Princes passion for her. The fair Slave was not so easie of belief, as *Elfibery*; and the Experience she had of the Falseness of Men, would not permit her to give Credit to the supposed *Selemin's* Words: She endeavour'd (but in vain) to let her see, that he impos'd upon her: But, a little while after, Chance gave her occasion to convince her of it.

The true *Selemin* was not so taken up with the Princes Gallantrys, but that he had time enough to have som of his own: The Lady he was in Love with, had a Young Slave that waited upon her, who was passionately Enamour'd of *Zebelec*, whom she took for a Man. She told her the Love that was betwixt *Selemin* and her Mistress, and the Contrivance they had found to see one another. *Zebelec*, who knew *Alamire* by no other Name but that of *Selemin*, caused her self to be thoroughly informed of all that might let *Elfibery* see the Infidelity of her Lover; and went in that very instant, to tell her of it. She was sensibly

sensibly afflicted at this Discovery ; yet she gave her self up to her Sorrow, without reflecting injuriously upon him that caused it. *Zebelec* used all the Arguments she could think of, to persuade her never more to see *Alamire* ; nor to hearken to any Justifications, which could be no other but new Inventions, to cheat her. *Elfibery* was willing enough to follow her Advice, but had not the Power.

Alamire came that very Evening to the Terras ; and was much astonished, when *Elfibery* began their Interview with a Flood of Tears, and followed it with Reproaches so tender, that even those who had no Love for her, could not choose but be concern'd for her. He could not imagine, what she could accuse him of ; or by what strange turn of Fortune, she alone should accuse him of Infidelity ; having never been Faithful to any but to her self : He justify'd himself with all the Force that Truth could inspire : But, in spite of the Disposition she was in to believe him Innocent, she could not give Credit to his Words. He pressed her to tell him, who she should be, that she thought him in Love with : She did so, and told him all the Circumstances of their Commerce. *Alamire* was not a little surprized, to find that it was the Name of *Selemin*, that made him appear Guilty ; and was much perplexed, to find by what means he should go about to justify himself : He could not resolve it presently : His only Course was, to make new Protestations of his Innocency, without ingaging himself into a further Justification : His Perplexity, and his Words, in general, confirm'd *Elfibery* of his Infidelity.

He goes immediately to *Selemin*, to tell him his Misfortune; and think with him, of the means to make his Innocence appear. I would break off with the Person I Love, for your sake, said *Selemin*, if I thought that would be any Advantage to you: But, although I should leave seeing her, *Elfibery* would believe still, that there was a time in which you had been Unfaithful to her; and so, would not be able to give any Credit to your Words: If you would take away all Ground of Suspicion from her, my Opinion is, That you own who you are, and who I am, She has Loved you, without the Help of your Quality: She believed me to be the Prince of *Tharsus*, and despised me for your sake; and in my Opinion, that was what you would be at. You have spoke reason, my dear *Selemin*, cry'd the Prince, but I cannot resolve, to discover my Quality to *Elfibery*: I shall lose by that discovery, all that was Charming in my Love; I shall lose the only pleasure I ever had; and, I know not, whether I shall not lose the Passion I had for her. But, consider also, Sir, answered *Selemin*, that in going still by my Name, you will lose the Heart of *Elfibery*; and that, in losing that, you will lose all the Pleasures, that a false imagination makes you apprehend, can never be found again.

Selemin spoke so convincingly to *Alamire*, that (at last) he made him resolve to discover himself to *Elfibery*: He did so that very Evening: And none ever was transported of a sudden, from so deplorable a Condition, to so happy a State, as she was. She found Marks of a sincere and tender Passion, in all those Accidents that before

before appeared to her as Deceits: She had the Pleasure, to have convinced *Alamire* of her Inclination for him, without knowing that he was a Prince. Lastly, Her Transports were so great, that her Heart was scarce able to contain them; nor did she hide them from *Alamire*: But, he suspected this Joy of hers: He believed, the Prince of *Tharsus* had a share in it, and that *Elfibery* was more sensibly touched for having him for her Lover: But, he concealed his Thoughts from her, and continued visiting her with much Assiduity. *Zebelec* was surprized, that she had been deceived in her Diffidence of Men's Passions; and envy'd *Elfiberies* Happiness, in having found so Faithful a Lover: But, the Cause of her Envy did not last long. It was impossible, but that those extraordinary Things which *Alamire* had done for *Elfibery*, should add new Life to the Passion she had for him: The Prince perceived it. This redoubling of her Love, appeared to him an Infidelity; and caused in him the same trouble, which the decrease of it ought to have done. In fine, He thought himself so well assured, that the Prince of *Tharsus* was better Beloved, than *Alamire* had been under the Name of *Selemis*, that his Passion began to diminish, though he had no Engagement else where. He had already had of so many sorts; and, this last had something in it that was so quick, and feelingly Charming, that he found himself insensible of any other. *Elfibery* saw the Love and Care he had for her decay insensibly; and, although she endeavoured to deceive her self; yet she could no longer doubt of her Misfortune, when she was told, That the Prince had taken a Resolu-
into

tion, to go Travail over all Greece. She learnt it from others, before he told her any thing of it: He was now weary of *Tharsus*, and that inspired him with the Design, which he put in Execution, notwithstanding all *Elfiberies* Intreaties and Tears.

The fair Slave saw then, that *Elfiberies* Destiny was as Unfortunate as her own; And *Elfibery* had no other comfort, but what she found in bemoaning her self to *Zebelec*; who had the News of her Husband's Death, for which she was sensibly aggrieved, notwithstanding his horrible Infidelity to her: His Death having now taken away the cause of her Disguise, she prayed *Elfiberies* Father to give her that Liberty, which he had so often offer'd her; having obtained it, she put on a Resolution, to return to her own Country; there to spend the rest of her days in some Solitude, remote from the Commerce of all Men. She had often spoken to *Elfibery*, of the Christian Religion: This fair Creature being touched with what she had heard her say, and with the Inconstancy of *Alamire*, (for which she hoped for no Redress) resolves to turn Christian, to follow *Zebelec*; and live with her in a profound Oblivion of all Earthly Tyes; She went away, without giving any notice to her Parents, only by a Letter which she left for them.

Alamire was already got far on his way; when he understood by a Letter from *Selemin*, what I came from telling you of *Elfibery*: But wherever she be, perhaps she would find some Consolation, could she but know how severely her Quarrel was revenged upon *Alamire*, for his Infidelity to her, by the Violent Passion which *Zaydes* Beauty kindled in him.

He

He arrived in *Cyprus*, and fell in Love with that Princess, (as I told you) after ballancing sometime betwixt Her and Me: But, he Loved her with a Passion so different from all others he ever Loved, that he scarce knew himself. Formerly, he would always declare his Love, from the first Moment that he felt it; He never was afraid to offend those to whom he declared it: But, to *Zayde*, he scarce ever durst have any inckling of it. He was astonished, at this Change in himself: But, he being forced by the Violence of his Passion, to declare it to *Zayde*; and, that he found, that the indifference she had for him, did but irritate his Love for her; when he saw himself brought to Despair by her usage to him, without being able to disintangle himself from his Passion for her; he felt a Grief, that was not to be expressed.

How! (would he say to *Mulziman*) Love never had more Power over me, but I was pleased to give it; and, though it had entirely Conquer'd me, I always was pleased with all Places where I Loved: And now he must, through the only Person in the World, in whom I found a Resistance, to Domineer over me with so absolute an Empire, that he has left me no Power to disengage my self from him. I could not Love all those that would have lov'd me; and I am compell'd to Adore *Zayde*, that despises me. Is it her extraordinary Beauty, that produces this unusual Effect? Or, Can it be possible, that the only way to fix me, was not to Love me? Ah, *Zayde*! Shall I never be in a Condition to know, that they are not your Rigours that tye to you?

Mulzi-

Mulziman could not tell what to say to him; such was his Surprise, to see him in the Condition he was in. He endeavour'd, notwithstanding, to comfort him, and to ease his Pain. Since the Arrival of *Zaydes* Father, and her declaring never to Marry the Prince, his Despair grew greater, and hurried him to seek his Death any where with Joy.

This is, as near as I can remember, what I learnt from *Mulziman*, continued *Felime*; and perhaps, I have been too exact in my Narrative. But, you must pardon those Charms, which those that are in Love, find in the Persons whom they Love; though it may be, even upon disagreeable Subjects. *Don Olmond* told the Princess; That, far from thinking her self obliged to excuse the Length of her Narration; he was bound rather, to return her Thanks, for informing him of *Alamire's* Adventures. He conjured her, to finish what she had begun to tell him. She continued her Discourse, after this manner:

You may very well judge, that what I learnt of the strange Adventures and Humour of *Alamire*, could give me no great Hope; since I was convinced, that the only way to make him Love, was not to love him; notwithstanding, I did not love him less. The Dangers to which he daily exposed himself, gave me Mortal Apprehensions for him; I did believe, that every Stroke might fall upon his Head; that he was the only Man, that could be in danger. I was so overwhelm'd with grief, that I thought nothing could be added to it: But, Fortune exposed me to a kind of Misery, more cruel than any I had yet felt.

Some

Some days after *Mulziman* had told me *Alamire's* Adventures, I was speaking of them to *Zayde*; and I made such sad Reflections upon the Cruelty of my Destiny, that my Face was all bathed in Tears. One of *Zayde's* Women pass'd thorough the Room where we were, and left the Door open, which I not perceiving, It cannot be denied, said I to *Zayde*, but that I am very Unfortunate, to have settled my Affections upon a Man, that is so unworthy in all Respects, of the Inclination I have for him: As I ended these Words, I heard some Body behind me in the Room; I thought, at first, it was that Woman, that was going thorough again: But, What a confusion and trouble was I in, when I saw it was *Alamire*! and that he was so near me, that he could not choose but hear my last Words? But the Trouble I was in, and the Tears that trickled down my Cheeks, took from me all means of hiding from him the Truth of what I have said: My Strength fail'd me; my Speech left me; I wished my self Dead: In short, None ever was in such a taking, as I felt my self. And, to add to the Cruelty of my Adventure, the Princess *Alasintbe* came in, accompanied with divers others; who went all to speak to *Zayde*, and left me alone with *Alamire*.

The Prince looked upon me with an Ayre, that shewed the fear he had to increase the Confusion in which he saw me. I am sorry, Madam, said he, that I came in at a time, when in all appearance, you were not willing to be heard by any but *Zayde*: But, Madam, since Chance has ordained it otherwise, do not take it ill if I ask you, How it can possibly be, that a Man that
has

has been so happy as to please you, could oblige you to say, That he was unworthy in all Respects, of the Kindness you have for him? I know, no Man can deserve the least of your Favours: But, Can there be any Man, that could give you Cause to complain of his Intentions: Be not angry, Madam, that I have some share in your Confidence; you shall not find me unworthy of it; and, though you took care to conceal from me what I have heard; yet, I shall always have a great Value for a Secret, which I owe only to Chance.

Alamire had spoke on for a long time, if he had stay'd untill I had been able to interrupt him: I was so out of Countenance, and so daunted with the fear he should find out, that he was the Man of whom I complain'd; and with Grief, that he should believe, that I loved another Man; that it was utterly impossible, for me to answer him. You think, perhaps, that having concealed from him the Passion I had for him, with so much industry, and seeing him so much in Love with *Zayde*; I should be indifferent, whether or no he imagined, some other might have gain'd my Esteem: But, Love had already put so much Constraint upon it Self, to hide it from the Person that gave it Birth, that it could not be so cruel to it self, as to let him think, that another had kindled it. *Alamire* attributed my Perplexity, to my trouble of seeing him persuaded that I was in Love. I see, Madam, said he, that you are unwilling I should be your Confident; but your Concern is unjust: Can any Man have more Respect for you than my self, or more Interest to please you than I? You have an absolute

solute Power over that Princess, of whom depends my Destiny: Tell me then, Madam, Who he is, of whom you complain? and if I have half as much Power with him, as you have over her I Adore; you shall quickly see, if I do not make him know his Happiness, and render him worthy of your Goodness, for him.

Alamire's Words increased my trouble and agitation of Mind: He urged me again to tell him, who he should be, of whom I complain'd: But, all the Reasons that made him desire to know him, render'd him in my Thoughts, unworthy to be informed. At last, *Zayde* judging the Perplexity I was in, came to interrupt us, before I could have the Power to utter one word to *Alamire*. I went away, without so much as looking upon him: My Body was not able to bear the Agitation of my Mind: I fell sick that very Night, and continued so a long time.

Among the Number of Men of Quality, that were then in *Cyprus*, it were hard, if some did not concern themselves in the Preservation of my Life: I was told of their Care, to be informed of the state of my Health: I made Reflections, how little I was touched with their Kindness: And, when I consider'd, that if *Alamire* had known my Inclination for him, perhaps, it might make as little impression upon him, as the Passion of those that loved me, made upon me. I thought my self happy, that he was ignorant of my Love for Him; But, I must confess, this Happiness was only pleasing to my Reason, and no way grateful to my Heart. When I began to Recover, I put off as long as I could, all occasions of seeing *Alamire*; and when I came to be
seen

seen by him, I took notice, that he observed me with great Care, to find out by my Actions, who it was, of whom I complain'd; the more I found him diligent, in prying into my Deportment, the worse I handled all those, that shewed any inclination for me; though there were many, of whose Merit and Qualitys, I needed not be ashamed; yet, there was none of them, that did not blemish my Honour; For, I could not indure, he should think, that I lov'd without being belov'd Reciprocally; and, this very Thought made me Fancy, that I seem'd to him, to be less Worthy of him therefore.

The Emperors Troops plyed *Famagosta* so warmly, that the *Arabians* thought it their best way to desert it. *Zulema* and *Osmin* resolv'd to embark us with the Princess *Alasimbe* and *Beleny*: *Alamire* also resolves to leave *Cyprus* to follow *Zayde*, and quit a place where his Valour could be no longer useful. He had still a great Curiosity, to find out who it was that I complained of: When we were ready to part, and saw that my Sadness did not increase; How, said he! Can you leave *Cyprus* without shewing new Marks of Affliction? It is impossible, Madam, but you must sensibly feel this departure: Do me the Favour to let me know, Who it is that you are concerned for? There is not a Man in all this place, but I can prevail with, to go into *Africk*; and, you shall have the Pleasure to see him there, without his least Suspicion, that you desir'd any such thing: I have no mind, said I, to trouble my self, to dispossess you of an Opinion, which you conceiv'd upon appearances that seem'd to be true; Nevertheless, I must tell you, that
those

those appearances are false, I leave none in *Famagosta*, for whom I have any extraordinary Concern; And yet, it is not for any Change my Heart has made. I understand you, Madam, the Man that had the good Luck to please you is not here: I looked for him in vain, amongst the Number of your Adorers; and, I believe he was gone from *Cyprus*, before I had the Honour to see you. It is neither before you saw me, nor since your coming hither, that any has been so happy as to please me, said I to him, very abruptly; and I pray you, not to speak to me any more, of a thing that displeases me so much.

Alamire seeing that I was Angry, would say no more to me, and assured me he would never trouble me any more upon this Subject; I was glad to end a Conversation, in which, I was always in danger of discovering, what I so earnestly desired to conceal. In fine, we went aboard, and our Voyage was at first so pleasant, that we had no reason to fear such an unfortunate Ship-Wrack, as we suffer'd upon the Coast of *Spain*, as I shall inform you anon.

Felime was going to continue her Relation, when a Servant came to tell her that her Mother grew worse. Though I had many other things to tell you, said she to Don *Olmond*, as she was going to leave him, I have told you enough, to let you know, that my Life depends upon that of *Alamire*, and likewise, to engage you to keep your Word with me. Madam, I will most exactly perform my Promise; But I pray you to remember also, that you must inform me of the rest of your Adventures.

Q

The

The next Day he went to the King; who no sooner perceived him, but he presently would have *Gonsalvo* put out of the impatience, and the disquiet which appeared in his Countenance: Therefore, leading them both into his Closet, and commanding, *Don Olmond*, to tell him, whether he had seen *Felime*; or learnt from her, what interest she took in the Preservation of *Alamire*. *Don Olmond*, without seeming to Dive into the Reasons, Why the King, should be so curious, to know the Adventures of that Prince; he gave an exact Account, of all that he had learnt from *Felime*, of her Passion for *Alamire*, of *Alamires* for *Zayde*; and, of all that happen'd to them; until their departure from *Cyprus*. Having made an end, he judged, that the King, and *Gonsalvo*, could not be so free in their Discourse, as they would be if he were not there; and, to leave them at Liberty, he said, for excuse, that he was Oblig'd to return to *Oropese*.

So soon as he was gone, the King looking upon his Favorite, with an Ayre that shew'd the kindness he had for him, said to him, Do you yet believe, that *Alamire* is beloved of *Zayde*? Do you believe it was she, that made *Felime* Write? Do not you see, how ill your Apprehensions are grounded? No Sir, (reply'd gravely, *Don Gonsalvo*) all that *Don Olmond* has said, cannot persuade me yet, but that I have cause to fear; Perhaps, *Zayde* was not, at first, in Love with *Alamire*; or, that she concealed it from *Felime*, seeing the Passion she had for that Prince; but whom do you believe she lamented, when she was Shipwrack'd upon the Coast of *Spain*, but *Alamire*, whom she believed Dead? Whom can

I resemble but that Prince? *Felime* spoke only of him in her Relation; *Zayde*, has deceived her, my Lord, or else, she has owned to her the inclination she had for him: But since there being at *Alphonso's* House, all that I have heard, does not destroy the Opinion I had; and, I fear much, that, what remains yet untold, will rather confirm, than destroy them. It was so late when *Gonsalvo* left the King, that he should have thought of nothing else, but of taking his Rest; But, his disquiet of Mind would not give him leave to take any. *Felime's* Relation augmented his Curiosity, and left him still in that cruel uncertainty, in which he had been so long. In the Morning, one of the Officers of the Army, that came back from *Oropese*, brought him a Note from *Don Olmond*, wherein he Read these Words.

Don Olmonds Letter to

G O N S A L V O.

F*Elime* has kept her Word with me, and told me, the rest of her Adventures. The Love she bears to *Alamire*, is the only Cause of her Concern for his Life: *Zayde*, has no Interest in it; and, if any Man should have hard Thoughts of *Zayde*, it is not of *Alamire*, he must be jealous.

Q 2

This

This Note put *Gonsalvo* into a new trouble, and made him think, that he was only deceived in believing, that *Alamire* was the Man she loved; But, that he could not be deceived in his belief, that *Zayde* was in Love. The Letter he saw her Write at *Alphonso's* House, what he had heard her say at *Tortosa*, of a first inclination, and the Note he received from *Don Olmond*, would not let him doubt of it. He thought he must be still unhappy, since *Zaydes* Heart was firmly concerned; Nevertheless, without knowing why, he felt some ease, by the assurance he had, that her Passion was not for the Prince of *Ibarsus*.

In the mean while, the *Moors* made Overtures of Peace, which were so advantageous, that it was not thought Prudence to reject them; Plenipotentiaries were named on both sides to Regulate Differences, and a new Cessation was agreed upon. *Gonsalvo* was privy to all the Transactions: Yet, as busied as he was by the importance of those Affairs, which the King intrusted him with, he was much more impatient to know, who this Rival should be, of whom, he never heard before. He expected *Don Olmond* with so much impatience, that he could take no Rest: At last, he beseeched the King, either to send for him to the Camp; or, to give him leave to go to *Oropese*; *Don Garcias*, who was as curious to hear the sequel of *Zaydes* Adventures, resolv'd to be by at *Don Olmond's* telling them; he sent for him with all speed. When *Gonsalvo* saw him coming, and looking upon him, as the Man that was to relate to him the true Sentiments of *Zayde*, he was almost ready to stop his Mouth; he so much feared

feared to hear the truth of his Misfortune, though at the same time, he earnestly wished to know it. *Don Olmand*, with his accustomed discretion, without seeming to perceive *Gonsalvo's* trouble, begun to tell what he had received from *Felime*, in their last Conversation. The King having Commanded him to speak

The Sequel of the History of
FELIME and *ZAYDE*.

THE Princes, *Zulema* and *Osmin*, left *Cyprus*, with an intention to pass into *Africk*, and to land at *Tunis*: *Alamire* went along with them; and their Voyage was Prosperous enough, until a contrary Wind drove them towards *Alexandria*. When *Zulema* saw himself so near that Place, he had a mind to go a Shore, to visit *Albumazar*, (the most famous Astrologer of all *Africk*) his old Acquaintance. The Princesses (who were not used to the Hardships of the Sea) were glad to go a Shore, to rest themselves; and the Winds continued in a contrary Point; so that, they could not put to Sea again so soon as they expected.

One day, as *Zulema* was shewing to *Albumazar* divers Rarities which he had brought from his Travels, *Zayde* espied in a Box which he open'd, the Picture of a Young Man, of an extraordinary Beauty, and a most agreeable Physiognomy; the Dress (that was like to that which is used by the Princes of *Arabia*) made her ima-

gine, that it might be the Picture of one of the *Caliph's* Sons : She asked her Father, whether it was not so as she thought ? He told her, He knew not for whom that Picture was drawn ; that he bought it of a Soldier, and kept it for the excellency of the Work : *Zayde* seemed taken with the Beauty of that Picture : *Albumazar* took notice of her Attention, in considering it ; He joked with her about it ; and told her, That he perceived, that a Man that should resemble this Picture, might hope to please her.

The *Grecians* have naturally a great opinion of Astrology, and young People are very curious to know what is to come ; so, *Zayde* pressed this famous Astrologer, to tell her something of her destiny : But he still excused himself. He passed all that little time which he could spare from his Studies, in *Zulema's* Company ; and seemed to avoid all occasions, of shewing his extraordinary Skill. At last, one day finding him in her Father's Chamber, she urged him more than ever, to consult the Stars about her Fortune. I need not consult the Stars for that, said he, Madam, for, I can assure you, that you are destin'd for the Man, whose Picture *Zulema* shewed you. Very few Princes in *Africk* are equal to him : You shall be Happy if you Marry him : Have a care, you do not Engage your Affection to any other. *Zayde* received this Answer, as a kind of Railery, for her too much Attention in viewing the Picture : But *Zulema* told her, with all the Authority of a Father, That she must no ways doubt of the Truth of this Prediction ; That he gave so full a Credit to it himself, that he should never consent she should Marry any other

other, but the Man for whom this Picture was drawn.

Zayde and *Felime* could not believe, that *Zulema* spoke what he truly thought; but when he declared, that he had no Intention now, that the Princess (his Daughter) should Marry the Prince of *Tharsus*: They no ways doubted of the Truth of what *Albumazar* had said. *Felime* was not a little transported with Joy, when she knew that *Zayde* was no longer destin'd for *Alamire*. She fancy'd a great pleasure to tell him of it: She flatter'd her self with the hope, that he would return to her, when he should have no further expectation, that *Zayde* would be his. She begg'd leave of this fair Princess, to acquaint *Alamire* with *Albumazar's* Prediction, and *Zulema's* intention; this leave was soon granted, *Zayde* easily consented to all, that might Cure the Prince of *Tharsus* of the Passion he had for her.

Felime, found an occasion to speak to the Prince, and without making any shew, of the Pleasure she took, in telling it to him, she advis'd him to break off with *Zayde*; since she was design'd for another, and that *Zulema* was no longer favourable to him; she, moreover told him, how *Zulema* came to change his Mind, and shew'd him the Picture, which was to decide *Zayde's* design. *Alamire* appeared overwhelm'd with Grief, at the words of *Felime*, and surprized, with the Beauty of the Picture, she shew'd him; he remained a good while silent; at last, lifting up his Eyes, with an Ayre which shew'd his Grief; I believe it, Madam, said he, that Man, whose picture I see, is design'd for *Zayde*; his Beauty deserves her; But, he shall never have

her; For, I will Kill him, before he shall be able to pretend to Rob me of *Zayde*: But, reply'd *Felime*, if you undertake to fight with every Man, that may be like this Picture, You must attack a great number of men, before you find out him, for whom it was drawn. I am not happy enough, answer'd *Alamire*, to be in danger of such a mistake. This picture represents so great, and so particular a Beauty, that very few can be like it. But, Madam, added he, this Physiognomy, as agreeable and as pleasing as it appears, may hide such unpleasing Humours, and a temper of mind so different, from what ought to please *Zayde*, that as Beautiful, as this pretended Rival may be, perhaps he may not be beloved of her: And, as favourable and kind as Fortune and *Zulema* may be to him, if he does not Captivate *Zayde's* inclinations, I shall not think my self altogether unhappy; I shall be less troubled to see her in the possession of a man that she cannot love, than to see her in love with a man that she cannot possess. Nevertheless, Madam, continued he, although this picture has made such an impression in my mind, that cannot easily be blotted out, I conjure you to leave it with me for some time, that I may consider it at leisure, and that I may imprint the *Idea* thereof more strongly in my Memory.

Felime was so much Concerned to see that, what she had said, would not abate of *Alamire's* hopes, that she let him carry away the Picture: Which he return'd to her some days after, in spite of the desire he had, to hide it for ever from the Eyes of *Zayde*.

After

After some stay at *Alexandria*, the winds were favourable, for their departure ; *Alamire* received Letters from his Father that obliged him to leave *Zayde*, to return to *Tharsus* : But knowing that he should not need to stay long there, told *Zulema*, that he should be as soon at *Tunis* as he. *Felime* was as much afflicted at their Separation, as if she had been really beloved by him : She was used to all the afflictions which love causes, but she had not been yet acquainted with that, which absence gives : And she felt it so sensibly, that she found, that it was the pleasure alone, of seeing him she loved, that gave her strength to support the Misfortune of not being beloved.

Alamire parted from *Tharsus* ; and *Zulema* and *Osmin*, in different Ships, sailed towards *Tunis* : *Zayde* and *Felime* would not be parted, but staid together in *Zulema's* Ship. After some days Navigation, a grievous Storm arose, which dispersed the Fleet : That Ship in which *Zayde* was, spent her Main-Mast : At which, *Zulema* losing all Hope of Safety in staying in the Ship, and knowing that he was not far off the Land, resolved to save himself in the Long Boat : He caused his Wife, his Daughter, and *Felime*, to go into the Boat ; and took with him all that he had of Value : But, as he was going to step into the Boat, a Wave broke the Rope that fasten'd it to the Ship, and carried it with that Violence, that it staved it against the Beach. *Zayde* was cast upon the Shore of *Catalonia* half Dead ; and *Felime*, who had got hold of a Plank, was driven in there too, after she had seen the Princess *Alasimthe* drowned. When *Zayde* was come to her self, she was in a maze, to find her self among People

People that she did not know, and whose Language she could not understand.

Two *Spaniards* that were walking upon the Beach, found her in a Trance, and caused her to be carry'd to their House; Some Fisher-men led *Felime* thither too: *Zayde* was over-joyed to see her; but was more afflicted, to hear of the Death of the Princess, her Mother: Having shed many Tears for this Loss, she bent her Thoughts how to get out of that Place: She made signs, that she desired to go to *Tunis*, where she hoped to find *Osmin* and *Beleny*.

Looking earnestly upon the Youngest of those two *Spaniards*, whose Name was *Theodorick*, she perceived, he very much resembled the Picture, with which she had been so taken: This Resemblance surprized her, and made her look upon him with more Attention. She went along the Beach to search for a Box, in which this Picture was; which, she believed, was put into the Boat, when she came off from the Ship. She sought in vain; and she was extremely vexed, that she could not find what she looked for. She perceived, for some Days, that *Theodorick* had a Passion for her, though she could not understand it by his Language; yet his Carriage, and his Actions, made her suspect it; Nor was that Suspicion disagreeable to her.

Some time after, she thought her self mistaken: She saw him very Melancholly, without any cause from her: She saw, that he often left her to go alone, to Dream and Think. In fine, She believed, he was ingaged in Affection to some other, which made him uneasy, and troubled in Mind. This Imagination gave her a surprizing
disquiet,

disquiet, and made her as Melancholly, as *Theodorick* seemed to her. Although *Felime* was taken up with her own Thoughts; yet she was too well acquainted with Love, not to perceive the passion which *Theodorick* had for *Zayde*, and the Inclination *Zayde* had for *Theodorick*: She hinted it to her divers times; and, notwithstanding the Reluctancy this fair Princess found in her, to own it to her self; yet, she could not forbear owning it to *Felime*.

It is true, said she, I have an Inclination for *Theodorick*; of which I am not Mistriss: But, I pray you *Felime*, Is it not of him, that *Albumazar* spoke? And was not that Picture (think you) which we saw, drawn for him? There is no likelihood of it, answered *Felime*; The Fortune and Country of *Theodorick*, has nothing that can relate to what *Albumazar* said. Consider, Madam, that having no ways credited that Prediction, you now begin to believe it, by imagining, that *Theodorick* may be the Man that is destin'd for you; and judge from thence, what are your Thoughts for him. Hitherto, (reply'd *Zayde*) I did not believe the Words of *Albumazar*, to be a true Prediction: But, I must confess, that since I saw *Theodorick*, they began to make an Impression upon my Fancy. I thought it something Extraordinary, to have found a Man that resembled that Picture; and, at the same time, to feel an Inclination for him. I am surprized, when I think of *Albumazar*'s forbidding me to suffer my Heart to receive any Impression: He seems to me, to have fore-seen the Inclination I have for *Theodorick*: And, his Person is so pleasing to me, that if I am design'd for a
Man

Man that resembles him, what should make me Happy, is like to make my Life uncomfortable. My Inclination is deceived with this Resemblance, and hurries me to him, to whom I ought not to belong; and, perhaps, prepossesses me so strangely, that I shall not be able to Love him, whom the Destinies have ordained I should Love. There is no other Remedy, continued *Zayde*, but to leave a place where I run such hazard, and where Decency it self, forbids we should continue any longer. It is not in our Power, answered *Felime*, to leave it: We are in a strange Country, even where our Language is not understood. We must stay for the Ships: But take notice, that whatsoever Care you seem to take, to leave *Theodorick*, you will easily be able to blot out the Impression he has made upon your Heart. I perceive in you, the same things I felt, when I began to love *Alamire*; and would to the Gods, I could see in him, what you cannot but see in *Theodorick*. You are mistaken, said she, if you think that *Theodorick* has any Inclination for me; he has, doubtless, for some other Person: And the Sadness I perceive him in, proceeds from a Passion, of which I am not the Cause. I have, at least, this Consolation in my Misfortune; that the Impossibility of expressing my Thoughts to him, will hinder me from the Weakness of declaring to him that I love him.

A few Days after this Conversation, *Zayde* saw *Theodorick* at a distance; looking, with great Attention, upon some thing, which he held betwixt both his Hands; Her Jealousy made her fancy, that it was a Picture: She resolves to find out the Truth, and steals towards him as softly

as she could; but she could not do it so gently, but that he heard her: He turned his Head, and hid what he had in his Hands, so that she could see nothing but the Lustre of some Diamonds: She no longer doubted, but that it was a Picture-Case, as she had imagined; the Assurance she believed, she had of it, struck her with Grief, that she could not hide her Sadness, nor look upon *Theodorick*; And she felt such anguish of mind, to be so passionately smitten with a Man, whom she believed in Love with another. *Theodorick*, by chance, let fall what he hid; she saw it was a Knot of Diamonds, which held to a Bracelet of her Hair, which she had lost some days before: The Joy she was in, that she had been mistaken, would not let her shew any Anger. She snatch'd up her Bracelet, and return'd the Diamonds to *Theodorick*; who presently threw them into the Sea, to let her see how much he despised them, when they were separated from her Hair: This Action convinced *Zayde* of the Love and Magnificence of that *Spaniard*, and did no small Feats in her Heart.

After this, he gave her to understand, by the help of a Picture (where he made the Painter to draw a Beautiful Lady, weeping over a Dead man) that the Severity she shewed him, proceeded from the Tyes she had for that Man, whom she lamented. It was no small Grief to *Zayde*, to find, that *Theodorick* believed, that she loved another: She was now no longer in doubt of his Love for her; and she loved him with so much Tenderness, that she no longer endeavoured to smother it.

The time in which she was to depart, drew on; and not being able to resolve upon her Departure, without letting him know, that she loved him; she told *Felime*, That she was resolved to write to him the Inclination she had in her Heart for him; but not to give it him, until the very moment she was to Embark. He shall not know the Passion I had for him, until I am sure I am out of danger of ever seeing him more: It will be a great Comfort to me, that he shall know, that I thought of no other but himself; whereas, he believed, I was wholly taken up with the Remembrance of another Man. I shall find a great Pleasure, in expounding all my Actions to him; and in giving my self the Freedom of telling him, how much I loved him: I shall have this Delight, without breach of Modesty. He knows not who I am: He shall never see me more: And what matter is't, if he knows that he touched the Heart of that Stranger, whose Life he has saved from Shipwrack. You have forgot, Madam, said *Felime* to her, that *Theodorick* does not understand your Language; So that, what you write to him, will be of no use to him. Ah, Madam! If he has any kindness for me, he will find means to be informed of what I shall have written to him; and if he has not, I shall be glad that he does not know, that I love him: And, I am resolved to leave him with my Letter, the Bracelet of my Hair, which I so cruelly took from him, and which he deserved but too well.

Zayde began the very next day, to write what she intended to leave to *Theodorick*: He surprized her, as she was Writing; and she easily found, that

that he was Jealous at it. If she had followed the Impulse of her Heart, she had then told him, That she writ to none but him : But her Prudence, and the little Knowledge she had of the Quality or Fortune of this Stranger, kept her from saying any thing, that might be taken for an Engagement ; and made her conceal, what she desired he might know, when he should see her no more.

Some short time before she was to depart, *Theodorick* left her ; and made her comprehend, that he would be back the next Day. The day following, she and *Felime* went to walk upon the Beach, not without Impatience to see *Theodorick's* return ; and this Impatience made her more Pensive than usual : So that, seeing a Boat put in to the Shore, instead of being Curious to see those that were in it, she walked another way : But, she was much surprized, to hear her self call'd, and to distinguish her Fathers Voice : She ran to him with great Joy ; and he was transported to see her again. After she had acquainted him how she escaped from Shipwrack, he told her in few words, That his Ship was driven upon the Coast of *France* ; from which he could not depart, till some few days before, and that he was to come to *Tarragone*, to wait for the Ships that were to sail for *Africk* : That in the mean time, he resolved to Row along the Coast, where *Alasintbe*, *Felime*, and she had suffer'd Shipwrack ; to find, if any of them had chanced to escape. At the Name of *Alasintbe*, *Zayde* could not contain her Tears ; by which, *Zulema* understood the Loss he had received : Having bestowed some time upon his Grief, he commanded the Young Princesses

Princesses to go into the Boat, to sail along with him to *Tarragone*. *Zayde* was in great Perplexity, how to persuade her Father, not to carry her away just then: She told him the Obligations she had to those *Spaniards*, who had received her into their House; thereby, thinking to induce him to let her go to take her leave of them: But, all she could alledge, would not persuade him to trust her any more into the Hands of the *Spaniards*. He made her Embarque, in spite of all she could say to the contrary. She was so sensible of the Opinion *Theodorick* might conceive of her Ingratitude; or rather, that she was going to leave him, without all Hopes of ever seeing him any more; that, not being able to master her Grief, she was forced to say, She was sick. The sole Consolation she could find in her Affliction, was to see, that her Father had saved the Picture, with which she had been so well pleased; and which now, was become that of her Lover.

But, this Consolation was not strong enough to help her to support *Theodorick's* absence: She was not able to resist it: She fell dangerously ill: And *Zulema* was a long time in fear of losing so every way accomplish'd a Creature, in the Prime, and Flower of her Youth and Beauty. At last there were visible Hopes of her recovery: But she was yet so weak that she could not brook the fatigue of the Sea. Her whole employ was to learn the Spanish Language, and having interpreters, and conversing with none but *Spaniards*, she easily learnt it, during that time which she passed in *Catalonia*: She made *Felime* learn it likewise, and she found some pleasure in speaking no other Language, but *Spanish*. In

In the mean time, the great Ships were parted from *Taragone*, for *Africk*; and though *Zulema* did not know what was become of *Osmin*, after they had been separated by the Storm, yet he writ to him, to let him know how he was Shipwrecked, and the reason that obliged him to stay in *Catalonia*. Those Vessels returned from *Africk*, before *Zayde* was recovered of her Sickness: *Osmin* writ to the Prince his Brother, that he arrived safe: And that he found the *Calife* in the mind to keep them still at a distance: And that King *Abderame*, having sent to him for Generals, to Command his Armies, he designed they should pass into *Spain*, and that, for that purpose he had sent him the Orders. *Zulema* knew well it was not safe to disobey the *Calife*: He resolves therefore to take a Brigantine, to go by Sea to *Valentia*, to joyn with the King of *Cordova*, and so soon as the Princess his Daughter was in a condition to Travel, he had her conveyed to *Tortosa*: Where he remained some days to give her some Rest: But she was far from finding any: For, during the time of her Sickness, and since she began to recover, the desire she had to let *Theodorick* hear from her, and the difficulty of doing it, put her into a cruel disquiet of Mind: She could not be satisfied in her Thoughts, because she had the Letter which she intended to leave him about her, that day her Father carried her away. She was extremely vext, that she had not left it somewhere, where he might light upon it. In fine, the night before she parted from *Tortosa*, she sent one of her Fathers Gentlemen with the Letter, with Directions where he

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Should

should find *Theodorick* near *Tarragone*: She commanded him not to tell who sent him, and to have a care that he should not be dogg'd as he returned, nor known who he was. Though she never hoped to see *Theodorick*, yet her Grief was renewed, by leaving a Country wherein he lived: She passed some part of the night, making her moan to *Felime*, in those pleasant Gardens belonging to the House where she lodged.

The next Morning, that Gentleman whom she sent, came back, and told her, that he had been at the place whither she directed him: But that he had been inform'd, that *Theodorick* was gone from thence that day before, with design to return no more to that place. *Zayde* was sensibly vexed at this unlucky Chance, which deprived her of the only Consolation she sought after: And robb'd her Lover of the only Favour she ever intended him: She embarked with a heavy heart, and Landed in few days at *Cordova*. *Osmin* and *Bellery* staid there for them: The Prince of *Tharsus* was there likewise, who hearing at *Tunis*, that she was in *Spain*, under pretence of those Wars, came thither to find her out. *Felime* at the sight of *Alamire* did not find, that absence had cured her of the Passion she had for him: *Alamire* found nothing but an Augmentation of the rigors of *Zayde*: And *Zayde* an increase of her aversion for *Alamire*.

The King of *Cordova* gave the General Command of his Army to *Zulema*, with the Government of *Talavera*, and that of *Oropese* to *Osmin*: These two Princes a little while after, had some causes of disgust given them by *Abderame*, but being

ing unwilling to publish their Anger, they withdrew themselves to their Governments, pretending to visit the Fortifications, and to give the necessary Orders for the security of those places. *Alamire* followed *Zulema*, that he might be near *Zayde*: But a little while after, the Armies going to Action, he was forced to go to joyn with *Abderame*. I parted about that time to find out *Gonsalvo*: I was taken prisoner by the *Arabians*, and carried to *Talavera*: *Bellamy* and *Felime* went to *Dropefe*, but *Zayde* remained with the Prince her Father. After *Gonsalvo* had taken *Talavera*, and a Truce was proposed, *Alamire* sent word to *Zulema*, that he would lay hold upon the freedom of this Cessation to wait upon him, and that he would take *Dropefe* in his way; *Zayde* being informed of what I told you by her Father, writ to *Felime* to let her know, that she had found her *Theodorick* again, and that she was unwilling, he should imagine that it was the Prince of *Tharsus*, whom she lamented at *Alphonso's* house: And therefore prayed her to forbid him to come to *Talavera*.

Felime found no difficulty to deliver this Message to *Alamire*. The next day *Bellamy* finding her self indisposed with the closeness of the place, took the advantage of the Cessation, and went out of the Town to take the Air, in a great Wood that was near the City; as she was walking with *Osmin* and *Felime*, they espied the Prince of *Tharsus* coming towards them, whom they received with Joy: And after they had discoursed together a good while, *Felime* had opportunity to entertain *Alamire* in private.

I am sorry, I must tell you a thing that will hinder you from going on the Journey you intended: For, *Zayde* prays you not to go to *Talavera*; and she intreats it after a manner, that may pass for a Command. By what excess of Cruelty, Madam, cryed *Alamire*, would *Zayde* Rob me of the only Comfort her severity has left me, which is to see her? I believe, answered *Felime*, she intends to put an end to the Passion you Profess to have for her; you know the aversion she has to be Married to a Man of your Persuasion; You likewise know, that she has reason to believe, that you are not the Man that is destin'd for her; and know moreover, that *Zulema* has changed his Resolution. All these Obstacles, replied *Alamire*, shall never make me change, nor the continuance of *Zayde's* unkindness; and in despite of the Fates, and the manner she uses me, I will never let fall my hopes of being beloved. *Felime* more than usually Nettled at the obstinacy of *Alamire's* Passion, disputed with him a good while, upon the Reasons that ought to draw him from his Pursuit: But seeing all her Arguments were in vain, Rage did so inflame her, that, ceasing for the first time to be Mistress of her self, she told him; That if the Decrees of Heaven, and the unkindness of *Zayde*, would not make him lose his hopes, she knew not what would. Nothing, answered *Alamire*, but to see that another Man has won her Heart; then you must lay by all your hopes, replied *Felime*, for *Zayde* has met with a Man, that has found the way to please her, and by whom she's Adored and Beloved. Alas! Who is that happy Man, cryed

Alamire?

Alamire? A *Spaniard*, said *Felime*, that resembles the Picture you have seen; In all likelihood it is not he, for whom that Picture was drawn, nor whom *Albumazar* meant: But as you fear none but him, that may please *Zayde*, let it suffice you to know, that she loves him, and that it is her fear of displeasing him, that makes her not to consent to see you. What you say, cannot possibly be, replied *Alamire*, *Zayde's* Heart is not so easily conquered; if it had been so, you would not tell it me, nor would *Zayde* give you leave to reveal such a Secret: nor have you any Reason that may induce you to tell me of it. I have too many, replied she, transported as she was with her Passion; and you — She was going to continue, but of a sudden she recover'd her Reason: She was out of Countenance at what she had said: She was troubled, and was sensible of her Error: This same increased her surprize. She remain'd awhile without speaking, and as it were besides her self; at last, casting her looks upon *Alamire*, and believing she saw something in his looks, that discover'd something of the Truth, she put a constraint upon her self, and reassuming a Countenance, wherein appeared more of Tranquillity, than she had in her Mind. You have reason, said she, to believe, that if *Zayde* were in love with any body, I should not acquaint you with it; I had only a mind to make you apprehend such a thing. It is true, that we have met with a *Spaniard* that is in love with *Zayde*, and resembles that Picture which you saw: But you have made me perceive, that I have perhaps committed an Error, to

have told it you, and I am in great perplexity, fearing lest *Zayde* should be displeased at it.

There was something so natural, in what *Felime* said, that she believed it had wrought some part of the effect, at which she aimed: Nevertheless, her Surprise was so great, and the words she had spoken, were so remarkable, that excepting the trouble in which she saw the Prince of *Tharsus*, she could not flatter her self with the hope that her Words had not laid open her own Thoughts.

Osmin, who came to them just then, interrupted their Discourse: *Felime* pressed by her Sighs and her Tears, which she could not contain, walked into the Wood to hide her Grief, and ease her Mind by making her Moan, to one in whom she had an intire confidence. The Princess *Belleny* her Mother order'd her to be call'd back, that they might return to *Oropese*, she durst not look upon *Alamire*, for fear of seeing in his Eyes too much grief for what she had told him of *Zayde*, or too much knowledge of what she had said of her self: She saw, notwithstanding that, he went towards the Camp, and it was some satisfaction to her to think, that he did not go to visit *Zayde*.

The King could not forbear interrupting of Don *Olmond* in this place; I do not wonder now, said he, to *Gonsalvo*, at the sadness in which you saw *Alamire*, when you met him after his leaving *Felime*: It was to her, that the Trooper saw him speak in the Wood; what she said to him, was the cause he knew you: And we now understand the meaning of those words, which he spoke to
you,

you, when he drew his Sword at you, and which appeared to you then so obscure, and gave us so much Curiosity to know what they meant; *Gonsalvo* made no answer, and *Don Orlando* followed the thred of his Discourse.

It is not hard to judge, how *Elaine* passed that Night, and into how many sorts of Afflictions her Mind was divided. She saw that she had betrayed *Zayde*; and she feared, that she had put *Alamire* into Despair: And, in spite of her Jealousie she was troubled, that she had made him so unhappy: Notwithstanding, she wished he might know that *Zayde* was engaged in her inclinations to another; she apprehended, that she had too well dissuaded him from the Opinion she gave him of it: But above all, she fear'd that she had too much discover'd her own Passion for him. The next day, a new Affliction blotted out all the rest: She heard of the Combat that was betwixt *Alamire* and *Gonsalvo*; and her whole Mind was taken up with the fear of losing him: She sent every day to the Castle, where he lay, to know how he did? and when she began to have some hopes of his Recovery, she heard what the King had ordered about his Life, to revenge the Prince of *Gallicia's* Death. You saw the Letter which she writ to me the last Day, to oblige me to labour for his Preservation. I told her what *Gonsalvo* had done at her Request: And I have nothing more to tell you, but that I never saw in one and the same Person, so much Love, so much Discretion, and so much Grief.

Don Olmond thus ended his Relation; during which, *Gonsalvo* felt an inexpressible Pleasure: to know, that he was beloved of *Zayde*; to find marks of Kindness, in all that he took for marks of Indifference, was an excess of Happiness, which transported him beyond Expression; and made him taste in one moment, all the Pleasures, which other Lovers taste only by fits. The King was going to tell Don Olmond, that *Gonsalvo* was *Theodorick*, when word was brought him, That the Deputies who came to Treat of Peace, desired Audience. He left those two Friends together, and Don Olmond taking up the Discourse, I might with Justice complain, said he, that I owe the Knowledge who *Theodorick* was, only to my self, since our Friendship might claim that knowledge from you. I wonder how you could believe, it could be possible for you to conceal it from me, while you shewed so much Curiosity to know all that might concern *Zayde*. I know, you loved her the first Day you spoke to me of her: And I could not well believe, that the first sight could produce in you so violent a Passion, as to me it appeared by what *Felime* told me; since I was sure, that the Man (such as she described *Theodorick*) could be no other but *Gonsalvo*. I had no way to revenge the Secret you kept from me, but by the Note which I writ to you, with an intention to give you some Disquiet: My Revenge is over; and the pleasure I gave you by my Relation, makes me forget all that could displease me. But, added he, I will not let you take more Pleasure than you ought; for, I must tell you, That unless
you

you have produced a great Alteration in *Zayde's* Heart, she is resolved to resist the Inclination she has for you, to obey her Father's Commands and Will.

The Certainty of being beloved, inspired him with so violent a Desire to see that Princess, that he begg'd leave of the King to go to *Talavera* : *Don Garcias* willingly granted his Request ; and *Gonsalvo* parted full of Hopes, to be confirmed, at least, (by the fair Eyes of *Zayde*) in the Truth of all that he had heard from *Don Olmond*. He heard at his Arrival to the Castle, that *Zulema* was indisposed. *Zayde* came to receive him at the Entry of her Fathers Apartment ; and told him, the Trouble her Father was in, that he was not in a Condition to see him. *Gonsalvo* was so surprized, and so dazled at the Charming Beauty of that Princess, that he stood stock still, and could not forbear shewing his Amazement ; She took notice of it, and blushed ; and remained in such a surprize of Modesty, that added a new Lustre to her Beauty. He led her to her Lodgings, and spoke to her of his Love with more Assurance, than he had done in his first Conversation : But, seeing that she answered him with a Discretion and Reservedness, which would conceal from him how her Heart was inclined towards him, if he had not learned it from *Don Olmond* ; he resolved to let her understand, that he knew some part of her Inclinations.

Will you never tell me, Madam, said he, the Reason that made you wish, I were the Man whom I resembled ? Do not you know, said she, that it is a Secret which I cannot reveal ? Is it possible,

possible, Madam, replied he, looking stedfastly upon her, That the Passion I have for you, and the Obstacles you see to my Happiness, will not induce you to have some pity of me, and to let me see (at least) that you wish my destiny were more Happy: It is only this poor Wish of my Happiness that you conceal from me with so much Industry. Ah Madam! Do you think it too much for a Man, that has Adored you from the first moment that ever he saw you, to prefer him only in Wish, to some *African* whom you never saw? *Zayde* was so surprized with what *Gonsalvo* said, that she could not answer. Be not amazed, Madam, said he, (fearing she should accuse *Felime* for discovering her Thoughts) be not troubled, that Chance hath informed me what I have now told you: I heard you in the Garden the Night before you parted from *Tortosa*; and I knew from your self, what you have the Cruelty to conceal from me. How *Gonsalvo*, cried *Zayde*! You heard me in the Garden at *Tortosa*? Were you so near me, and would not speak to me? Ah, Madam, answered *Gonsalvo*, (casting himself at her Feet) What a Joy you give me by this Reproach? and, how glad I am, to see you forget that I listen'd to you, to remember, that I did not speak to you? Do not repent, Madam, continued he, (seeing her troubled, that she had discover'd the Inclination of her Heart :) Be not sorry to give me some Pleasure; and give me leave to believe, that I am not altogether indifferent to you. But to vindicate my self from that Reproach, I must tell you, Madam; That I over-heard you at *Tortosa*,
with-

without knowing that it was you: And that my Imagination was so fill'd with the Opinion, that we were separated by the Seas; that, although I heard your Voice, being in the Night, and could not see you, and that you spoke *Spanish*, I could never imagine, that I was so near you: I saw you the next Day in a Barge; But, when I saw you, and knew you, I was no longer in a Condition to speak to you; being then in the Custody of those the King sent to find me out. Since you over-heard me, answered *Zayde*, it is but a Folly to go about to give another Construction to my Words: But, I beseech you, to ask me no more Questions; and to give me leave, to go from you: For, I must confess, that the Shame I have of what you have heard unknown to me, and of what I have unadvisedly said to you, puts me into such a Confusion, that I must beg of you, if I have any Power over you, to be gone. *Gonsalvo* was so pleased with what he had seen, that he would not press *Zayde* to make any Declaration of her Thoughts: He left her as she desired; and came back to the Camp full of Hope, to make her shortly change the Resolution she had taken.

Don Garcias his Forces, and the Valour of *Gonsalvo*, were so formidable to the *Moors*, that they submitted to all the Articles of Peace, which the King of *Leon* had proposed. The Treaty was signed on both sides: And, as the *Moors* were to surrender some Places that were far off; it was agreed, That *Don Garcias* should retain all the Prisoners, until every Article of the Peace were fulfilled. In the mean time, he was resolved

ved to sojourn for some time, in those Cities which he had won; and therefore, went to *Almaras*, which the *Moors* had surrendered to him. The Queen, who passionately loved the King, accompany'd him from the beginning of the Wars in the Field: But, during the Siege of *Talavera*, staid at a Place that was not far off; where a slight Indisposition held her still: But, she was, in a few days, to come to him. *Gonsalvo* being impatient until he saw *Zayde* again, pray'd the King, to desire the Queen to pass to *Talavera*, under pretence of seeing this new Conquest; and bring away all the *Arabian* Ladies, that were there. The Queen knew the Interest *Gonsalvo* had in *Zayde*; and, she was glad to Repair on this occasion, in some measure, those many Crosses she had caused him, in the Intrigue of *Nugna Bella*. She went to *Talavera*; and all the *Arabian* Ladies readily consented, to pass all the time they were to stay in Spain, in the Queens Court. *Zulema*, who remain'd Prisoner at *Talavera*, was not so willing to consent, that *Zayde* should leave him; and the Rank which he always held, made him see with some Trouble, that his Daughter must be obliged to follow the Queen, as well as the rest of the *Arabian* Ladies: He consented to it, nevertheless; and *Gonsalvo* received the joyful News, that he should soon see that admirable Beauty, which made him so much in Love. The Day that the Queen was to come, the King went two Leagues to meet her: She was on Horseback, with all the Ladies of her Train. As soon as she came near him, she presented *Zayde* to him, whose Beauty was increased by the care she took

in her Dressing; inspired thereto, by her desire to appear to *Gonsalvo*, with all her Charms about her: Her graceful Person, her compleat Wit, and her modest Behaviour, surprized all that saw her. She was treated as a Person of her Birth, Merit, and Beauty, deserved: And she saw her self, in a few days, the Delight, and the Admiration of all the Court of *Leon*.

Gonsalvo could not look upon her without Transports of joy; and the Assurance he had, that she loved him, would not let him think of the Obstacles which opposed his Happiness: If he loved her formerly, only for the Charms of her Beauty, the Knowledge of her Virtue made him now adore her. He watched all opportunities of speaking to her in private, with as much Industry, as she used to avoid them: At last, having found her one Night in the Queens Closet, where there were but few besides; he conjured her with so much Earnestness and Respect, to tell him, how she was disposed towards him, that she could not deny him.

If it had been possible for me, said she, to hide it from you, I would do it, notwithstanding the esteem I have for you; and I would spare myself the shame of shewing an Inclination for a man, for whom I am not destin'd; But, since you have known my thoughts against my will, I willingly own them to you, and will explicate to you some Passages, of which you could have but an obscure Knowledge. Then she told him all those things which he had already heard by *Don Olmond*, Concerning *Albumazar's* Predictions, and the Resolutions of *Zulama*: You see, added she

she, That all I can do, is to pity you, and be-
 moan my self. You are too full of Reason to
 expect, or ask me, not to follow my Fathers
 will. At least, Madam, said he, let me flatter my
 self, that if he were capable of Changing his Re-
 solution, you would not oppose it. I cannot tell
 you, whether I should oppose it or no, answered
 she: But I believe, I ought to do it, because all
 the Happiness of my Life depends upon it. If
 you believe, Madam, replied *Gonsalvo*, that you
 should be unhappy in making me happy, you
 have reason to continue the Resolution you have
 taken: But I dare tell you, that if you continued
 in that opinion, which you would have me flat-
 ter my self with, you have nothing could induce
 you to believe, that it were possible for you
 to be unhappy. You are deceived, Madam,
 when you imagin that you have some little kind-
 ness for me; and I was mistaken too, when I fan-
 cied at *Alphonso's* House, that you were disposed
 to be favourable to me. Let us say no more,
 replied *Zayde*, of what we might believe of one
 another, during our abroad in that Solitude: And
 do not make me remember all that might persuade
 me, that your mind was taken up with other
 afflictions, than those I might give you. I have
 learnt since I saw you at *Talevera*, what made
 you leave the Court: Nor do I question but
 that you bestowed upon the Memory of *Nugna
 Bella*, all the time, which you did not spend in
 my Company. *Gonsalvo* was glad, that *Zayde* had
 given him occasion, to clear all the doubts, which
 she had of his passion: He laid open before her
 the true state his Heart was in, when he first
 saw her: He told her moreover, what he suf-
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ferred for not being able to understand her, and all that he thought of her affliction: And yet I was altogether mistaken, Madam, added he, when I believed I had a Rival: And I have been informed since of the passion the Prince of *Tharsus* had for you. It's true, answered *Zayde*, that *Alamire* has professed a passion for me: And that my Father intended to give me to him, before he saw that Picture, which he keeps with an extraordinary care; So fully he is persuaded, that my Happiness depends upon marrying the man, for whom it was drawn. Well, Madam, said *Gonsalvo*, you are resolved then, to consent to it, and to bestow your self upon the man that you shall find like me. If it be true, that you have no Aversion for me, you may believe that you will have none for him: So that the assurance I have, that I am not displeasing to you, is to me a convincing Argument, that you will without any Reluctancy Marry my Rival. It is a kind of Misfortune which no man, but my self has ever met with: And I know not why the condition I am in should not move your pity. Do not complain of me, said she, but rather, that you have been born a *Spaniard*. Although I should be to you, what you would desire, and that my Father were not prepossessed, your Country would still be an invincible obstacle against your wishes: And *Zulema* would never consent, that I should Marry you. Give me leave at least, Madam, replied *Gonsalvo*, to acquaint him with my intentions. The Aversion you shewed for *Alamire*, ought to put him out of hope of making you marry a man of his Religion: It may be, he is not so tyed
to

to *Albumazar's* words, as you think : In fine, Madam, Give me leave to try all ways, by which I may arrive to a happiness, without which it is impossible for me to live. I consent to what you desire, answered *Zayde* ; nay, and I would have you believe too, that I fear all your endeavours will prove unsuccessful.

Gonsalvo went away presently to the King, to beseech him to assist him to found *Zulema's* thoughts, and to try to make him approve of his design. They concluded to Charge Don *Olmond* with this Commission ; whose address, and Friendship for *Gonsalvo*, seemed more likely than any other, to succeed in this affair. The King writ by him to *Zulema* : And requested *Zayde* for *Gonsalvo*, with the same Application, as if he demanded her for himself. Don *Olmond's* journey, and Don *Garcias* his Letter were in vain. *Zulema* made answer, that the King Honoured him too much, who having his Daughter in his possession, might dispose of her : But that by his consent, she should never Marry a man, that was of a contrary Opinion to his own. This answer gave *Gonsalvo* all the affliction he could bear : Being beloved of *Zayde*, he would not acquaint her with the illness of it, fearing lest that the certainty of never being his, would make her Change the intentions she had for him : He told her only, that he did not despair in gaining *Zulema's* consent, and obtaining of him what he earnestly desired.

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The Princess *Bellery*, *Felimer* Mother, who was left Sick at *Oropese*, died a little after the Peace had been concluded. *Osmin* was sent to *Talavera*, to be with *Zulema*, until the expiration of the time prefixed, for the releasing of the Prisoners; and *Felime* was conducted to the Court: She had all her wonted Charms about her. The affliction of her Mind had so Macerated her Body, that her Beauty was impaired by it; but it was not hard to perceive, that her indisposition of health had caused this alteration. This Princess was much surprized, to find, that the same *Gonsalvo*, whom she believed never to have known before, and whose Name she could not hear without Horror; for, the Wounds he gave to the Prince of *Tbarsus*, was the same *Theodorick*, that she had seen at *Alphonso's* House, and that found the way to please *Zayde*. Her Afflictions were increased, when she reflected, that, what she said to *Alamire* in the Woods of *Oropese*, made him know *Gonsalvo* for his Rival, and was the occasion of their Combat.

That Prince was carried to *Almaras*; she had the satisfaction to hear from him every day; and the Consolation, not to be oblig'd to hide her Affliction, which was attributed to the death of her Mother. *Alamire*, whose Youth for a time supported his Life, was at last reduced to that extremity of weakness, that the Physicians began to despair of his Recovery. *Felime* was with *Zayde* and *Gonsalvo*, when word was brought them, that one of that unfortunate Princes Gentlemen desired to speak with *Zayde*: She blushed,

and after remaining some time in a confusion, she caused him to be brought in, and asked aloud, what the Prince of *Tharsus* desired. Madam, said he, my Master is upon the point of Death, and he begs he may have the Honor to see you before he Die: He hopes the Condition he is in, will not let you refuse him this Favour. *Zayde* was troubled and surprized at the Gentlemans Request; she remained some time without answering: At last, turning her Eyes towards *Gonsalvo*, as if it were to know of him, what he would have her do: But seeing he said nothing, and judging by his Countenance, that he did not desire she should see *Alamire*: I am very sorry, said she to the Gentleman, that I cannot gratifie the Prince of *Tharsus* in what he desires of me; If I thought that my Presence would contribute any thing to his Cure, I would most willingly see him; but being perswaded, that it will avail him nothing, I begg he will excuse my not seeing him; and, I pray you to assure him, that I am much troubled at his weak Condition. The Gentleman went away with this Answer, and *Felime* remained overwhelmed with Grief; of which, nevertheless, she made no other shew, but by her silence. *Zayde* was sad for *Felime*, and she had some pity for the wretched destiny of the Prince of *Tharsus*. *Gonsalvo* was divided, betwixt his Joy, to see the complaisance *Zayde* had for a meaning, which he had not so much as acquainted her with, and his Grief to have deprived that dying prince of the sight of the Princess.

As all these Persons were thus taken up with their

their divers Thoughts; *Alonzo's* Gentleman re-
turned again, and told *Felice*, that his Master
desired to see her: That there was no time to be
lost, if she meant to grant him that Favour; *Felice*
rises from her Seat, and had no other
sign of a living Body, but her power to go: She
gave her hand to that Gentleman, and being
accompanied by her Woman, she went to the
place where *Alonzo* lay: She placed her self at
his Bedside, and without saying any thing to
him, she remained without motion, with her
Eyes fixed upon him: I am Happy, Madam, said
He to Her, that the example of *Zulema* has not
inspired you with the same Cruelty, to refuse
me the satisfaction of seeing you; it was the
only Comfort I could expect, since I have been
depriv'd of her, to whom I took the boldness
to pretend: I beseech you to tell her, that she
had reason to think me unworthy of the Honor
which *Zulema* once intended me: My Heart has
been inflamed with so many Fires, and has been
profan'd with so many false Adorations, that it
did not deserve to touch hers: But if an incon-
stancy which ended at the first sight of her, could
be repaired by a passion which made me directly
opposite to what I was before, and by a pur-
suit, the fullest of respect that ever was; I do
believe, Madam, that I had expiated all the
Crimes of my Life: Assure her, Madam, I com-
jure you, that I had for her the same kind of
Veneration, with which the Gods are adored;
and that the Wounds I receiv'd from *Gonsalvo*,
are not so Mortal to me, as to see that he is be-
loved by her: You told me the truth in the

Woods of *Orapese*, when you informed me that her Heart was engaged. I believed it too true, though at first I told you I did not; I just parted from you, full of the *Idea* of the happy *Spaniards*. When I met *Gonsalvo*, his resemblance to the Picture which I had seen, and what you had then told me, struck me of a sudden, so that I made no doubt, but that he was the Man of whom you spoke. I gave him to understand that I was *Alumire*; he fell upon me with that Animosity, as if he had known me for his Rival. I have been told since, that I was not mistaken, when I took him for the Man that had the luck to please *Zayde*. He deserves her Love, I envy his Happiness, without thinking him unworthy of her. I Dye oppressed with my misfortunes, without murmuring; and if I durst, I would only complain of *Zayde's* inhumanity, in depriving a Man of her sight, that is going to lose her for Ever. It is easy to judge, how many mortal Arrows pierced the Soul of *Felime* at these words of *Alumire*. She endeavoured once or twice to speak; but her Sighs and her Tears obstructed her Speech. At last, with a Voice interrupted with Sighs, and precipitated by a Passion, which she could no longer contain; Believe me, said she. That if I had been in *Zayde's* place, no Man should be preferred before the Prince of *Tharsus*. In spite of his Grief, he was sensible of the force of these Words; and she turned her Head aside, to hide the abundance of her Tears, and to avoid the Eyes of *Alumire*. Alas, Madam, replied this dying Prince! Can it possibly be, that what you have let me see, can be true?

true? I must confess that the Day you spoke to me in the Woods, I believed some part of what I dare now believe: But, I was so full of Treachery, and you so dexterously turned the meaning of your Words, that I retained but a very slight impression of it: Pardon me, Madam, that I dare think it; and, pardon me, for creating a Misfortune, which has been more grievous to my self, than to you: I did not desire to be Happy; I had been too too Fortunate, if —

A suddain Fainting hindred him from proceeding; He lost the use of his Speech: And, turning his Eyes towards *Felime*, as if he meant to bid her Adieu, he closed them for ever, and dyed that very moment. *Felime's* Tears stopped; she is drowned in Sorrow: She looks upon this dying Prince with her Eyes fixt in her Head, and without motion. Her Women, seeing that she did not offer to stir from her Seat, came, and led her away from a Place, where she no longer could see any thing but dismal and funestous Objects. She suffer'd herself to be conducted away, without pronouncing one Word: But, when she came into her Chamber, the sight of *Zayde* embitter'd her Sorrow, and gave her Strength to speak. Are you now satisfied, Madam, said she to her? *Alamire* is Dead! I, *Alamire* is Dead, continued she, as if she were speaking to her self! I shall never see him more! I have then lost all Hopes of ever being Beloved of him! It is no longer in Love's Power, to preserve him for me! My Eyes shall never meet with his! His Presence which sweeten'd all my afflicting Misfortunes, is for ever vanish'd from my sight. Ah, Madam,

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said she to *Zayde* Is it possible, that any Man should please you, when *Alamir* could not? How cruel was your Humanity? Why would not you love him? He Adored you most Religiously. What could there be wanting in him, to render him more Amiable? But, replied *Zayde*, softly; You very well know, that I should increase your Sufferings, if I had loved him; and that it was the only thing in the World, which you apprehend most. It is true, *Madam*, answered she; it is true, I was unwilling you should make him so Happy: But, I would not have you deprive him of Life. Alas! Why did I with so much Care, conceal from him the Passion I had for him? Perhaps, it had won upon him; happily it might have given him some Diversion, from that fatal Love which he had for you: What was I afraid of? Why should not he know, that my Heart Adored him? The only Consolation which is left me, is, that he suspected something of it: Well, although he had known it, it may be, he would have dissembled that he loved me, and so would have deceived me: What, if he had continued to deceive me, as he begun? Those dear Moments, wherein he made me believe that he loved me, are yet precious to my Memory. Is it possible, that after suffering so many Evils, there should rest still so great for me to endure? I hope, at least, that my Grief will be strong enough, to bereave me of force to support them.

As she talked thus, *Consalvo* came to the Door of her Chamber, (not thinking she was there) to know in what condition she was in, after returning

turning from *Alamire's* Apartment: He withdrew himself suddenly, that he might not irritate her Grief by his Presence: But, he could not do it so quickly, but that she had a glimpse of him; and this sight of him, made her cry out so mournfully, that the hardest Hearts could not chuse but be moved thereat. I beseech you, Madam, said she to *Zayde*, to give order, that *Gonsalvo* comes not into my sight: I cannot endure the Sight of a Man, from whose Hand *Alamire* received his Death: and who robb'd him of what was dearer to him, than his Life.

The violence of her Grief took away her Speech and her Senses: And her Health being already much impair'd, it was easie to perceive, that her Life was in danger. The King and the Queen, being told of her Condition, came to see her; and sent for all that could give her Ease. After five or six Hours, lying in a kind of Lethargy, the strength of the Medicines which were given her, brought her to her self: She knew none of the Standers by, but *Zayde*; who sat weeping by her, with much Sorrow. Do not lament my Loss, said she, (so low, that she could hardly be over-heard;) I should no longer be worthy of your Friendship; nor could I love a Person that caused the Death of *Alamire*. She could say no more. She fell into the same fainting-fit again: And the next Day, about the same Hour that she saw the Prince of *Torres* depart, she ended a Life, which Love had render'd so unfortunate.

The Death of two Persons of so extraordinary Merit, was so worthy of Compassion, that

all the Court of *Leon* was afflicted therewith: *Zayde's* Grief was inexpressible; She loved *Felime* passionately: And the manner of her Death added more Sorrow to her Affliction. All *Gonsalvo's* Prayers, and his Cares, could not prevail for several Days with her, to moderate her Grief: But, her Apprehensions of leaving *Spain*, and losing *Gonsalvo*, gave some Respite to her Tears, to afflict her with another sort of Discontent. The King returned to *Leon*: And there remain'd so little now, of what was to fulfil the entire Accomplishment of the Articles of Peace, that in all appearance, *Zulema* was very shortly to repass into *Africk*: Yet, he was not in a condition to Travel; for, he was dangerously Sick, when *Felime* dyed; and the extremity he was reduced to, was kept from *Zayde*, that she might not be oppressed with so many Afflictions, at one and the same time. *Gonsalvo* was full of Mortal Disquiet; and studied all ways, by which he might either induce that Prince to consent to his Happiness, or perswade *Zayde* to stay in *Spain* with the Queen; since Reason seem'd to dispense with her, for not following a Father, that appeared in a Resolution, to force her to change her Religion. Some Days after they came to *Leon*, *Gonsalvo* came one Evening into the Queens Closet, where *Zayde* was; but her Eyes were so fixt upon a Picture of *Gonsalvo's*, that she did not see him when he came in. It is decreed, Madam, said he, that I must always be jealous of Pictures; since I am so, even of my own, and must envy the Attention you have in looking on them. What, of your Picture, answered *Zayde*, with
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an extreme Surprize! Yes, Madam, of my Picture, replied *Gonsalvo*: I see, you can hardly believe it, because it is so Handsome; but I assure you, it was drawn for me. *Gonsalvo*, said she, was there no other Picture drawn for you, like this? Ah, Madam, cryed he, with that kind of Trouble, which uncertain Joys create in us! May not I believe what you give cause to suspect, and what I can scarce dare to tell? Yes, Madam, other Pictures like this you see, have been drawn for me: But, I dare not give my self the Liberty to believe what I perceive you think, and what I should have thought long since, if I had judged my self worthy of those Predictions which have been told you; and if you had not always assured me, that the Picture which resembled me, was drawn for an *African*. I believed so by the Habit, and the Words of *Albumazar* persuaded me to it: You know, added she, how much I desired, that you might be the Man you resembled: But what surprizes me, is, that having wished it so much, my Pre-occupation should hinder me from believing it, I spoke of it to *Felime*, the first time I saw you at *Alphonso's* House. When I saw you again at *Talavera*, and was informed of your Birth and Quality, this very Imagination came into my Mind; but looked only upon it, as a pure Effect of my Wishes. But, how hard a matter will it be, continued she, fetching a deep Sigh! to persuade my Father, to believe this Truth? And, how much I fear, that these Predictions, which seemed true to him when he thought they concerned a Man of his own Persuasion, will seem false

false to him, when they relate to a *Spaniard*? While she thus argued, the Queen came into the Closet; *Gonsalvo* made her partake of his Joy: She did not defer a moment acquainting the King, with the Discourse they had; and the King came that very instant, to know of *Gonsalvo*, what remained to be done, that his Happiness might be compleated. After consulting a good while, by what means *Zulema* might be won; it was agreed, he should be brought to Court. A Messenger was instantly dispatched to *Talavera*, to acquaint him, that the King desired he should be brought to Court; and being now perfectly Recovered, arriv'd there in few days. The King receiv'd him with great Demonstrations of Esteem, and led him into his Closet. You would not grant me *Zayde*, says he, for the Man of the World I consider the most; but, I hope, you will not refuse her to him, whose Picture you see here; and to whom, I know, she is destin'd by the Predictions of *Alhama*. At this, he shew'd him *Gonsalvo's* Picture, and presented to him *Gonsalvo* himself, who was withdrawn from them a little.

Zulema looks now upon the Picture, and then upon *Gonsalvo*; and seem'd to be in a deep Study. The King believed, that his Silence proceeded from his Uncertainty. If you are not fully persuaded, said he, by the Resemblance, that this is *Gonsalvo's* Picture; you shall have so many other Proofs, that you shall have no cause to doubt of it. The Picture you have, which is like this, could not sell into your Hands; but since the Battel which *Nugner Fawaride* (*Gonsalvo's* Father) lost against the *Moors*; He caus'd it to be
 drawn

drawn by an excellent Painter, who had Travel'd over most Parts of the World: He took such a liking to the *African* Garb, that he drew all his Pictures in that Habit. It is true, Sir, replied *Zulema*, that I have that Picture, but since the time you speak of, it is ~~no~~ likewise, because you do me the Honour to say it, and the Resemblance makes it out; that I cannot doubt, but that it is *Gonsalvo's* Picture: But that is not the Cause of my Silence, or Astonishment. I admire the decrees of Heaven, and the Effects of the Almighty's Providence. There have been no Predictions made to me, Sir. The Words of *Albumazar*, of which I perceive, you heard speak, were taken by my Daughter in another Sense than they should be. But, since you have the Goodness to be concerned for my Daughters Fortune, give me leave to inform you, what you cannot know but from me; and to shew you the beginning of a Life, which you alone can make Happy.

The just Pretensions my Father had to the Empire of the *Caliph*, occasioned his Banishment into *Cyprus*; whither I went along with him: There I fell in Love with *Alasimbe*, and Married her: She was a Christian; I resolved to embrace her Persuasion; because it was the only way, that seemed to me fit to be lived in: Nevertheless, the Austerities of it frightened me, and stopped the Execution of my Design. I went back into *Africk*: The Pleasures, and the Corruption of Manners, re-engaged me more than ever, in my own Religion, and gave me a fresh Aversion against Christians. I forgot *Alasimbe* for many Years: But, at last, I had a desire to see her, and *Zyde*, which

which I had left an Infant : I resolv'd to go into *Cyprus* to fetch her away, and to make her change her Religion ; and Marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, of the House of *Ibra*. He had heard of her, and earnestly desir'd to have her. His Father had a particular Friendship for me. The Wars that were then begun in *Cyprus*, made me hasten my Design : When I arriv'd there, I found the Prince of *Tharsus* in love with *Zayde* : I thought him very deserving. I did not question, but that she had an Inclination for him : I believ'd, my Daughter would have been easily persuad'd to Marry him : Nor was I wholly Engag'd to the Prince of *Fez*. Her Mother being a Christian, I fear'd she would be an Obstacle to the Design I had, to make *Zayde* change her Religion. I gave my consent to *Alamire's* Pretensions : But was surpriz'd, to find the Aversion she shew'd to him. And, during the Siege at *Famagosta*, all my Endeavours could not prevail with her, to Marry him. I thought not fit, to press her too much, to conquer an Aversion which seem'd Natural in her ; but, resolv'd to Marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, so soon as we should be Landed in *Africk*. He writ to me since my Arrival in *Cyprus* ; by which I understood, that his Mother was Dead : So that, I saw no Obstacle to this Marriage. We left *Famagosta* ; we Landed at *Alexandria* ; where I found *Albumazar*, with whom I had been long acquainted. He took notice, that my Daughter look'd earnestly upon a Picture, which I had, that was like this I see. The next day, as I was speaking to this Learned Man, of the Aversion she had for *Alamire* ; I told

told him my Intention to Marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, whether she should like him or not.

I doubt answered *Albumazar*, whether she have any dislike to his Person; for this Picture, which so much pleases her, is so like that Prince, that I believe, it was drawn for him. I cannot judge, said I, because I never saw him: It is not impossible, but that it may be his Picture: Nor do I know, for whom it was drawn; for, it came into my Hands, by Chance. I wish that Prince may please *Zayde*: But if she should dislike him, I should not have the same Complaisance for her, as I had upon the Prince of *Tharso* his account. Some days after, my Daughter prayed *Albumazar* to tell her something of her Fortune: As he knew my Intentions; and did believe, that the Picture which she saw, was made for the Prince of *Fez*; he told her without any Design, That his Words should be taken for a Prediction; That she was destin'd for him, whose Picture she had seen. I seemed to believe, that *Albumazar* spoke by a particular foreknowledge he had of Things to come. I still appeared to *Zayde*, to be of the same Opinion. When I left *Alexandria*, *Albumazar* assured me, that I should never succeed in the Designs I had for her: Nevertheless, I could not lose my Hopes of bringing them to pass. During my late Sickness, the design I had formerly of embracing the True Religion, came so strongly into my Fancy, that since my Recovery, all my Thoughts have been employed about fortifying my self in this Resolution; yet, I confess, that this Happy Resolution

tion was not yet so strong, as it ought to be. But, now I must yield to what Heaven is working in my Favour. It leads me by the same ways, which I meant to follow, in making my Daughter marry a Man of my own Persuasion, to marry her to one of her Religion. The Words which *Albanazar* spoke without Design, only upon a Resemblance, in which he was mistaken, proves a true Prediction; and this Prediction is accomplish'd in every part, by the Happiness which my Daughter will have, in marrying a Man, that is the Admiration and Wonder of his time. I have nothing more to say, but to beg of you, Sir, to receive me among the Number of your Subjects; and, to permit me to end my Days in your Kingdom.

The King and *Gonsalvo* were so surpriz'd and over-joy'd with *Zulema's* discourse, that they Embraced him without replying; being not able to find Words of a sudden, to express their satisfaction. At last, after having declared their Joy, they stood a great while, admiring the Circumstances of so strange an Adventure: Yet *Gonsalvo* no way admired, that *Albanazar* should be mistaken in his Resemblance to the Prince of *Pez*; he knew, that others had been deceived in it, as well as he: He told *Zulema*, That the Prince of *Pez* his Mother, was Sister to *Nugnet Permande*, his own Father; and that, being taken away in an Invasion which the *Moors* made, she was carried into *Africk*; where her Beauty made her Legitimate Wife to the Father of this Prince of *Pez*.

*A Catalogue of Books sold by
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